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MICHAEL ANGELO.

PART SECOND.

I.

MONOLOGUE.

A room in MICHAEL ANGELO's house.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

FLED to Viterbo, the old Papal city
Where once an Emperor, humbled in his pride,
Held the Pope's stirrup, as his Holiness
Alighted from his mule! A fugitive
From Cardinal Caraffa's hate, who hurls
His thunders at the house of the Colonna,
With endless bitterness!— Among the nuns
In Santa Catarina's convent hidden,
Herself in soul a nun! And now she chides me
For my too frequent letters, that disturb
Her meditations, and that hinder me
And keep me from my work; now graciously
She thanks me for the crucifix I sent her,
And says that she will keep it: with one hand
Inflicts a wound, and with the other heals it.

[Reading.]

“ Profoundly I believed that God would grant you
A supernatural faith to paint this Christ;
I wished for that which now I see fulfilled
So marvellously, exceeding all my wishes.
Nor more could be desired, or even so much.
And greatly I rejoice that you have made
The angel on the right so beautiful;
For the Archangel Michael will place you,
You, Michael Angelo, on that new day,
Upon the Lord's right hand! And waiting that,
How can I better serve you than to pray

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To this sweet Christ for you, and to beseech you
To hold me altogether yours in all things."

Well, I will write less often, or no more,
But wait her coming. No one born in Rome
Can live elsewhere; but he must pine for Rome,
And must return to it. I, who am born
And bred a Tuscan and a Florentine,
Feel the attraction, and I linger here
As if I were a pebble in the pavement
Trodden by priestly feet. This I endure,
Because I breathe in Rome an atmosphere
Heavy with odors of the laurel leaves
That crowned great heroes of the sword and pen,
In ages past. I feel myself exalted
To walk the streets in which a Virgil walked,
Or Trajan rode in triumph; but far more,
And most of all, because the great Colonna
Breathes the same air I breathe, and is to me
An inspiration. Now that she is gone,
Rome is no longer Rome till she return.
This feeling overmasters me. I know not
If it be love, this strong desire to be
Forever in her presence; but I know
That I, who was the friend of solitude,
And ever was best pleased when most alone,
Now weary grow of my own company.
For the first time old age seems lonely to me.

[*Opening the Divina Commedia.*

I turn for consolation to the leaves
Of the great master of our Tuscan tongue,
Whose words, like colored garnet-shirls in lava,
Betray the heat in which they were engendered.
A mendicant, he ate the bitter bread
Of others, but repaid their meagre gifts
With immortality. In courts of princes
He was a by-word, and in streets of towns
Was mocked by children, like the Hebrew prophet,
Himself a prophet. I too know the cry,
Go up, thou bald head! from a generation
That, wanting reverence, wanteth the best food
The soul can feed on. There's not room enough
For age and youth upon this little planet.
Age must give way. There was not room enough
Even for this great poet. In his song
I hear reverberate the gates of Florence,
Closing upon him, never more to open;
But mingled with the sound are melodies
Celestial from the gates of paradise.
He came, and he is gone. The people knew not

What manner of man was passing by their doors,
 Until he passed no more; but in his vision
 He saw the torments and beatitudes
 Of souls condemned or pardoned, and hath left
 Behind him this sublime Apocalypse.

I strive in vain to draw here on the margin
 The face of Beatrice. It is not hers,
 But the Colonna's. Each hath his ideal,
 The image of some woman excellent,
 That is his guide. No Grecian art, nor Roman,
 Hath yet revealed such loveliness as hers.

II.

VITERBO.

VITTORIA COLONNA *at the convent window.*

VITTORIA.

Parting with friends is temporary death,
 As all death is. We see no more their faces,
 Nor hear their voices, save in memory;
 But messages of love give us assurance
 That we are not forgotten. Who shall say
 That from the world of spirits comes no greeting,
 No message of remembrance? It may be
 The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,
 Sudden as inspiration, are the whispers
 Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us
 As friends, who wait outside a prison wall,
 Through the barred windows speak to those within.

[*A pause.*

As quiet as the lake that lies beneath me,
 As quiet as the tranquil sky above me,
 As quiet as a heart that beats no more,
 This convent seems. Above, below, all peace!
 Silence and solitude, the soul's best friends,
 Are with me here, and the tumultuous world
 Makes no more noise than the remotest planet.
 O gentle spirit, unto the third circle
 Of heaven among the blessed souls ascended,
 Who, living in the faith and dying for it,
 Have gone to their reward, I do not sigh
 For thee as being dead, but for myself
 That I am still alive. Turn those dear eyes,
 Once so benignant to me, upon mine,
 That open to their tears such uncontrolled

And such continual issue. Still awhile
 Have patience; I will come to thee at last.
 A few more goings in and out these doors,
 A few more chimings of these convent bells,
 A few more prayers, a few more sighs and tears,
 And the long agony of this life will end,
 And I shall be with thee. If I am wanting
 To thy well-being, as thou art to mine,
 Have patience; I will come to thee at last.
 Ye minds that loiter in these cloister gardens,
 Or wander far above the city walls,
 Bear unto him this message, that I ever
 Or speak or think of him, or weep for him.

By unseen hands uplifted in the light
 Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud
 Floats, with its white apparel blown abroad,
 And wafted up to heaven. It fades away,
 And melts into the air. Ah, would that I
 Could thus be wafted unto thee, Francesco,
 A cloud of white, an incorporeal spirit!

III.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND BENVENUTO CELLINI.

MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO CELLINI *in gay attire.*

BENVENUTO.

A good day and good year to the divine
 Maestro Michael Angelo, the sculptor!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Welcome, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO.

That is what
 My father said, the first time he beheld
 This handsome face. But say farewell, not welcome.
 I come to take my leave. I start for Florence
 As fast as horse can carry me. I long
 To set once more upon its level flags
 These feet, made sore by your vile Roman pavements.
 Come with me; you are wanted there in Florence.
 The Sacristy is not finished.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Speak not of it!

How damp and cold it was! How my bones ached
 And my head reeled, when I was working there!
 I am too old. I will stay here in Rome,
 Where all is old and crumbling, like myself,
 To hopeless ruin. All roads lead to Rome.

BENVENUTO.

And all lead out of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There is a charm,
 A certain something in the atmosphere,
 That all men feel, and no man can describe.

BENVENUTO.

Malaria?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes, malaria of the mind,
 Out of this tomb of the majestic Past;
 The fever to accomplish some great work
 That will not let us sleep. I must go on
 Until I die.

BENVENUTO.

Do you ne'er think of Florence?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes; whenever
 I think of anything beside my work,
 I think of Florence. I remember, too,
 The bitter days I passed among the quarries
 Of Seravezza and Pietrasanta;
 Road-building in the marshes; stupid people,
 And cold and rain incessant, and mad gusts
 Of mountain wind, like howling dervishes,
 That spun and whirled the eddying snow about them
 As if it were a garment; aye, vexations
 And troubles of all kinds, that ended only
 In loss of time and money.

BENVENUTO.

True, Maestro;
 But that was not in Florence. You should leave
 Such work to others. Sweeter memories
 Cluster about you, in the pleasant city
 Upon the Arno.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

In my waking dreams

I see the marvellous dome of Brunelleschi,
 Ghiberti's gates of bronze, and Giotto's tower;
 And Ghirlandajo's lovely Benci glides
 With folded hands amid my troubled thoughts,
 A splendid vision! Time rides with the old
 At a great pace. As travellers on swift steeds
 See the near landscape fly and flow behind them,
 While the remoter fields and dim horizons
 Go with them, and seem wheeling round to meet them,
 So in old age things near us slip away,
 And distant things go with us. Pleasantly
 Come back to me the days when, as a youth,
 I walked with Ghirlandajo in the gardens
 Of Medici, and saw the antique statues,
 The forms august of gods and godlike men,
 And the great world of art revealed itself
 To my young eyes. Then all that man hath done
 Seemed possible to me. Alas! how little
 Of all I dreamed of has my hand achieved!

BENVENUTO.

Nay, let the Night and Morning, let Lorenzo
 And Julian in the Sacristy at Florence,
 Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel,
 And the Last Judgment answer. Is it finished?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The work is nearly done. But this Last Judgment
 Has been the cause of more vexation to me
 Than it will be of honor. Ser Biagio,
 Master of ceremonies at the Papal court,
 A man punctilious and over nice,
 Calls it improper; says that those nude forms,
 Showing their nakedness in such shameless fashion,
 Are better suited to a common bagnio,
 Or wayside wine-shop, than a Papal Chapel.
 To punish him I painted him as Minos
 And leave him there as master of ceremonies
 In the Infernal Regions. What would you
 Have done to such a man?

BENVENUTO.

I would have killed him.
 When any one insults me, if I can
 I kill him, kill him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Oh, you gentlemen,
 Who dress in silks and velvets, and wear swords,

Are ready with your weapons, and have all
A taste for homicide.

BENVENUTO.

I learned that lesson
Under Pope Clement at the siege of Rome,
Some twenty years ago. As I was standing
Upon the ramparts of the Campo Santo
With Alessandro Bene, I beheld
A sea of fog, that covered all the plain,
And hid from us the foe; when suddenly,
A misty figure, like an apparition,
Rose up above the fog, as if on horseback.
At this I aimed my arquebus, and fired.
The figure vanished; and there rose a cry
Out of the darkness, long and fierce and loud,
With imprecations in all languages.
It was the Constable of France, the Bourbon,
That I had slain.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rome should be grateful to you.

BENVENUTO.

But has not been; you shall hear presently.
During the siege I served as bombardier,
There in St. Angelo. His Holiness,
One day, was walking with his Cardinals
On the round bastion, while I stood above
Among my falconets. All thought and feeling,
All skill in art and all desire of fame,
Were swallowed up in the delightful music
Of that artillery. I saw far off,
Within the enemy's trenches on the Prati,
A Spanish cavalier in scarlet cloak;
And firing at him with due aim and range,
I cut the gay Hidalgo in two pieces.
The eyes are dry that wept for him in Spain.
His Holiness, delighted beyond measure
With such display of gunnery, and amazed
To see the man in scarlet cut in two,
Gave me his benediction, and absolved me
From all the homicides I had committed
In service of the Apostolic Church,
Or should commit thereafter. From that day
I have not held in very high esteem
The life of man.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And who absolved Pope Clement?
Now let us speak of Art.

BENVENUTO.

Of what you will.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Say, have you seen our friend Fra Bastian lately,
Since by a turn of fortune he became
Friar of the Signet?

BENVENUTO.

Faith, a pretty artist
To pass his days in stamping leaden seals
On Papal bulls!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

He has grown fat and lazy,
As if the lead clung to him like a sinker.
He paints no more, since he was sent to Fondi
By Cardinal Ippolito to paint
The fair Gonzaga. Ah, you should have seen him
As I did, riding through the city gate,
In his brown hood, attended by four horsemen,
Completely armed, to frighten the banditti.
I think he would have frightened them alone,
For he was rounder than the O of Giotto.

BENVENUTO.

He must have looked more like a sack of meal
Than a great painter.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, he is not great,
But still I like him greatly. Benvenuto,
Have faith in nothing but in industry.
Be at it late and early; persevere,
And work right on through censure and applause,
Or else abandon Art.

BENVENUTO.

No man works harder
Than I do. I am not a moment idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And what have you to show me?

BENVENUTO.

This gold ring,
Made for his Holiness,—my latest work,
And I am proud of it. A single diamond,
Presented by the Emperor to the Pope.
Targhetta of Venice set and tinted it;

I have reset it, and retinted it
Divinely, as you see. The jewellers
Say I've surpassed Targhetta.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let me see it.

A pretty jewel.

BENVENUTO.

That is not the expression.
Pretty is not a very pretty word
To be applied to such a precious stone,
Given by an Emperor to a Pope, and set
By Benvenuto !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Messer Benvenuto,
I lose all patience with you ; for the gifts
That God hath given you are of such a kind,
They should be put to far more noble uses
Than setting diamonds for the Pope of Rome.
You can do greater things.

BENVENUTO.

The God who made me
Knows why he made me what I am, — a goldsmith,
A mere artificer.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Oh no ; an artist,
Richly endowed by nature, but who wraps
His talent in a napkin, and consumes
His life in vanities.

BENVENUTO.

Michael Angelo
May say what Benvenuto would not bear
From any other man. He speaks the truth.
I know my life is wasted and consumed
In vanities ; but I have better hours
And higher aspirations than you think.
Once, when a prisoner at St. Angelo,
Fasting and praying in the midnight darkness,
In a celestial vision I beheld
A crucifix in the sun, of the same substance
As is the sun itself. And since that hour
There is a splendor round about my head,
That may be seen at sunrise and at sunset
Above my shadow on the grass. And now

I know that I am in the grace of God,
And none henceforth can harm me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

None but one, —
None but yourself, who are your greatest foe.
He that respects himself is safe from others ;
He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.

BENVENUTO.

I always wear one.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O incorrigible !
At least, forget not the celestial vision.
Man must have something higher than himself
To think of.

BENVENUTO.

That I know full well. Now listen.
I have been sent for into France, where grow
The Lilies that illumine heaven and earth,
And carry in mine equipage the model
Of a most marvellous golden salt-cellar
For the king's table ; and here in my brain
A statue of Mars Armipotent for the fountain
Of Fontainebleau, colossal, wonderful.
I go a goldsmith, to return a sculptor.
And so farewell, great Master. Think of me
As one who, in the midst of all his follies,
Had also his ambition, and aspired
To better things.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not forget the vision.

[*Sitting down again to the Divina Commedia.*]

Now in what circle of his poem sacred
Would the great Florentine have placed this man ?
Whether in Phlegethon, the river of blood,
Or in the fiery belt of Purgatory,
I know not, but most surely not with those
Who walk in leaden cloaks. Though he is one
Whose passions, like a potent alkahest,
Dissolve his better nature, he is not
That despicable thing, a hypocrite ;
He doth not cloak his vices, nor deny them.
Come back, my thoughts, from him to Paradise.

IV.

FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

MICHAEL ANGELO; FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *not turning round.*

Who is it?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Wait, for I am out of breath
In climbing your steep stairs.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my Bastiano,
If you went up and down as many stairs
As I do still, and climbed as many ladders,
It would be better for you. Pray sit down.
Your idle and luxurious way of living
Will one day take your breath away entirely,
And you will never find it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Well, what then?
That would be better, in my apprehension,
Than falling from a scaffold.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That was nothing.
It did not kill me; only lamed me slightly;
I am quite well again.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why, dear Master,
Why do you live so high up in your house,
When you could live below and have a garden,
As I do?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

From this window I can look
On many gardens; o'er the city roofs
See the Campagna and the Alban hills:
And all are mine.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Can you sit down in them,
On summer afternoons, and play the lute,
Or sing, or sleep the time away?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I never
Sleep in the day-time; scarcely sleep at night.
I have not time. Did you meet Benvenuto
As you came up the stair?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

He ran against me
On the first landing, going at full speed;
Dressed like the Spanish captain in a play,
With his long rapier and his short red cloak.
Why hurry through the world at such a pace?
Life will not be too long.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is his nature, —
A restless spirit, that consumes itself
With useless agitations. He o'erleaps
The goal he aims at. Patience is a plant
That grows not in all gardens. You are made
Of quite another clay.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And thank God for it.
And now, being somewhat rested, I will tell you
Why I have climbed these formidable stairs.
I have a friend, Francesco Berni, here,
A very charming poet and companion,
Who greatly honors you and all your doings,
And you must sup with us.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not I, indeed.
I know too well what artists' suppers are.
You must excuse me.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will not excuse you.
You need repose from your incessant work;
Some recreation, some bright hours of pleasure.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

To me, what you and other men call pleasure
Is only pain. Work is my recreation,
The play of faculty; a delight like that
Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish
In darting through the water, — nothing more.
I cannot go. The Sibylline leaves of life
Grow precious now, when only few remain.
I cannot go.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni, perhaps, will read
A canto of the Orlando Inamorato.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That is another reason for not going.
If aught is tedious and intolerable,
It is a poet reading his own verses.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni thinks somewhat better of your verses
Than you of his. He says that you speak things,
And other poets words. So, pray you, come.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If it were now the Improvisatore,
Luigi Pulci, whom I used to hear
With Benvenuto, in the streets of Florence,
I might be tempted. I was younger then,
And singing in the open air was pleasant.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

There is a Frenchman here, named Rabelais,
Once a Franciscan friar, and now a doctor,
And secretary to the embassy:
A learned man, who speaks all languages,
And wittiest of men; who wrote a book
Of the Adventures of Gargantua,
So full of strange conceits one roars with laughter
At every page; a jovial boon-companion
And lover of much wine. He too is coming.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then you will not want me, who am not witty,
And have no sense of mirth, and love not wine.
I should be like a dead man at your banquet.
Why should I seek this Frenchman, Rabelais?
And wherefore go to hear Francesco Berni,
When I have Dante Alighieri here,
The greatest of all poets?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And the dullest;
And only to be read in episodes.
His day is past. Petrarca is our poet.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Petrarca is for women and for lovers,
And for those soft Abati, who delight

To wander down long garden walks in summer,
Tinkling their little sonnets all day long,
As lap-dogs do their bells.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I love Petrarca.

How sweetly of his absent love he sings,
When journeying in the forest of Ardennes!
I seem to hear her, hearing the boughs and breezes
And leaves and birds lamenting, and the waters
Murmuring flee along the verdant herbage."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Enough. It is all seeming, and no being.
If you would know how a man speaks in earnest,
Read here this passage, where St. Peter thunders
In Paradise against degenerate Popes
And the corruptions of the church, till all
The heaven about him blushes like a sunset.
I beg you to take note of what he says
About the Papal seals, for that concerns
Your office and yourself.

FRA SEBASTIANO, *reading*.

Is this the passage?

"Nor I be made the figure of a seal
To privileges venal and mendacious;
Whereat I often redden and flash with fire!"—
That is not poetry.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What is it, then?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Vituperation; gall that might have spirted
From Aretino's pen.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Name not that man!

A profligate, whom your Francesco Berni
Describes as having one foot in the brothel
And the other in the hospital; who lives
By flattering or maligning, as best serves
His purpose at the time. He writes to me
With easy arrogance of my Last Judgment,
In such familiar tone that one would say
The great event already had occurred,
And he was present, and from observation
Informed me how the picture should be painted.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

What unassuming, unobtrusive men
These critics are! Now, to have Aretino
Aiming his shafts at you brings back to mind
The Gascon archers in the square of Milan,
Shooting their arrows at Duke Sforza's statue,
By Leonardo, and the foolish rabble
Of envious Florentines, that at your David
Threw stones at night. But Aretino praised you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

His praises were ironical. He knows
How to use words as weapons, and to wound
While seeming to defend. But look, Bastiano,
See how the setting sun lights up that picture!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

My portrait of Vittoria Colonna.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It makes her look as she will look hereafter,
When she becomes a saint!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A noble woman!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, these old hands can fashion fairer shapes
In marble, and can paint diviner pictures,
Since I have known her.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And you like this picture;
And yet it is in oils, which you detest.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When that barbarian Jan Van Eyck discovered
The use of oil in painting, he degraded
His art into a handicraft, and made it
Sign-painting, merely, for a country inn
Or wayside wine-shop. 'Tis an art for women,
Or for such leisurely and idle people
As you, Fra Bastiano. Nature paints not
In oils, but frescoes the great dome of heaven
With sunsets, and the lovely forms of clouds
And flying vapors.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And how soon they fade!
Behold yon line of roofs and belfries painted

Upon the golden background of the sky,
Like a Byzantine picture, or a portrait
Of Cimabue. See how hard the outline,
Sharp-cut and clear, not rounded into shadow.
Yet that is nature.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

She is always right.
The picture that approaches sculpture nearest
Is the best picture.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Leonardo thinks
The open air too bright. We ought to paint
As if the sun were shining through a mist.
'T is easier done in oil than in distemper.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not revive again the old dispute;
I have an excellent memory for forgetting,
But I still feel the hurt. Wounds are not healed
By the unbending of the bow that made them.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

So say Petrarca and the ancient proverb.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But that is past. Now I am angry with you,
Not that you paint in oils, but that, grown fat
And indolent, you do not paint at all.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Why should I paint? Why should I toil and sweat,
Who now am rich enough to live at ease,
And take my pleasure?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When Pope Leo died,
He who had been so lavish of the wealth
His predecessors left him, who received
A basket of gold-pieces every morning,
Which every night was empty, left behind
Hardly enough to pay his funeral.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I care for banquets, not for funerals,
As did his Holiness. I have forbidden
All tapers at my burial, and procession
Of priests and friars and monks; and have provided
The cost thereof be given to the poor!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have done wisely, but of that I speak not.
 Ghiberti left behind him wealth and children ;
 But who to-day would know that he had lived,
 If he had never made those gates of bronze
 In the old Baptistery, — those gates of bronze,
 Worthy to be the gates of Paradise.
 His worth is scattered to the winds ; his children
 Are long since dead ; but those celestial gates
 Survive, and keep his name and memory green.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why should I fatigue myself? I think
 That all things it is possible to paint
 Have been already painted ; and if not,
 Why, there are painters in the world at present
 Who can accomplish more in two short months
 Than I could in two years ; so it is well
 That some one is contented to do nothing,
 And leave the field to others.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O blasphemer !
 Not without reason do the people call you
 Sebastian del Piombo, for the lead
 Of all the Papal bulls is heavy upon you,
 And wraps you like a shroud.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Misericordia !
 Sharp is the vinegar of sweet wine, and sharp
 The words you speak, because the heart within you
 Is sweet unto the core.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How changed you are
 From the Sebastiano I once knew,
 When poor, laborious, emulous to excel,
 You strove in rivalry with Badassare
 And Raphael Sanzio.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Raphael is dead ;
 He is but dust and ashes in his grave,
 While I am living and enjoying life,
 And so am victor. One live Pope is worth
 A dozen dead ones.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Raphael is not dead ;

He doth but sleep; for how can he be dead
 Who lives immortal in the hearts of men?
 He only drank the precious wine of youth,
 The outbreak of the grapes, before the vintage
 Was trodden to bitterness by the feet of men.
 The gods have given him sleep. We never were
 Nor could be foes, although our followers,
 Who are distorted shadows of ourselves,
 Have striven to make us so; but each one worked
 Unconsciously upon the other's thoughts,
 Both giving and receiving. He perchance
 Caught strength from me, and I some greater sweetness
 And tenderness from his more gentle nature.
 I have but words of praise and admiration
 For his great genius; and the world is fairer
 That he lived in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

We at least are friends;
 So come with me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

No, no; I am best pleased
 When I'm not asked to banquets. I have reached
 A time of life when daily walks are shortened,
 And even the houses of our dearest friends,
 That used to be so near, seem far away.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Then we must sup without you. We shall laugh
 At those who toil for fame, and make their lives
 A tedious martyrdom, that they may live
 A little longer in the mouths of men!
 And so, good-night.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-night, my Fra Bastiano.

[Returning to his work.]

How will men speak of me when I am gone,
 When all this colorless, sad life is ended,
 And I am dust? They will remember only
 The wrinkled forehead, the marred countenance,
 The rudeness of my speech, and my rough manners,
 And never dream that underneath them all
 There was a woman's heart of tenderness.
 They will not know the secret of my life,
 Locked up in silence, or but vaguely hinted
 In uncouth rhymes, that may perchance survive
 Some little space in memories of men!
 Each one performs his life-work, and then leaves it;
 Those that come after him will estimate
 His influence on the age in which he lived.

V.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND TITIAN: PALAZZO BELVEDERE.

TITIAN'S studio. *A painting of Danaë with a curtain before it.* TITIAN, MICHAEL ANGELO,
and GIORGIO VASARI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So you have left at last your still lagoons,
Your City of Silence floating in the sea,
And come to us in Rome.

TITIAN.

I come to learn,
But I have come too late. I should have seen
Rome in my youth, when all my mind was open
To new impressions. Our Vasari here
Leads me about, a blind man, groping darkly
Among the marvels of the past. I touch them,
But do not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There are things in Rome
That one might walk bare-footed here from Venice
But to see once, and then to die content.

TITIAN.

I must confess that these majestic ruins
Oppress me with their gloom. I feel as one
Who in the twilight stumbles among tombs,
And cannot read the inscriptions carved upon them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I felt so once; but I have grown familiar
With desolation, and it has become
No more a pain to me, but a delight.

TITIAN.

I could not live here. I must have the sea,
And the sea-mist, with sunshine interwoven
Like cloth of gold; must have beneath my windows
The laughter of the waves, and at my door
Their pattering footsteps, or I am not happy.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then tell me of your city in the sea,
Paved with red basalt of the Paduan hills.
Tell me of art in Venice. Three great names,
Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto,

Illustrate your Venetian school, and send
A challenge to the world. The first is dead,
But Tintoretto lives.

TITIAN.

And paints with fire,
Sudden and splendid, as the lightning paints
The cloudy vault of heaven.

GIORGIO.

Does he still keep
Above his door the arrogant inscription
That once was painted there, — “The color of Titian,
With the design of Michael Angelo”?

TITIAN.

Indeed, I know not. 'T was a foolish boast,
And does no harm to any but himself.
Perhaps he has grown wiser.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When you two
Are gone, who is there that remains behind
To seize the pencil falling from your fingers?

GIORGIO.

Oh there are many hands upraised already
To clutch at such a prize, which hardly wait
For death to loose your grasp, — a hundred of them:
Schiavone, Bonifazio, Campagnola,
Moretto, and Moroni; who can count them,
Or measure their ambition?

TITIAN.

When we are gone,
The generation that comes after us
Will have far other thoughts than ours. Our ruins
Will serve to build their palaces or tombs.
They will possess the world that we think ours,
And fashion it far otherwise.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I hear
Your son Orazio and your nephew Marco
Mentioned with honor.

TITIAN.

Ay, brave lads, brave lads.
But time will show. There is a youth in Venice,

One Paul Cagliari, called the Veronese,
Still a mere stripling, but of such rare promise
That we must guard our laurels, or may lose them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

These are good tidings; for I sometimes fear
That, when we die, with us all art will die.
'Tis but a fancy. Nature will provide
Others to take our places. I rejoice
To see the young spring forward in the race,
Eager as we were, and as full of hope
And the sublime audacity of youth.

TITIAN.

Men die and are forgotten. The great world
Goes on the same. Among the myriads
Of men that live, or have lived, or shall live,
What is a single life, or thine or mine,
That we should think all nature would stand still
If we were gone? We must make room for others.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now, Maestro, pray unveil your picture
Of Danaë, of which I hear such praise.

TITIAN, *drawing back the curtain.*

What think you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That Acrisius did well
To lock such beauty in a brazen tower,
And hide it from all eyes.

TITIAN.

The model truly
Was beautiful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And more, that you were present,
And saw the showery Jove from high Olympus
Descend in all his splendor.

TITIAN.

From your lips
Such words are full of sweetness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have caught
These golden hues from your Venetian sunsets.

TITIAN.

Possibly.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Or from sunshine through a shower
 On the lagoons, or the broad Adriatic.
 Nature reveals herself in all our arts.
 The pavements and the palaces of cities
 Hint at the nature of the neighboring hills.
 Red lavas from the Euganean quarries
 Of Padua pave your streets; your palaces
 Are the white stones of Istria, and gleam
 Reflected in your waters and your pictures.
 And thus the works of every artist show
 Something of his surroundings and his habits.
 The uttermost that can be reached by color
 Is here accomplished. Warmth and light and softness
 Mingle together. Never yet was flesh
 Painted by hand of artist, dead or living,
 With such divine perfection.

TITIAN.

I am grateful
 For so much praise from you, who are a master;
 While mostly those who praise and those who blame
 Know nothing of the matter, so that mainly
 Their censure sounds like praise, their praise like censure.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Wonderful! wonderful! The charm of color
 Fascinates me the more that in myself
 The gift is wanting. I am not a painter.

GIORGIO.

Messer Michele, all the arts are yours,
 Not one alone; and therefore I may venture
 To put a question to you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, speak on.

GIORGIO.

Two nephews of the Cardinal Farnese
 Have made me umpire in dispute between them
 Which is the greater of the sister arts,
 Painting or sculpture. Solve for me the doubt.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Sculpture and painting have a common goal,
 And whosoever would attain to it,

Whichever path he take, will find that goal
Equally hard to reach.

GIORGIO.

No doubt, no doubt;
But you evade the question.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When I stand
In presence of this picture, I concede
That painting has attained its uttermost;
But in the presence of my sculptured figures
I feel that my conception soars beyond
All limit I have reached.

GIORGIO.

You still evade me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Giorgio Vasari, I have often said
That I account that painting as the best
Which most resembles sculpture. Here before us
We have the proof. Behold those rounded limbs!
How from the canvas they detach themselves,
Till they deceive the eye, and one would say,
It is a statue with a screen behind it!

TITIAN.

Signori, pardon me; but all such questions
Seem to me idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Idle as the wind.
And now, Maestro, I will say once more
How admirable I esteem your work,
And leave you, without further interruption.

TITIAN.

Your friendly visit hath much honored me.

GIORGIO.

Farewell.

MICHAEL ANGELO to GIORGIO, *going out.*

If the Venetian painters knew
But half as much of drawing as of color,
They would indeed work miracles in art,
And the world see what it hath never seen.

VI.

PALAZZO CESARINI.

VITTORIA COLONNA, *seated in an arm-chair*; JULIA GONZAGA, *standing near her*.

JULIA.

It grieves me that I find you still so weak
And suffering.

VITTORIA.

No, not suffering; only dying.
Death is the chillness that precedes the dawn;
We shudder for a moment, then awake
In the broad sunshine of the other life.
I am a shadow, merely, and these hands,
These cheeks, these eyes, these tresses that my husband
Once thought so beautiful, and I was proud of
Because he thought them so, are faded quite, —
All beauty gone from them.

JULIA.

Ah, no, not that.
Paler you are, but not less beautiful.

VITTORIA.

Hand me the mirror. I would fain behold
What change comes o'er our features when we die.
Thank you. And now sit down beside me here.
How glad I am that you have come to-day,
Above all other days, and at the hour
When most I need you!

JULIA.

Do you ever need me?

VITTORIA.

Always, and most of all to-day and now.
Do you remember, Julia, when we walked,
One afternoon, upon the castle terrace
At Ischia, on the day before you left me?

JULIA.

Well I remember; but it seems to me
Something unreal, that has never been, —
Something that I have read of in a book,
Or heard of some one else.

VITTORIA.

Ten years and more
Have passed since then; and many things have happened

In those ten years, and many friends have died:
Marco Flaminiò, whom we all admired
And loved as our Catullus; dear Valdesso,
The noble champion of free thought and speech;
And Cardinal Ippolito, your friend.

JULIA.

Oh, do not speak of him! His sudden death
O'ercomes me now, as it o'ercame me then.
Let me forget it; for my memory
Serves me too often as an unkind friend,
And I remember things I would forget,
While I forget the things I would remember.

VITTORIA.

Forgive me; I will speak of him no more.
The good Fra Bernardino has departed,
Has fled from Italy, and crossed the Alps,
Fearing Caraffa's wrath, because he taught
That He who made us all without our help
Could also save us without aid of ours.
Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara,
That Lily of the Loire, is bowed by winds
That blow from Rome; Olympia Morata
Banished from court because of this new doctrine.
Therefore be cautious. Keep your secret thought
Locked in your breast.

JULIA.

I will be very prudent.
But speak no more, I pray; it wearies you.

VITTORIA.

Yes, I am very weary. Read to me.

JULIA.

Most willingly. What shall I read?

VITTORIA.

Petrarca's
Triumph of Death. The book lies on the table;
Beside the casket there. Read where you find
The leaf turned down. 'T was there I left off reading.

JULIA, *reads*.

"Not as a flame that by some force is spent,
But one that of itself consumeth quite,
Departed hence in peace the soul content,
In fashion of a soft and lucent light
Whose nutriment by slow gradation goes,
Keeping until the end its lustre bright.

Not pale, but whiter than the sheet of snows
 That without wind on some fair hill-top lies,
 Her weary body seemed to find repose.
 Like a sweet slumber in her lovely eyes,
 When now the spirit was no longer there,
 Was what is dying called by the unwise.
 E'en Death itself in her fair face seemed fair." —

Is it of Laura that he here is speaking? —
 She doth not answer, yet is not asleep;
 Her eyes are full of light and fixed on something
 Above her in the air. I can see naught
 Except the painted angels on the ceiling.
 Vittoria! speak! What is it? Answer me! —
 She only smiles, and stretches out her hands.

[The mirror falls and breaks.]

VITTORIA.

Not disobedient to the heavenly vision!
 Pescara! my Pescara!

[Dies.]

JULIA.

Holy Virgin!
 Her body sinks together, — she is dead!
[Kneels, and hides her face in Vittoria's lap.]

Enter MICHAEL ANGELO.

JULIA.

Hush! make no noise.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How is she?

JULIA.

Never better.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then she is dead!

JULIA.

Alas! yes, she is dead!
 Even death itself in her fair face seems fair.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How wonderful! The light upon her face
 Shines from the windows of another world.
 Saints only have such faces. Holy Angels!
 Bear her like sainted Catherine to her rest! *[Kisses Vittoria's hand.]*
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

HERBERT SPENCER'S THEORY OF EDUCATION.¹

MR. SPENCER'S treatise on education consists of four essays, originally contributed to English reviews, and first collected and published in this country in 1860. The first essay discusses the question, "What knowledge is of most worth?" The other three treat successively of intellectual, moral, and physical education. It is with the subject of the first essay that we have to do at present, the question of the relative worths of different knowledges. The succeeding three essays only carry out in more detail the theory advanced in the first, though they include by the way many most valuable common-sense suggestions on the general subject of education, and especially on that of young children.

"What knowledge is of most worth?" Mr. Spencer's attitude in answering this question is different from that in his other works in that it is the attitude of a reformer; and this must be taken to account for a certain lack of that calm breadth of view which characterizes his other writings. He is here for once the ardent advocate, rather than the cool and dispassionate judge. He seems to have written with a sort of righteous indignation at the evil which he finds in society, and which he conceives to be largely due to our systems of education. It is to be feared that the evil is deeper seated; and certainly there is little reason to expect that the particular change proposed, apparently in a hasty and impulsive search for remedies, by our author, would do anything but aggravate the evil.

The great fault of modern education, Mr. Spencer asserts, is its wrong choice

of subjects for study. His main proposition is, in a nutshell, that "science" ought to supersede the classics, the modern languages, history, art, and literature. His main argument in defense of this proposition is, in brief, that the activities in life which are subserved by science are more important than those which are subserved by the ordinary school and college studies.

Of course Mr. Spencer had in mind, when this treatise was written (more than twenty years ago), the curriculum of the English universities and the schools preparatory thereto. So far as these went to an extreme, in past times, by entirely excluding the natural sciences, in their adherence to the traditional course in Latin, Greek, and mathematics, the claims of this treatise had a certain justice, and very likely were productive of good. The misfortune is that in the effort to create a reaction, and to swing the pendulum back from one extreme, our author has made exaggerated claims for natural science, and has indulged in exaggerated denunciations of literary studies. So that now, when the reaction has long ago set in, and the pendulum has swung far to the opposite extreme, this one-sided and partisan statement of the case is not only productive of no further good, but is doing, in this country especially, positive mischief. There has hardly been a rash and ill-considered educational notion uttered by the thousand and one uneducated "educators" throughout the United States, for the last fifteen years, that has not based itself on Mr. Spencer's theory of education. It has been

sciences should altogether supplant literature in courses of liberal study) he has aimed to bring students to the thorough comprehension of Mr. Spencer's works, as a part of our modern English literature, and has considered this to be one of the highest services he could render them.

¹ As there is always an advantage to a reader in understanding at the outset the point of view from which a paper is written, the writer begs leave to say that he feels the greatest obligation to Mr. Spencer for intellectual help in many directions; and that in several years of college teaching (not believing with him that the natural

and still is the Law and the Prophets for all the devotees of educational isms in this country, from those who would turn our schools and colleges into bakeries and blacksmith shops to those who would abolish them altogether. This has come about especially because isolated statements from Mr. Spencer's treatise are constantly being quoted by the weaker brethren among educational men in such a way as to convey a very different impression from that which must have been intended by the author himself. For certainly his constant claim, everywhere else in his writings, is for broad thinking and complete living; whereas his words are constantly quoted from this treatise so as to advocate the narrowest thought and the most meagre intellectual life. From the tone of many of those who quote with delight his utterances on education, one would suppose that of all things in the world Mr. Spencer despised and hated books of any sort whatsoever; when in fact he is devoting a most laborious and useful life exclusively to the production of them for the service of the world. And very little service would they do, certainly, unless the study of them as a valuable part of our literature—as a part of that which is the most important outgrowth of our planet thus far in its evolution, namely, the accumulation of man's thought and feeling concerning human life and affairs—were considered to be worthy of time and effort, even to the exclusion or the postponement of some attention to vegetable growths, the rocky strata, and other curious points of the planet itself.

It is not, however, wholly on account of misquotation and misunderstanding by his readers that Mr. Spencer's treatise on education is productive of harm. The views themselves are not sound. The main argument is based on a fundamental error, which ought long ago to have been thoroughly exposed. That it has had so long a vogue simply shows

how strong a hold the author has gained, and deservedly gained for the most part, upon the confidence of thinking people, as an accurate observer and sound reasoner. Before considering this main proposition, let us glance briefly at his introduction to it.

Mr. Spencer sets out with the assertion that there has been hitherto no rational selection of subjects for study, nor, indeed, any discussion whatever of the relative worth of knowledges. The classical and mathematical curriculum has been adhered to, he thinks, merely through the force of a superstitious public opinion. How this public opinion grew up he does not attempt to explain, unless we are to take as an attempt at an explanation his statement that a desire for ornament precedes a desire for dress, and are to consider his brilliant attack on the pursuit of ornamental accomplishments as directed against all courses of liberal study. But this would surely be a very superficial view of the origin of our colleges and universities. They did not spring up by accident,—that is certain; nor were they built by the instinct of the peacock and the bower-bird. The strong public opinion among the educated classes in favor of liberal studies is by no means based upon any such flimsy foundation as the mere fancy for ornament. The truth is, there is a permanent aspiration in man for spiritual enlargement, for higher and richer planes of intellectual being. This aspiration has in every age reached out, no doubt more or less blindly, after whatever was greatest and best in preceding human attainment. Latin and Greek have been studied, not alone, as our author almost seems to suppose, as words and for words' sake, but for the vital contact they give with the living men who thought in Latin and Greek. From many desires and motives, no doubt, but most of all from this permanent hunger for intellectual illumination and spiritual enlargement, have grown

up our universities and our systems of liberal culture.

But we should be greatly mistaken if we supposed that this had been a wholly blind aspiration. In our exclusive attention to the wonderful material advancement of this age we are too apt to forget that there have been thinking men in the world even before our remarkable century. There have even been two or three who supposed, at least, that they understood the need of rational discussion of educational theories. There was, for example, an honest Greek gentleman, one Plato by name; and there were certain well-meaning persons in England, such as John Milton and John Locke, not to mention others, whose ideas on these subjects may be found in libraries. Almost as well, indeed, might a Grahamite assert that there had been no rational views on the subject of food till his own favorite theory was advanced; and that the strong public opinion in favor of beef and bread over husks and water had grown up by mere accident, and been perpetuated through unreasoning prejudice.

Mr. Spencer alleges that boys are given a classical course of study merely in order that when grown up they may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of those things which are considered essential to the "education of a gentleman." It certainly has some significance, one might reply, that this liberal culture has become so associated in the minds of the intelligent class with being an educated gentleman. This association, surely, has not come about by mere chance. May there not have been some relation of cause and effect in it? One thing is certain: if all men could, by training, be carried to the point of fulfilling our idea of the educated English gentleman, there would be something to be said in favor of the system of education that had brought about such a consummation.

Not but that Mr. Spencer is perfectly right in maintaining that there is need of more attention to the question of the relative worth of knowledges. He is no doubt right, also, in saying that it is important to fix upon a test or measure of value. And no one can hesitate to agree with the test which he goes on to propose: namely, the bearing of different studies on the preparation for "complete living." "To prepare us for complete living," he says, "is the function which education has to discharge; and the only rational mode of judging of any educational course is to judge in what degree it discharges this function." We should be mistaken, however, if we supposed this to be a new test. It is merely the new statement of what has been all along the underlying thought of all the great thinkers in the world on this subject. It is, in fact, hardly more than a paraphrase of what Milton affirmed more than two hundred years ago: "I call, therefore, a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." Nor has this been merely the thought of a few great thinkers. It has been the essence, whether formulated or not, of that fundamental instinct of which we have spoken, the aspiration for a higher and wider life, out of which has grown up, slowly and steadily, our present system of liberal education. There is this to be said for Mr. Spencer: that no writer has ever stated so clearly and fully and convincingly the claims of this paramount motive, the aspiration for complete living. It is only the more unfortunate that, in an impulse of vexation with certain evils of our present arrangements, he should hastily have flung this treatise straight in the teeth of all his own liberal doctrines.

For this is the theory of Mr. Spencer's treatise. He first lays down a classification of the activities of life, in

the order of what he calls their relative "importance." It is in his use of this word, and his inferences from it, that we shall find the unsound spot in his whole theory. He arranges the activities of life in the order of their importance as follows :—

"1. Those activities which directly minister to self-preservation.

"2. Those which secure the necessities of life, and so indirectly minister to self-preservation.

"3. Those which have for their end the rearing and discipline of offspring.

"4. Those involved in the maintenance of proper social and political relations.

"5. Those miscellaneous activities which make up the leisure part of life, devoted to the gratification of the tastes and feelings."

Having thus rated the activities of life by their "importance," he now proceeds to rank the different subjects of study by their bearing on these divisions. The first division of activities has to do with the direct maintenance of life: for this, he affirms, the sciences of physiology and hygiene are the best educational studies; so that here, to begin with, science is the only proper thing. The second division relates to what we call "getting a living:" for this the sciences of mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, and sociology are the needed studies; so that here, too, science is what is needed. The third division deals with the care of offspring: for this the essential education consists, he says, of physiology and psychology; so that here, too, science is the thing. The fourth division is concerned with the maintenance of social and political relations: here we require biology, psychology, and sociology; so that here, also, science gives the requisite training. The fifth and last division includes the gratification of the tastes and feelings. For this class of activities the author had apparently expected to find that litera-

ture, the classics, and so forth were desirable, and begins to make some such concessions; but in the very midst of them he seems to discover with satisfaction that here, also, we can find all that we want in science. So that for all these various activities a purely scientific training is the proper and only necessary preparation. Perceiving now that he has still left exposed to the enemy one whole flank of the subject, namely, that of education considered as discipline, our author goes on to affirm, that for this purpose also, whether in the region of intellectual, moral, or religious discipline, the sciences are all that we need. Both for guidance and for discipline, therefore, a narrowly scientific training is concluded to be all that could be desired.

Let us now examine a few of these points in detail, and first of all that on which the whole argument rests: the classification of life-activities according to their relative importance.

In what sense can it be considered true, as Mr. Spencer asserts, that the activities which protect the physical life are more important than intellectual and social activities? His argument, to be sure, is at first sight a plausible one. He affirms that the thing which is made possible is less important, and must be postponed to that which makes it possible. That is to say, since the intellectual operations and social activities could not go on without a body, while the bodily life could go on without intellectual or social activities, the body is more important than the mind, or than society. Is it not obvious that, using the term "important" in any ordinary sense, this is exactly the reverse of the truth? For what value has the body except as a means to that higher end? And is it not the importance of that higher end that gives the means whatever importance it possesses? To arrange the activities of life in the order of their dependence on one another, therefore, is to arrange

them in precisely the reverse order of their intrinsic importance. It is upon the meaning of the word "important" that the whole fallacy turns; so that our author, after allowing himself to indulge in sarcasms upon the useless study of language, seems for once to be caught by a mere juggle of words, and founds a whole theory upon a confusion of meanings.

But the only meaning of the word "important" which can have any fitness in a discussion of the relative importance of different subjects of study is — "demanding attention in school and college education." And in this meaning of the word, the relative importance of life-activities is again just the reverse of Mr. Spencer's estimate; since nature looks out for the "necessary condition," the body, and leaves it for art, for education, to attend to "that which is made possible," the mind.

It seems to be one peculiar danger attending our absorption in these fascinating sciences of our day, and in their for the most part admirable methods, that we are tempted to imagine, when we have made an elaborate classification, and thrown a theory into an exact tabular form, that we have thereby systematized a great truth. May it not sometimes happen that we have only systematized a great error? And another danger, that can perhaps hardly be laid to the charge of our scientific studies, so all but universal does it appear to be, is the liability to be led astray by an apparent analogy between something in nature and something in human affairs, so that a captivating illustration will seem an argument. So clear-sighted a man as our author, for example, compares the relation of the florist to the plant with the relation of the teacher to the child. The florist, he says, knows that the root and leaves are more important than the flower, since it is the root and leaves that make the flower possible: so the teacher knows that the

body is more important than the mind. But plainly that depends on the sense which we attach to the word "important." In the ordinary sense of the word, the flower is to the florist the only thing which has any importance at all. Except for the flower which is to follow, he would care nothing for the root and leaves of a plant. And if we use the word, as before, to mean "demanding attention," then it becomes evident that there is only the most superficial resemblance between the two cases, and no real analogy. For in the case of the plant, man's art has only to nourish the root and leaves, and wild nature will invariably see to the production of the perfect flower. But in the case of the human being precisely the opposite is true: wild nature looks to the body, and utterly refuses, in the savage state (that is to say, without education) to produce a cultivated mind; so that man's art has to see to it, by a careful course of education, that the higher intellectual life comes forth from this natural body. The savage has a very sufficient body; nay, the wild animal is well equipped in that respect. But this admirable body might go on existing and propagating its kind for ages, without any flower and fruit of spiritual development, unless our systems of education fortunately realized the supreme importance of that, and saw to its production.

There is the same error in Mr. Spencer's estimate of his second division of life-activities, — the activities indirectly ministering to self-preservation, or the getting of a livelihood. These activities he rates as higher in importance than intellectual and social life, because they are a necessary condition to it. But here, again, it is evident that their importance in the sense of their requiring attention in our school and college education should be rated in just the reverse order. The ordinary man, unenlightened by education, manages

pretty well this matter of getting a living for his body ; which is, no doubt, a necessary condition to any intellectual life, but is intrinsically of considerably less importance than that higher end, which alone, indeed, gives it any value whatever. It is the precise function of education to see to it that men's lives shall be so "lifted up and strengthened" that they shall be worth sustaining by a livelihood. Not what sort of a living they get, but what sort of a life they get, is the question of real importance.

If by "education" we were to understand the whole sum total of forces and influences that go to produce a man, it would, no doubt, be true that we must begin at the body to build him up. Indeed, under that supposition, our education would have to begin farther back still : we should have to make a planet for him to live on, or beyond that a solar system, or beyond that the nebula out of which such a system should be made ; for each of these would in turn be more "important," as being the necessary condition to what should follow. But in education, fortunately, we have no such tremendous task. Solar system and planet have been with reasonable success evolved, and finally the human body and the rudiments of a mind, and we have now to make that mind by education a more complete and perfect one. We are not to harm the body or hinder it, any more than we are to go back and destroy the planet ; these necessary conditions are not to be interfered with ; but we are to leave to wild nature whatever she does decently well, and do by our art of education that which she will not do at all, or will do very badly, and which we shall not get too well done, though we concentrate all our force, during the brief period of school and college training, on that alone. The plain fact is that the one thing which wild nature never yet did, and never can be depended on to do, is to make intellectual, or even decently rational, men

and women out of the common stuff of humanity. While, as to the body, and as to the getting of a living for it, and even as to the care of offspring, something may be left to nature and natural instinct ; just as the instinct of the love of life and the instinct of the desire for offspring hardly need to be cultivated in our college curriculums. Yet they, too, are a part of the sum total of essential conditions of life, and our author might well have gone back, therefore, and put them first of all in his scheme of so-called "importance."

It must be kept clearly in mind that in any discussion regarding education the relative importance of certain activities can only mean their relative need of attention in our curriculums of study. The whole question is confused by confounding this with their relative dependence in nature. The practical problem for the teacher, we must remember, is this : given, the average boy, of good enough physical basis, of ordinary tendencies to lead a healthy animal life, of average inclination to defend himself and push his way in the world so far as material advantages go, — given such a boy, to bring him through a course of intellectual and moral education that shall make the highest order of man out of this crude material furnished by nature. What this course is we must try our best to discover. It will certainly not be wise to assume that the previous experience of mankind is utterly worthless to us in this attempt ; nor shall we be furthered much by any new and fanciful theory, based on an entire confusion as to what are the most important things to be attended to in education.

It is taken for granted that Mr. Spencer means to include in his fifth division all those activities of the mind which we sometimes speak of as constituting "the intellectual life." He is commonly understood to mean that. If he does, however, he uses strangely inaccurate phraseology ; for these intellectual ac-

tivities can with no propriety be called the mere gratification of the tastes and feelings. They belong, he says, to the leisure part of life, and so should occupy only the leisure part of education. If he has in mind mere superficial accomplishments, wax-work and the guitar, no doubt he is right. But if he means the higher intellectual processes, they are precisely the most important of all activities, and the preparation for them should accordingly occupy the chief part of education. They are the activities of life, too, as we have said, that cannot by any possibility come except by education, while the others — the necessary conditions to these — are likely to come very well without it.

If he does not mean to include the intellectual life in this fifth division of activities, then he has made the strange mistake of classifying life-activities in a discussion of education, and leaving entirely out of his classification those very activities for the sake of which our systems of education were established and have been maintained. How was it possible to do this, after setting out with such attractive aphorisms as to "complete living"? He has, in fact, oddly enough, left no place in his scheme for our activity in studying his works, nor for his own activity in writing them.

Everywhere in this treatise Mr. Spencer appears to assume that the chief purpose of education is to furnish the mind with a certain set of convenient facts. He seems never to rise to the conception of education as a process of mind development, with power to determine not merely what the man shall know, but what he shall be. Apparently, he thinks of every man as being by nature of a fixed and predetermined type, and then as receiving from education only a certain outfit of handy information. The truth is, on the contrary, that the very question of *what* type of man the boy shall become is the chief question that is constantly being determined by

education. With regard to the preparation for the rearing of offspring, for example, Mr. Spencer affirms that the essential training will be found in the sciences of physiology and psychology. This is all very well, but it overlooks the point that the main question concerning offspring is the question what manner of men and women the parents themselves *are*; and what they shall be it is precisely the effort of a liberal course of education to determine. There are no scientific facts whatever that can compare in importance to parents, as parents, with their being themselves richly endowed and highly developed persons, in mind as well as in body. What they are, more than what they know, is of determining force on their offspring, from the earliest moment on through the whole period of their relations with them.

The same hastiness of statement is apparent with regard to the preparation for earning a livelihood. Mr. Spencer seems to ignore the fact that the thing, after all, that is of most service to a man in making his way in the world is to *be*, first of all, an intelligent man; and this intelligence it is precisely the purpose of education to give him. He will be able to get his handy information for himself afterward, in one direction or another, as happens to be most useful to him. The ability to read, in the largest and highest sense, that is to say, the ability to get the full benefit of other men's minds and experience from their written words, and the ability to think, — these are gifts bestowed by a liberal education, that are worth any amount of a particular set of facts. If Aristotle and Bacon were to enter the company, we should hardly fail to recognize them as rather well-educated men, although their minds would be empty of all these facts of modern science that are asserted by Mr. Spencer to be the essential conditions of any sound education.

Mr. Spencer does, it is true, briefly

indicate in his treatise, almost as if by an after-thought, that studies are partly for the sake of discipline. But "we may be quite sure," he says, "that the acquirement of those facts which are most useful for regulating conduct involves a mental exercise best fitted for strengthening the faculties. It would be utterly contrary to the beautiful economy of Nature if one kind of culture were needed for the gaining of information, and another kind were needed as a mental gymnastic." "The education of most value for guidance must at the same time be the education of most value for discipline."

It was best to lay down this statement as an axiom; for if it were taken as a proposition to be proved, the proof would be found very difficult indeed. It is fine to talk of the "beautiful economy of Nature," but the economy of man is not without its beauty, also: the economy, namely, of time and of force that results from exercises devised by man for gaining strength and skill far faster and more agreeably than by the haphazard opportunities of ordinary life. "Everywhere throughout creation," says Mr. Spencer, "we find faculties developed through the performance of those functions which it is their office to perform; not through the performance of artificial exercises devised to fit them for those functions." Everywhere, to be sure, is the obvious reply, except in the arrangements of that rather important part of "creation," man; since he is the only animal that does not rest contented with the savage state of wild nature, but is so happy as to be endowed with aspirations that lead him to educate himself and his offspring. This he ventures to do by means of plans and systems of training not found, it must be confessed, anywhere in the lower grades of creation. There would be no athletes, for example, were it not for skillfully devised and persistently followed exercises. There would be no mas-

tery of music without laborious training by means of "artificial" exercises. But the proposition is too absurd to need refutation by instances. Would Mr. Spencer have the boy put off all exercise in penmanship till he entered on the "performance of those functions" in the counting-room or the editorial chair? One might as well object to the interference with Nature in arranging her phenomena, in experiments, for better observation as to object to our interference in arranging exercises for better discipline.

For what is this "Nature" (with a capital N) which figures so largely as a final arbiter in the enthusiastic eulogies of Science (with a capital S)? Does this Nature include man and his operations, or does it not? If it does, then these very interferences are also a part of Nature. And certainly the human part of Nature has as good a claim to be the arbiter as any other part. But if it does not include man, and is merely a name for the forces and processes of the world outside of the human world, then we may safely assert our right to come down upon this Nature, and mould and control it according to our needs. Or if, to take a third supposition, this capital-lettered Nature is meant to include man only in his so-called "natural" condition,—the wild man, the savage, the animal,—then surely the very effort of all civilization, and of education as its chief instrument, is to oppose, and whip in, and convert, and take command of these untamed forces of Nature, that we may develop the crude savage into the higher human being.

Probably nine tenths of the popular sophistries on the subject of education would be cleared away by clarifying the conception of this word Nature. We hear the "natural method" eulogized, and the "natural man" is appealed to from morbid and unnatural conditions of living. But what is the natural method? It is of little value as an

arbiter, unless it means that method which the sanest sense and the ripest experience of man has approved. And who is the natural man? Plainly, not the savage, not the undeveloped brute, but the man as he was meant by Nature to be: completely equipped in mind as well as in body; equipped, moreover, with the highest social and political arrangements, including a wise system of education. That is in the truest sense, the only rational sense for the purposes of such a discussion, the natural method, the natural order of studies, the natural course of exercises, which the foremost Englishman — not which the lowest Fijian — would approve and adopt.

There is space to notice but one or two instances in which the false conception of Nature leads to error in this treatise: and first in the objection to abstract studies. Mr. Spencer asserts that since the natural activities of the mind in early youth are concrete, therefore the whole education of this period should be concrete. Certainly, that is the method of wild nature, and wild nature never gets beyond that point. The uneducated man remains always, in this respect, a child, incapable of abstract thought. What we wish to do is to develop out of this crude, unnatural Nature the truly natural man, — the man as Nature meant him to be, with the power and the habit of abstract conception and reasoning. Though we follow the order, we need not follow the pace, of wild nature. The sooner the boy can be brought to read intellectual books, and to grasp complex subjects, easily and quietly, without strain or precocity or hindrance to the physical development, the more of a man will he make.

So, again, Mr. Spencer's words are often quoted in support of the attractive doctrine that education shall give

boys to do only that which they choose to do. Their diet, according to this theory, would be plum-cake and jam, and their reading would likewise be whatever was spiciest to the mental palate and easiest of mastication. Every parent and teacher knows something of what evils would follow this system, from his observation of the effects of the dime novel and of our juvenile literature in general. A young person had much better read Shakespeare and Mr. Spencer. Every teacher, at least, knows also how this theory has run into an absurd extreme in "oral teaching" and the "object-lesson." A boy does not need to be fed forever with a spoon. The time comes when he must learn to get his knowledge in the way that every educated man must always get it, — from the written page, and from self-controlled, persistent, laborious thought.

Of course one easily overstates any single aspect of such a vast subject as this of education. It is not surprising that even so profound and careful a thinker as Mr. Spencer has done so in this early treatise of his. Nor need it shake our faith in his candor nor in his general breadth of view; for it was probably meant only as an extreme statement of one side of the subject, intended to correct what seemed to him an extreme practice in the opposite direction. It is to be hoped that he will yet revise the treatise, or withdraw it altogether and substitute a more mature treatment of the subject, whenever he comes to realize that his reaction has already gone much too far, and when he comes to see that his work is not taken by his disciples for the reactionary and one-sided statement that it is, but for a deliberate and complete view, — a character which the author himself would probably be the last person to claim for it.

E. R. Sill.

THE ANCESTRAL FOOTSTEP:¹

OUTLINES OF AN ENGLISH ROMANCE.

III.

MAY 12th, Wednesday. Middleton found his abode here becoming daily more interesting; and he sometimes thought that it was the sympathies with the place and people, buried under the supergrowth of so many ages, but now coming forth with the life and vigor of a fountain, that, long hidden beneath earth and ruins, gushes out singing into the sunshine, as soon as these are removed. He wandered about the neighborhood with insatiable interest; sometimes, and often, lying on a hillside and gazing at the gray tower of the church; sometimes coming into the village clustered round that same church, and looking at the old timber and plaster houses, the same, except that the thatch had probably been often renewed, that they used to be in his ancestor's days. In those old cottages still dwelt the families, the —s, the Prices, the Hopnorts, the Copleys, that had dwelt there when America was a scattered progeny of infant colonies; and in the churchyard were the graves of all the generations since — including the dust of those who had seen his ancestor's face before his departure.

The graves, outside the church walls indeed, bore no marks of this antiquity; for it seems not to have been an early practice in England to put stones over such graves; and where it has been done, the climate causes the inscriptions soon to become obliterated and unintelligible. But, within the church, there were rich words of the personages and times, with whom Middleton's musings held so much converse.

But one of his greatest employments and pastimes was to ramble through the grounds of Smithells, making himself as well acquainted with its wood paths, its glens, its woods, its venerable trees, as if he had been bred up there from infancy. Some of those old oaks his ancestor might have been acquainted with, while they were already sturdy and well-grown trees; might have climbed them in boyhood; might have mused beneath them as a lover; might have flung himself at full length on the turf beneath them, in the bitter anguish that must have preceded his departure forever from the home of his forefathers. In order to secure an uninterrupted enjoyment of his rambles here, Middleton had secured the good-will of the game-keepers and other underlings whom he was likely to meet about the grounds, by giving them a shilling or a half-crown; and he was now free to wander where he would, with only the advice rather than the caution, to keep out of the way of their old master, — for there might be trouble, if he should meet a stranger on the grounds, in any of his tantrums. But, in fact, Mr. Eldredge was not much in the habit of walking about the grounds; and there were hours of every day, during which it was altogether improbable that he would have emerged from his own apartments in the manor-house. These were the hours, therefore, when Middleton most frequented the estate; although, to say the truth, he would gladly have so timed his visits as to meet and form an acquaintance with the lonely lord of this beautiful property, his own kinsman, though with so many ages of dark

¹ Copyright, 1882, by ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHTROP. For a clearer understanding of this sketch,

the reader is referred to the Prefatory Note in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1882, page 823.

oblivion between. For Middleton had not that feeling of infinite distance in the relationship, which he would have had if his branch of the family had continued in England, and had not intermarried with the other branch, through such a long waste of years; he rather felt as if he were the original emigrant who, long resident on a foreign shore, had now returned, with a heart brimful of tenderness, to revisit the scenes of his youth, and renew his tender relations with those who shared his own blood.

There was not, however, much in what he heard of the character of the present possessor of the estate — or indeed in the strong family characteristic that had become hereditary — to encourage him to attempt any advances. It is very probable that the religion of Mr. Eldredge, as a Catholic, may have excited a prejudice against him, as it certainly had insulated the family, in a great degree, from the sympathies of the neighborhood. Mr. Eldredge, moreover, had resided long on the Continent; long in Italy; and had come back with habits that little accorded with those of the gentry of the neighborhood; so that, in fact, he was almost as much of a stranger, and perhaps quite as little of a real Englishman, as Middleton himself. Be that as it might, Middleton, when he sought to learn something about him, heard the strangest stories of his habits of life, of his temper, and of his employments, from the people with whom he conversed. The old legend, turning upon the monomania of the family, was revived in full force in reference to this poor gentleman; and many a time Middleton's interlocutors shook their wise heads, saying with a knowing look and under their breath that the old gentleman was looking for the track of the Bloody Footstep. They fabled — or said, for it might not have been a false story — that every descendant of this house had a certain portion of his life, during which he sought the

track of that footstep which was left on the threshold of the mansion; that he sought it far and wide, over every foot of the estate; not only on the estate, but throughout the neighborhood; not only in the neighborhood but all over England; not only throughout England but all about the world. It was the belief of the neighborhood — at least of some old men and women in it — that the long period of Mr. Eldredge's absence from England had been spent in the search for some trace of those departing footsteps that had never returned. It is very possible — probable, indeed — that there may have been some ground for this remarkable legend; not that it is to be credited that the family of Eldredge, being reckoned among sane men, would seriously have sought, years and generations after the fact, for the first track of those bloody footsteps which the first rain of drippy England must have washed away; to say nothing of the leaves that had fallen and the growth and decay of so many seasons, that covered all traces of them since. But nothing is more probable than that the continual recurrence to the family genealogy, which had been necessitated by the matter of the dormant peerage, had caused the Eldredges, from father to son, to keep alive an interest in that ancestor who had disappeared, and who had been supposed to carry some of the most important family papers with him. But yet it gave Middleton a strange thrill of pleasure, that had something fearful in it, to think that all through these ages he had been waited for, sought for, anxiously expected, as it were; it seemed as if the very ghosts of his kindred, a long shadowy line, held forth their dim arms to welcome him; a line stretching back to the ghosts of those who had flourished in the old, old times; the doubletted and beruffled knightly shades of Queen Elizabeth's time; a long line, stretching from the mediæval ages, and their duski-

ness, downward, downward, with only one vacant space, that of him who had left the Bloody Footstep. There was an inexpressible pleasure (airy and evanescent, gone in a moment if he dwelt upon it too thoughtfully, but very sweet) to Middleton's imagination, in this idea. When he reflected, however, that his revelations, if they had any effect at all, might serve only to quench the hopes of these long expectants, it of course made him hesitate to declare himself.

One afternoon, when he was in the midst of musings such as this, he saw at a distance through the park, in the direction of the manor-house, a person who seemed to be walking slowly and seeking for something upon the ground. He was a long way off when Middleton first perceived him; and there were two clumps of trees and underbrush, with interspersed tracts of sunny lawn, between them. The person, whoever he was, kept on, and plunged into the first clump of shrubbery, still keeping his eyes on the ground, as if intensely searching for something. When he emerged from the concealment of the first clump of shrubbery, Middleton saw that he was a tall, thin person, in a dark dress; and this was the chief observation that the distance enabled him to make, as the figure kept slowly onward, in a somewhat wavering line, and plunged into the second clump of shrubbery. From that, too, he emerged; and soon appeared to be a thin elderly figure, of a dark man with gray hair, bent, as it seemed to Middleton, with infirmity, for his figure still stooped even in the intervals when he did not appear to be tracking the ground. But Middleton could not but be surprised at the singular appearance the figure had of setting its foot, at every step, just where a previous footstep had been made, as if he wanted to measure his whole pathway in the track of somebody who had recently gone over the ground in advance of him. Middleton was sitting at the foot of an oak; and

he began to feel some awkwardness in the consideration of what he would do if Mr. Eldredge—for he could not doubt that it was he—were to be led just to this spot, in pursuit of his singular occupation. And even so it proved.

Middleton could not feel it manly to fly and hide himself, like a guilty thing; and indeed the hospitality of the English country gentleman in many cases gives the neighborhood and the stranger a certain degree of freedom in the use of the broad expanse of ground in which they and their forefathers have loved to sequester their residences. The figure kept on, showing more and more distinctly the tall, meagre, not unvenerable features of a gentleman in the decline of life, apparently in ill-health; with a dark face, that might once have been full of energy, but now seemed enfeebled by time, passion and perhaps sorrow. But it was strange to see the earnestness with which he looked on the ground, and the accuracy with which he at last set his foot, apparently adjusting it exactly to some footprint before him; and Middleton doubted not that, having studied and re-studied the family records and the judicial examinations which described exactly the track that was seen the day after the memorable disappearance of his ancestor, Mr. Eldredge was now, in some freak, or for some purpose best known to himself, practically following it out. And follow it out he did, until at last, he lifted up his eyes, muttering to himself: "At this point the footsteps wholly disappear."

Lifting his eyes, as we have said, while thus regretfully and despairingly muttering these words, he saw Middleton against the oak, within three paces of him.

May 13th, Thursday. Mr. Eldredge (for it was he) first kept his eyes fixed full on Middleton's face, with an expression as if he saw him not; but gradually—slowly, at first—he seemed

to become aware of his presence; then, with a sudden flush, he took in the idea that he was encountered by a stranger in his secret mood. A flash of anger or shame, perhaps both, reddened over his face; his eyes gleamed; and he spoke hastily and roughly.

"Who are you?" he said. "How came you here? I allow no intruders in my park. Begone, fellow!"

"Really, sir, I did not mean to intrude upon you," said Middleton blandly. "I am aware that I owe you an apology; but the beauties of your park must plead my excuse; and the constant kindness of [the] English gentleman, which admits a stranger to the privilege of enjoying so much of the beauty in which he himself dwells as the stranger's taste permits him to enjoy."

"An artist, perhaps," said Mr. Eldredge, somewhat less uncourteously. "I am told that they love to come here and sketch these old oaks and their vistas, and the old mansion yonder. But you are an intrusive set, you artists, and think that a pencil and a sheet of paper may be your passport anywhere. You are mistaken, sir. My park is not open to strangers."

"I am sorry, then, to have intruded upon you," said Middleton, still in good humor; for in truth he felt a sort of kindness, a sentiment, ridiculous as it may appear, of kindred towards the old gentleman, and besides was not unwilling in any way to prolong a conversation in which he found a singular interest. "I am sorry, especially as I have not even the excuse you kindly suggest for me. I am not an artist, only an American, who have strayed hither to enjoy this gentle, cultivated, tamed nature which I find in English parks, so contrasting with the wild, rugged nature of my native land. I beg your pardon, and will retire."

"An American," repeated Mr. Eldredge, looking curiously at him. "Ah, you are wild men in that country, I sup-

pose, and cannot conceive that an English gentleman encloses his grounds — or that his ancestors have done so before him — for his own pleasure and convenience, and does not calculate on having it infringed upon by everybody, like your own forests, as you say. It is a curious country, that of yours; and in Italy I have seen curious people from it."

"True, sir," said Middleton, smiling. "We send queer specimens abroad; but Englishmen should consider that we spring from them, and that we present after all only a picture of their own characteristics, a little varied by climate and in situation."

Mr. Eldredge looked at him with a certain kind of interest, and it seemed to Middleton that he was not unwilling to continue the conversation, if a fair way to do so could only be offered to him. A secluded man often grasps at any opportunity of communicating with his kind, when it is casually offered to him, and for the nonce is surprisingly familiar, running out towards his chance-companion with the gush of a dammed-up torrent, suddenly unlocked. As Middleton made a motion to retire, he put out his hand with an air of authority to restrain him.

"Stay," said he. "Now that you are here, the mischief is done, and you cannot repair it by hastening away. You have interrupted me in my mood of thought, and must pay the penalty by suggesting other thoughts. I am a lonely man here, having spent most of my life abroad, and am separated from my neighbors by various circumstances. You seem to be an intelligent man. I should like to ask you a few questions about your country."

He looked at Middleton as he spoke, and seemed to be considering in what rank of life he should place him; his dress being such as suited a humble rank. He seemed not to have come to any very certain decision on this point.

"I remember," said he, "you have no distinctions of rank in your country; a convenient thing enough, in some respects. When there are no gentlemen, all are gentlemen. So let it be. You speak of being Englishmen; and it has often occurred to me that Englishmen have left this country and been much missed and sought after, who might perhaps be sought there successfully."

"It is certainly so, Mr. Eldredge," said Middleton, lifting his eyes to his face as he spoke, and then turning them aside. "Many footsteps, the track of which is lost in England, might be found reappearing on the other side of the Atlantic; ay, though it be hundreds of years since the track was lost here."

Middleton, though he had refrained from looking full at Mr. Eldredge as he spoke, was conscious that he gave a great start; and he remained silent for a moment or two, and when he spoke there was the tremor in his voice of a nerve that had been struck and still vibrated.

"That is a singular idea of yours," he at length said; "not singular in itself, but strangely coincident with something that happened to be occupying my mind. Have you ever heard any such instances as you speak of?"

"Yes," replied Middleton, "I have had pointed out to me the rightful heir to a Scottish earldom, in the person of an American farmer, in his shirt-sleeves. There are many Americans who believe themselves to hold similar claims. And I have known one family, at least, who had in their possession, and had had for two centuries, a secret that might have been worth wealth and honors if known in England. Indeed, being kindred as we are, it cannot but be the case."

Mr. Eldredge appeared to be much struck by these last words, and gazed wistfully, almost wildly, at Middleton, as if debating with himself whether to say more. He made a step or two aside; then returned abruptly, and spoke.

"Can you tell me the name of the family in which this secret was kept?" said he; "and the nature of the secret?"

"The nature of the secret," said Middleton, smiling, "was not likely to be extended to any one out of the family. The name borne by the family was Middleton. There is no member of it, so far as I am aware, at this moment remaining in America."

"And has the secret died with them?" asked Mr. Eldredge.

"They communicated it to none," said Middleton.

"It is a pity! It was a villainous wrong," said Mr. Eldredge. "And so, it may be, some ancient line, in the old country, is defrauded of its rights for want of what might have been obtained from this Yankee, whose democracy has demoralized them to the perception of what is due to the antiquity of descent, and of the bounden duty that there is, in all ranks, to keep up the honor of a family that has had potency enough to preserve itself in distinction for a thousand years."

"Yes," said Middleton, quietly, "we have sympathy with what is strong and vivacious to-day; none with what was so yesterday."

The remark seemed not to please Mr. Eldredge; he frowned, and muttered something to himself; but recovering himself, addressed Middleton with more courtesy than at the commencement of their interview; and, with this graciousness, his face and manner grew very agreeable, almost fascinating: he [was] still haughty, however.

"Well, sir," said he, "I am not sorry to have met you. I am a solitary man, as I have said, and a little communication with a stranger is a refreshment, which I enjoy seldom enough to be sensible of it. Pray, are you staying hereabouts?"

Middleton signified to him that he might probably spend some little time in the village.

"Then, during your stay," said Mr. Eldredge, "make free use of the walks in these grounds; and though it is not probable that you will meet me in them again, you need apprehend no second questioning of your right to be here. My house has many points of curiosity that may be of interest to a stranger from a new country. Perhaps you have heard of some of them."

"I have heard some wild legend about a Bloody Footstep," answered Middleton; "indeed, I think I remember hearing something about it in my own country; and having a fanciful sort of interest in such things, I took advantage of the hospitable custom which opens the doors of curious old houses to strangers, to go to see it. It seemed to me, I confess, only a natural stain in the old stone that forms the doorstep."

"There, sir," said Mr. Eldredge, "let me say that you came to a very foolish conclusion; and so, good-by, sir."

And without further ceremony, he cast an angry glance at Middleton, who perceived that the old gentleman reckoned the Bloody Footstep among his ancestral honors, and would probably have parted with his claim to the peerage almost as soon as have given up the legend.

Present aspect of the story: Middleton on his arrival becomes acquainted with the old Hospitaller, and is familiarized at the Hospital. He pays a visit in his company to the manor-house, but merely glimpses at its remarkable things, at this visit, among others at the old cabinet, which does not, at first view, strike him very strongly. But, on musing about his visit afterwards, he finds the recollection of the cabinet strangely identifying itself with his previous imaginary picture of the palatial mansion; so that at last he begins to conceive the mistake he has made. At this first [visit], he does not have a personal in-

terview with the possessor of the estate; but, as the Hospitaller and himself go from room to room, he finds that the owner is preceding them, shyly flitting like a ghost, so as to avoid them. Then there is a chapter about the character of the Eldredge of the day, a Catholic, a morbid, shy man, representing all the peculiarities of an old family, and generally thought to be insane. And then comes the interview between him and Middleton, where the latter excites such an interest that he dwells upon the old man's mind, and the latter probably takes pains to obtain further intercourse with him, and perhaps invites him to dinner, and [to] spend a night in his house. If so, this second meeting must lead to the examination of the cabinet, and the discovery of some family documents in it. Perhaps the cabinet may be in Middleton's sleeping-chamber, and he examines it by himself, before going to bed; and finds out a secret which will perplex him how to deal with it.

May 14th, Friday. We have spoken several times already of a young girl, who was seen at this period about the little antiquated village of Smithells; a girl in manners and in aspect unlike those of the cottages amid which she dwelt. Middleton had now so often met her, and in solitary places, that an acquaintance had inevitably established itself between them. He had ascertained that she had lodgings at a farmhouse near by, and that she was connected in some way with the old Hospitaller, whose acquaintance had proved of such interest to him; but more than this he could not learn either from her or others. But he was greatly attracted and interested by the free spirit and fearlessness of this young woman; nor could he conceive where, in staid and formal England, she had grown up to be such as she was, so without manner, so without art, yet so capable of doing and thinking for herself. She had no reserve, apparently, yet never seemed

to sin against decorum ; it never appeared to restrain her that anything she might wish to do was contrary to custom ; she had nothing of what could be called shyness in her intercourse with him ; and yet he was conscious of an unapproachableness in Alice. Often, in the old man's presence, she mingled in the conversation that went on between him and Middleton, and with an acuteness that betokened a sphere of thought much beyond what could be customary with young English maidens ; and Middleton was often reminded of the theories of those in our own country, who believe that the amelioration of society depends greatly on the part that women shall hereafter take, according to their individual capacity, in all the various pursuits of life. These deeper thoughts, these higher qualities, surprised him as they showed themselves, whenever occasion called them forth, under the light, gay, and frivolous exterior which she had at first seemed to present. Middleton often amused himself with surmises in what rank of life Alice could have been bred, being so free of all conventional rule, yet so nice and delicate in her perception of the true proprieties that she never shocked him.

One morning, when they had met in one of Middleton's rambles about the neighborhood, they began to talk of America ; and Middleton described to Alice the stir that was being made in behalf of women's rights ; and he said that whatever cause was generous and disinterested always, in that country, derived much of its power from the sympathy of women, and that the advocates of every such cause were in favor of yielding the whole field of human effort to be shared with women.

"I have been surprised," said he, "in the little I have seen and heard of English women, to discover what a difference there is between them and my own countrywomen."

"I have heard," said Alice, with a

smile, "that your countrywomen are a far more delicate and fragile race than Englishwomen ; pale, feeble hot-house plants, unfit for the wear and tear of life, without energy of character, or any slightest degree of physical strength to base it upon. If, now, you had these large-framed Englishwomen, you might, I should imagine, with better hopes, set about changing the system of society, so as to allow them to struggle in the strife of politics, or any other strife, hand to hand, or side by side with men."

"If any countryman of mine has said this of our women," exclaimed Middleton, indignantly, "he is a slanderous villain, unworthy to have been borne by an American mother ; if an Englishman has said it — as I know many of them have and do — let it pass as one of the many prejudices only half believed, with which they strive to console themselves for the inevitable sense that the American race is destined to higher purposes than their own. But pardon me ; I forgot that I was speaking to an Englishwoman, for indeed you do not remind me of them. But, I assure you, the world has not seen such women as make up, I had almost said the mass of womanhood in my own country ; slight in aspect, slender in frame, as you suggest, but yet capable of bringing forth stalwart men ; they themselves being of inexhaustible courage, patience, energy ; soft and tender, deep of heart, but high of purpose. Gentle, refined, but bold in every good cause."

"Oh, you have said quite enough," replied Alice, who had seemed ready to laugh outright, during this encomium. "I think I see one of these paragons now, in a Bloomer, I think you call it, swaggering along with a Bowie knife at her girdle, smoking a cigar, no doubt, and tipping sherry-cobblers and mint-juleps. It must be a pleasant life."

"I should think you, at least, might form a more just idea of what women become," said Middleton, considerably

piqued, "in a country where the rules of conventionalism are somewhat relaxed; where woman, whatever you may think, is far more profoundly educated than in England, where a few ill-taught accomplishments, a little geography, a catechism of science make up the sum, under the superintendence of a governess; the mind being kept entirely inert as to any capacity for thought. They are cowards, except within certain rules and forms; they spend a life of old proprieties, and die, and if their souls do not die with them, it is Heaven's mercy."

Alice did not appear in the least moved to anger, though considerably to mirth, by this description of the character of English females. She laughed as she replied, "I see there is little danger of your leaving your heart in England." She added more seriously, "And permit me to say, I trust, Mr. Middleton, that you remain as much American in other respects as in your preference of your own race of women. The American who comes hither and persuades himself that he is one with Englishmen, it seems to me, makes a great mistake; at least, if he is correct in such an idea he is not worthy of his own country, and the high development that awaits it. There is much that is seductive in our life, but I think it is not upon the higher impulses of our nature that such seductions act. I should think ill of the American who, for any causes of ambition, — any hope of wealth or rank, — or even for the sake of any of those old, delightful ideas of the past, the associations of ancestry, the loveliness of an age-long home, — the old poetry and romance that haunt these ancient villages and estates of England, — would give up the chance of acting upon the un moulded future of America."

"And you, an Englishwoman, speak thus!" exclaimed Middleton. "You perhaps speak truly; and it may be that your words go to a point where

they are especially applicable at this moment. But where have you learned these ideas? And how is it that you know how to awake these sympathies, that have slept perhaps too long?"

"Think only if what I have said be truth," replied Alice. "It is no matter who or what I am that speak it."

"Do you speak," asked Middleton, from a sudden impulse, "with any secret knowledge affecting a matter now in my mind?"

Alice shook her head, as she turned away; but Middleton could not determine whether the gesture was meant as a negative to his question, or merely as declining to answer it. She left him; and he found himself strangely disturbed with thoughts of his own country, of the life that he ought to be leading there, the struggles in which he ought to be taking part; and, with these motives in his impressible mind, the motives that had hitherto kept him in England seemed unworthy to influence him.

May 15th, Saturday. It was not long after Middleton's meeting with Mr. Eldredge in the park of Smithells, that he received — what it is precisely the most common thing to receive — an invitation to dine at the manor-house and spend the night. The note was written with much appearance of cordiality, as well as in a respectful style; and Middleton could not but perceive that Mr. Eldredge must have been making some inquiries as to his social status, in order to feel him justified in putting him on this footing of equality. He had no hesitation in accepting the invitation, and on the appointed day was received in the old house of his forefathers as a guest. The owner met him, not quite on the frank and friendly footing expressed in his note, but still with a perfect and polished courtesy, which however could not hide from the sensitive Middleton a certain coldness, a something that seemed to him Italian rather than English; a symbol of a

condition of things between them, undecided, suspicious, doubtful very likely. Middleton's own manner corresponded to that of his host, and they made few advances towards more intimate acquaintance. Middleton was however recompensed for his host's unapproachableness by the society of his daughter, a young lady born indeed in Italy, but who had been educated in a Catholic family in England; so that here was another relation — the first female one — to whom he had been introduced. She was a quiet, shy, undemonstrative young woman, with a fine bloom and other charms which she kept as much in the background as possible, with maiden reserve. (There is a Catholic priest at table.)

Mr. Eldredge talked chiefly, during dinner, of art, with which his long residence in Italy had made him thoroughly acquainted, and for which he seemed to have a genuine taste and enjoyment. It was a subject on which Middleton knew little; but he felt the interest in it which appears to be not uncharacteristic of Americans, among the earliest of their developments of cultivation; nor had he failed to use such few opportunities as the English public or private galleries offered him to acquire the rudiments of a taste. He was surprised at the depth of some of Mr. Eldredge's remarks on the topics thus brought up, and at the sensibility which appeared to be disclosed by his delicate appreciation of some of the excellences of those great masters who wrote their epics, their tender sonnets, or their simple ballads, upon canvas; and Middleton conceived a respect for him which he had not hitherto felt, and which possibly Mr. Eldredge did not quite deserve. Taste seems to be a department of moral sense; and yet it is so little identical with it, and so little implies conscience, that some of the worst men in the world have been the most refined.

After Miss Eldredge had retired, the

host appeared to desire to make the dinner a little more social than it had hitherto been; he called for a peculiar species of wine from Southern Italy, which he said was the most delicious production of the grape, and had very seldom, if ever before been imported pure into England. A delicious perfume came from the cradled bottle, and bore an ethereal, evanescent testimony to the truth of what he said: and the taste, though too delicate for wine quaffed in England, was nevertheless delicious, when minutely dwelt upon.

"It gives me pleasure to drink your health, Mr. Middleton," said the host. "We might well meet as friends in England, for I am hardly more an Englishman than yourself; bred up, as I have been, in Italy, and coming back hither at my age, unaccustomed to the manners of the country, with few friends, and insulated from society by a faith which makes most people regard me as an enemy. I seldom welcome people here, Mr. Middleton; but you are welcome."

"I thank you, Mr. Eldredge, and may fairly say that the circumstances to which you allude make me accept your hospitality with a warmer feeling than I otherwise might. Strangers, meeting in a strange land, have a sort of tie in their foreignness to those around them, though there be no positive relation between themselves."

"We are friends, then?" said Mr. Eldredge, looking keenly at Middleton, as if to discover exactly how much was meant by the compact. He continued, "You know, I suppose, Mr. Middleton, the situation in which I find myself on returning to my hereditary estate, which has devolved to me somewhat unexpectedly by the death of a younger man than myself. There is an old flaw here as perhaps you have been told, which keeps me out of a property long kept in the guardianship of the crown, and of a barony, one of the oldest in England.

There is an idea — a tradition — a legend, founded, however, on evidence of some weight, that there is still in existence the possibility of finding the proof which we need, to confirm our cause.”

“I am most happy to hear it, Mr. Eldredge,” said Middleton.

“But,” continued his host, “I am bound to remember and to consider that for several generations there seems to have been the same idea, and the same expectation; whereas nothing has ever come of it. Now, among other suppositions — perhaps wild ones — it has occurred to me that this testimony, the desirable proof, may exist on your side of the Atlantic; for it has long enough been sought here in vain.”

“As I said in our meeting in your park, Mr. Eldredge,” replied Middleton, “such a suggestion may very possibly be true; yet let me point out that the long lapse of years, and the continual melting and dissolving of family institutions — the consequent scattering of family documents, and the annihilation of traditions from memory, all conspire against its probability.”

“And yet, Mr. Middleton,” said his host, “when we talked together at our first singular interview, you made use of an expression — of one remarkable phrase — which dwelt upon my memory and now recurs to it.”

“And what was that, Mr. Eldredge?” asked Middleton.

“You spoke,” replied his host, “of the Bloody Footstep reappearing on the threshold of the old palace of S—. Now where, let me ask you, did you ever hear this strange name, which you then spoke, and which I have since spoken?”

“From my father’s lips, when a child, in America,” responded Middleton.

“It is very strange,” said Mr. Eldredge, in a hasty, dissatisfied tone. “I do not see my way through this.”

May 16th, Sunday. Middleton had been put into a chamber in the oldest

part of the house, the furniture of which was of antique splendor, well befitting to have come down for ages, well befitting the hospitality shown to noble and even royal guests. It was the same room in which, at his first visit to the house, Middleton’s attention had been drawn to the cabinet, which he had subsequently remembered as the palatial residence in which he had harbored so many dreams. It still stood in the chamber, making the principal object in it, indeed; and when Middleton was left alone, he contemplated it not without a certain awe, which at the same time he felt to be ridiculous. He advanced towards it, and stood contemplating the mimic façade, wondering at the singular fact of this piece of furniture having been preserved in traditionary history, when so much had been forgotten, — when even the features and architectural characteristics of the mansion in which it was merely a piece of furniture had been forgotten. And, as he gazed at it, he half thought himself an actor in a fairy portal [tale?]; and would not have been surprised — at least, he would have taken it with the composure of a dream — if the mimic portal had unclosed, and a form of pigmy majesty had appeared within, beckoning him to enter and find the revelation of what had so long perplexed him. The key of the cabinet was in the lock, and knowing that it was not now the receptacle of anything in the shape of family papers, he threw it open; and there appeared the mosaic floor, the representation of a stately, pillared hall, with the doors on either side, opening, as would seem, into various apartments. And here should have stood the visionary figures of his ancestry, waiting to welcome the descendant of their race, who had so long delayed his coming. After looking and musing a considerable time, — even till the old clock from the turret of the house told twelve, he turned away with a sigh, and

went to bed. The wind moaned through the ancestral trees; the old house creaked as with ghostly footsteps; the curtains of his bed seemed to waver. He was now at home; yes, he had found his home, and was sheltered at last under the ancestral roof, after all those long, long wanderings, — after the little log-built hut of the early settlement, after the straight roof of the American house, after all the many roofs of two hundred years, here he was at last under the one which he had left, on that fatal night, when the Bloody Footstep was so mysteriously impressed on the threshold. As he drew nearer and nearer towards sleep, it seemed more and more to him as if he were the very individual — the self-same one throughout the whole — who had done, seen, suffered, all these long toils and vicissitudes, and were now come back to rest, and found his weariness so great that there could be no rest.

Nevertheless, he did sleep; and it may be that his dreams went on, and grew vivid, and perhaps became truer in proportion to their vividness. When he awoke he had a perception, an intuition, that he had been dreaming about the cabinet, which, in his sleeping imagination, had again assumed the magnitude and proportions of a stately mansion, even as he had seen it afar from the other side of the Atlantic. Some dim associations remained lingering behind, the dying shadows of very vivid ones which had just filled his mind; but as he looked at the cabinet, there was some idea that still seemed to come so near his consciousness that, every moment, he felt on the point of grasping it. During the process of dressing, he still kept his eyes turned involuntarily towards the cabinet, and at last he approached it, and looked within the mimic portal, still endeavoring to recollect what it was that he had heard or dreamed about it, — what half obliterated remembrance from childhood, what frag-

mentary last night's dream it was, that thus haunted him. It must have been some association of one or the other nature that led him to press his finger on one particular square of the mosaic pavement; and as he did so, the thin plate of polished marble slipped aside. It disclosed, indeed, no hollow receptacle, but only another leaf of marble, in the midst of which appeared to be a key-hole: to this Middleton applied the little antique key to which we have several times alluded, and found it fit precisely. The instant it was turned, the whole mimic floor of the hall rose, by the action of a secret spring, and discovered a shallow recess beneath. Middleton looked eagerly in, and saw that it contained documents, with antique seals of wax appended; he took but one glance at them, and closed the receptacle as it was before.

Why did he do so? He felt that there would be a meanness and wrong in inspecting these family papers, coming to the knowledge of them, as he had, through the opportunities offered by the hospitality of the owner of the estate; nor, on the other hand, did he feel such confidence in his host, as to make him willing to trust these papers in his hands, with any certainty that they would be put to an honorable use. The case was one demanding consideration, and he put a strong curb upon his impatient curiosity, conscious that, at all events, his first impulsive feeling was that he ought not to examine these papers without the presence of his host or some other authorized witness. Had he exercised any casuistry about the point, however, he might have argued that these papers, according to all appearance, dated from a period to which his own hereditary claims ascended, and to circumstances in which his own rightful interest was as strong as that of Mr. Eldredge. But he had acted on his first impulse, closed the secret receptacle, and hastening his toilet descended

from his room ; and, it being still too early for breakfast, resolved to ramble about the immediate vicinity of the house. As he passed the little chapel, he heard within the voice of the priest performing mass, and felt how strange was this sign of mediæval religion and foreign manners in homely England.

As the story looks now : Eldredge, bred, and perhaps born, in Italy, and a Catholic, with views to the church before he inherited the estate, has not the English moral sense and simple honor ; can scarcely be called an Englishman at all. Dark suspicions of past crime, and of the possibility of future crime, may be thrown around him ; an atmosphere of doubt shall envelop him, though, as regards manners, he may be highly refined. Middleton shall find in the house a priest ; and at his first visit he shall have seen a small chapel, adorned with the richness, as to marbles, pictures, and frescoes, of those that we see in the churches at Rome ; and here the Catholic forms of worship shall be kept up. Eldredge shall have had an Italian mother, and shall have the personal characteristics of an Italian. There shall be something sinister about him, the more apparent when Middleton's visit draws to a conclusion ; and the latter shall feel convinced that they part in enmity, so far as Eldredge is concerned. He shall not speak of his discovery in the cabinet.

May 17th, Monday. Unquestionably, the appointment of Middleton as minister to one of the minor Continental courts must take place in the interval between Eldredge's meeting him in the park, and his inviting him to his house. After Middleton's appointment, the two encounter each other at the Mayor's dinner in St. Mary's Hall, and Eldredge, startled at meeting the vagrant, as he deemed him, under such a character, remembers the hints of some secret knowledge of the family history, which Middleton had thrown out. He endeavors,

both in person and by the priest, to make out what Middleton really is, and what he knows, and what he intends ; but Middleton is on his guard, yet cannot help arousing Eldredge's suspicions that he has views upon the estate and title. It is possible, too, that Middleton may have come to the knowledge — may have had some knowledge of — some shameful or criminal fact connected with Mr. Eldredge's life on the Continent ; the old Hospitaller, possibly, may have told him this, from some secret malignity hereafter to be accounted for. Supposing Eldredge to attempt his murder, by poison for instance, bringing back into modern life his old hereditary Italian plots ; and into English life a sort of crime which does not belong to it, — which did not, at least, although at this very period there have been fresh and numerous instances of it. There might be a scene in which Middleton and Eldredge come to a fierce and bitter explanation ; for in Eldredge's character there must be the English surly boldness as well as the Italian subtlety ; and here, Middleton shall tell him what he knows of his past character and life, and also what he knows of his own hereditary claims. Eldredge might have committed a murder in Italy ; might have been a patriot, and betrayed his friends to death for a bribe, bearing another name than his own in Italy ; indeed, he might have joined them only as an informer. All this he had tried to sink, when he came to England in the character of a gentleman of ancient name and large estate. But this infamy of his previous character must be foreboded from the first by the manner in which Eldredge is introduced ; and it must make his evil designs on Middleton appear natural and probable. It may be, that Middleton has learned Eldredge's previous character, through some Italian patriot who had taken refuge in America, and there become intimate with him ; and it should be a piece of secret history,

not known to the world in general, so that Middleton might seem to Eldredge the sole depository of the secret then in England. He feels a necessity of getting rid of him; and thenceforth Middleton's path lies always among pitfalls; indeed, the first attempt should follow promptly and immediately on his rupture with Eldredge. The utmost pains must be taken with this incident to give it an air of reality; or else it must be quite removed out of the sphere of reality by an intensified atmosphere of romance. I think the old Hospitaller must interfere to prevent the success of this attempt, perhaps through the means of Alice.

The result of Eldredge's criminal and treacherous designs is, somehow or other, that he comes to his death; and Middleton and Alice are left to administer on the remains of the story; perhaps, the Mayor being his friend, he may be brought into play here. The foreign ecclesiastic shall likewise come forward, and he shall prove to be a man of subtle policy perhaps, yet a man of religion and honor; with a Jesuit's principles, but a Jesuit's devotion and self-sacrifice. The old Hospitaller must die in his bed, or some other how; or perhaps not — we shall see. He may just as well be left in the Hospital. Eldredge's attempt on Middleton must be in some way peculiar to Italy, and which he shall have learned there; and, by the way, at his dinner-table there shall be a Venice glass, one of the kind that were supposed to be shattered when poison was put into them. When Eldredge produces his rare wine, he shall pour it into this, with a jesting allusion to the legend. Perhaps the mode of Eldredge's attempt on Middleton's life shall be a reproduction of the attempt made two hundred years before; and Middleton's knowledge of that incident shall be the means of his salvation. That would be a good idea; in fact, I think it must be done so and no other-

wise. It is not to be forgotten that there is a taint of insanity in Eldredge's blood, accounting for much that is wild and absurd, at the same time that it must be subtle, in his conduct; one of those perplexing mad people, whose lunacy you are continually mistaking for wickedness or *vice versa*. This shall be the priest's explanation and apology for him, after his death. I wish I could get hold of the Newgate calendar, the older volumes, or any other book of murders — the *Causes Célèbres*, for instance. The legendary murder, or attempt at it, will bring its own imaginative probability with it, when repeated by Eldredge; and at the same time it will have a dreamlike effect; so that Middleton shall hardly know whether he is awake or not. This incident is very essential towards bringing together the past time and the present, and the two ends of the story.

May 18th, Tuesday. All down through the ages since Edward had disappeared from home, leaving that bloody footstep on the threshold, there had been legends and strange stories of the murder and the manner of it. These legends differed very much among themselves. According to some, his brother had awaited him there, and stabbed him on the threshold. According to others, he had been murdered in his chamber, and dragged out. A third story told, that he was escaping with his lady love, when they were overtaken on the threshold, and the young man slain. It was impossible at this distance of time to ascertain which of these legends was the true one, or whether either of them had any portion of truth, further than that the young man had actually disappeared from that night, and that it never was certainly known to the public that any intelligence had ever afterwards been received from him. Now, Middleton may have communicated to Eldredge the truth in regard to the matter; as, for instance, that he had stabbed him

with a certain dagger that was still kept among the curiosities of the manor-house. Of course, that will not do. It must be some very ingenious and artificially natural thing, an artistic affair in its way, that should strike the fancy of such a man as Eldredge, and appear to him altogether fit, *mutatis mutandis*, to be applied to his own requirements and purposes. I do not at present see in the least how this is to be wrought out. There shall be everything to make Eldredge look with the utmost horror and alarm at any chance that he may be superseded and ousted from his possession of the estate; for he shall only recently have established his claim to it, tracing out his pedigree, when the family was supposed to be extinct. And he is come to these comfortable quarters after a life of poverty, uncertainty, difficulty, hanging loose on society; and therefore he shall be willing to risk soul and body both, rather than return to his former state. Perhaps his daughter shall be introduced as a young Italian girl, to whom Middleton shall decide to leave the estate.

On the failure of his design, Eldredge may commit suicide, and be found dead in the wood; at any rate, some suitable end shall be contrived, adapted to his wants. This character must not be so represented as to shut him out completely from the reader's sympathies; he shall have taste, sentiment, even a capacity for affection, nor, I think, ought he to have any hatred or bitter feeling against the man whom he resolves to murder. In the closing scenes, when he thinks the fate of Middleton approaching, there might even be a certain tenderness towards him, a desire to make the last drops of life delightful; if well done, this would produce a certain sort of horror, that I do not remember to have seen effected in literature. Possibly the ancient emigrant might be supposed to have fallen into an ancient mine, down a precipice,

into some pitfall; no, not so. Into a river; into a moat. As Middleton's pretensions to birth are not publicly known, there will be no reason why, at his sudden death, suspicion should fix on Eldredge as the murderer; and it shall be his object so to contrive his death as that it shall appear the result of accident. Having failed in effecting Middleton's death by this excellent way, he shall perhaps think that he cannot do better than to make his own exit in precisely the same manner. It might be easy, and as delightful as any death could be; no ugliness in it, no blood; for the Bloody Footstep of old times might be the result of the failure of the old plot, not of its success. Poison seems to be the only elegant method; but poison is vulgar, and in many respects unfit for my purpose. It won't do. Whatever it may be, it must not come upon the reader as a sudden and new thing, but as one that might have been foreseen from afar, though he shall not actually have foreseen it until it is about to happen. It must be prevented through the agency of Alice. Alice may have been an artist in Rome, and there have known Eldredge and his daughter, and thus she may have become their guest in England; or he may be patronizing her now — at all events she shall be the friend of the daughter, and shall have a just appreciation of the father's character. It shall be partly due to her high counsel that Middleton foregoes his claim to the estate, and prefers the life of an American, with its lofty possibilities for himself and his race, to the position of an Englishman of property and title; and she, for her part, shall choose the condition and prospects of woman in America, to the emptiness of the life of a woman of rank in England. So they shall depart, lofty and poor, out of the home which might be their own, if they would stoop to make it so. Possibly the daughter of Eldredge may be a girl not yet in

her teens, for whom Alice has the affection of an elder sister.

It should be a very carefully and highly wrought scene, occurring just before Eldredge's actual attempt on Middleton's life, in which all the brilliancy of his character — which shall before have gleamed upon the reader — shall come out, with pathos, with wit, with insight, with knowledge of life. Middleton shall be inspired by this, and shall vie with him in exhilaration of spirits; but the ecclesiastic shall look on with singular attention, and some appearance of alarm; and the suspicion of Alice shall likewise be aroused. The old Hospitaller may have gained his situation partly by proving himself a man of the neighborhood, by right of descent; so that he, too, shall have a hereditary claim to be in the Romance.

Eldredge's own position as a foreigner in the midst of English home life, insulated and dreary, shall represent to Middleton, in some degree, what his own would be, were he to accept the estate. But Middleton shall not come to the decision to resign it, without having to repress a deep yearning for that sense of long, long rest in an age-consecrated home, which he had felt so deeply to be the happy lot of Englishmen. But this ought to be rejected, as not belonging to his country, nor to the age, nor any longer possible.

May 19th, Wednesday. The connection of the old Hospitaller with the story is not at all clear. He is an American by birth, but deriving his English origin from the neighborhood of the Hospital, where he has finally established himself. Some one of his ancestors may have been somehow connected with the ancient portion of the story. He has been a friend of Middleton's father, who reposed entire confidence in him, trusting him with all his fortune, which the Hospitaller risked in his enormous speculations, and lost it all. His fame had been great in the

financial world. There were circumstances that made it dangerous for his whereabouts to be known, and so he had come hither and found refuge in this institution, where Middleton finds him, but does not know who he is. In the vacancy of a mind formerly so active, he has taken to the study of local antiquities; and from his former intimacy with Middleton's father, he has a knowledge of the American part of the story, which he connects with the English portion, disclosed by his researches here; so that he is quite aware that Middleton has claims to the estate, which might be urged successfully against the present possessor. He is kindly disposed towards the son of his friend, whom he had so greatly injured; but he is now very old, and —. Middleton has been directed to this old man by a friend in America, as one likely to afford him all possible assistance in his researches; and so he seeks him out and forms an acquaintance with him, which the old man encourages to a certain extent, taking an evident interest in him, but does not disclose himself; nor does Middleton suspect him to be an American. The characteristic life of the Hospital is brought out and the individual character of this old man, vegetating here after an active career, melancholy and miserable; sometimes torpid with the slow approach of utmost age; sometimes feeble, peevish, wavering; sometimes shining out with a wisdom resulting from originally bright faculties, ripened by experience. The character must not be allowed to get vague, but, with gleams of romance, must yet be kept homely and natural by little touches of his daily life.

As for Alice, I see no necessity for her being anywise related to or connected with the old Hospitaller. As originally conceived, I think she may be an artist — a sculptress — whom Eldredge had known in Rome. No; she might be a grand-daughter of the old

Hospitaller, born and bred in America, but who had resided two or three years in Rome in the study of her art, and have there acquired a knowledge of the Eldredges and have become fond of the little Italian girl his daughter. She has lodgings in the village, and of course is often at the Hospital, and often at the Hall; she makes busts and little statues, and is free, wild, tender, proud, domestic, strange, natural, artistic; and has at bottom the characteristics of the American woman, with the principles of the strong-minded sect; and Middleton shall be continually puzzled at meeting such a phenomenon in England. By and by, the internal influence [evidence?] of her sentiments (though there shall be nothing to confirm it in her manner) shall lead him to charge her with being an American.

Now, as to the arrangement of the Romance;—it begins as an integral and essential part, with my introduction, giving a pleasant and familiar summary of my life in the Consulate at Liverpool; the strange species of Americans, with strange purposes, in England, whom I used to meet there; and, especially, how my countrymen used to be put out of their senses by the idea of inheritances of English property. Then I shall particularly instance one gentleman who called on me on first coming over; a description of him must be given, with touches that shall puzzle the reader to decide whether it is not an actual portrait. And then this Romance shall be offered, half seriously, as the account of the fortunes that he met with in his search for his hereditary home. Enough of his ancestral story may be given to explain what is to follow in the Romance; or perhaps this may be left to the scenes of his intercourse with the old Hospitaller.

The Romance proper opens with Middleton's arrival at what he has reason to think is the neighborhood of his

ancestral home, and here he makes application to the old Hospitaller. Middleton shall be described as approaching the Hospital, which shall be pretty literally copied after Leicester's, although the surrounding village must be on a much smaller scale of course. Much elaborateness may be given to this portion of the book. Middleton shall have assumed a plain dress, and shall seek to make no acquaintances except that of the old Hospitaller; the acquaintance of Alice naturally following. The old Hospitaller and he go together to the old Hall, where, as they pass through the rooms, they find that the proprietor is fitting like a ghost before them from chamber to chamber; they catch his reflection in a glass &c., &c. When these have been wrought up sufficiently, shall come the scene in the wood, where Eldredge is seen yielding to the superstition that he has inherited, respecting the old secret of the family, on the discovery of which depends the enforcement of his claim to a title. All this while, Middleton has appeared in the character of a man of no note; and now, through some political change, not necessarily told, he receives a packet addressed to him as an ambassador, and containing a notice of his appointment to that dignity. A paragraph in the Times confirms the fact, and makes it known in the neighborhood. Middleton immediately becomes an object of attention; the gentry call upon him; the Mayor of the neighboring county-town invites him to dinner, which shall be described with all its antique formalities. Here he meets Eldredge, who is surprised, remembering the encounter in the wood; but passes it all off, like a man of the world, makes his acquaintance, and invites him to the Hall. Perhaps he may make a visit of some time here, and become intimate, to a certain degree, with all parties; and here things shall ripen themselves for Eldredge's attempt upon his life.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

LITYERSES AND THE REAPERS.

"Lityerses, the king of Phrygia, used to make strangers try a contest with him in reaping corn, and to put them to death if he overcame them."

'T is the field of Lityerses: ripe and high the harvest stands;
Sickles gleam, like summer lightnings, all about the sunny lands.
'T is the field of Lityerses: he, a harvest-lord austere,
Gathers whom he will for reapers, bringing them from far and near;
Though it be the chief of legions, or descent of princes great,
Wealthy merchant, speeding herald, none shall pass his palace gate.
Forth he comes, with churlish greeting, bids the traveler haste afield;
Though his hand be strange and skillless, he a reaping-hook must wield,
From the morn until the shadow thrusting in the swarthy grain,
Where the keen cicada, whirring, stings with sound his dizzy brain.
Hears he not, above the clamor, what the hollow south wind saith?
Strive no longer, yield the contest, — this swift sickleman is Death!

Reapers, what shall be the anthem, as the swath before us falls,
While in air the vision beckons of our native towers and halls?
Reapers, what shall be the banquet, where no harvest-home is spread?
We shall feed on endless slumber, with this alien ground our bed!
Through the sickle falls the poppy, — glowing flower and drooping bud
Fall, and scatter down the furrow, like the spilth of crimson blood:
So shall life be shorn and scattered ere the star that crowns the eve;
They shall shudder at the harvest who shall come to bind and sheave,
One by one our faces scanning by the gleams of western sky;
Each, in passing, payeth tribute from a moist and piteous eye. . . .
Know ye not who reaps beside us? Feel ye not his panting breath?
Brother reapers, vain our toiling, — this swift sickleman is Death!

Lately, came Sicilian Daphnis, leaving flock and fold behind;
Shepherd of the sheltered valley, — he to dare the wave and wind!
Love and wrong his heart have girded with a strength unknown before;
On the robber's track he follows, hither, to this fateful shore;
Comes he to the robber's fastness, where the maiden lies in thrall;
Vain the gifts he bears for ransom, vain on praying knees to fall!
Lityerses brings a sickle: Reap, O guest, with me, to-day;
If thou conquer, take the maiden; if thou'rt conquered, thee I slay! . . .
Never, thou poor, cheated Daphnis, never shalt thou set her free;
Never, with thy prize, beat homeward through the high exultant sea.
Even now the sun is sinking, now the shadow lengtheneth;
Woe to us and thee, O Shepherd, — this swift sickleman is Death!

Edith M. Thomas

THE STORY OF JOSEPH LESURQUES.

IN the cemetery of Père La Chaise, not far from the tomb of Abelard and Héloïse, stands a plain white marble monument à *perpetuité*, bearing an inscription calculated to arrest the attention of the most careless observer.

It runs as follows :—

À LA MÉMOIRE DE
JOSEPH LESURQUES,
VICTIME DE LA PLUS DÉPLORABLE
DES ERREURS HUMAINS,
31 Octobre, 1796,
SA VEUVE ET SES ENFANTS.
MARTYRS TOUS DEUX SUR LA TERRE
TOUS DEUX SONT RÉUNIS AU CIEL.

The judicial blunder which sent Lesurques to the scaffold grew out of his fatal resemblance to a villain named Dubosc: It is famous in the annals of French jurisprudence, and is celebrated in one of the most popular, powerful, and exciting dramas on the French stage.

Joseph Lesurques was born at Douai, of respectable parents. He entered the army at an early age, and served in the Auvergne regiment until 1789, when he was honorably discharged, and soon after married and settled in Douai.

He acquired a small fortune during the Revolution by lucky speculations, and removed with his family to Paris late in 1795, where he took up his abode with his cousin, André Lesurques, pending repairs on the house that he had hired. He was still living with this André when the crime was committed for which he suffered.

On the morning of the 9th *Floréal*, an IV. (28th April, 1796), some peasants found the mail-coach that ran between Paris and Lyons abandoned in the woods, near the hamlet of Lieur-saint, a few leagues distant from Paris. One of the horses was missing; the other was still harnessed to the vehicle. Near by, among a mass of papers

smeared with blood, lay the dead body of the postilion, and a little further on that of the courier; both disfigured by dreadful wounds, that, together with the trampled grass, gave evidence of a desperate struggle. The peasants immediately alarmed the neighborhood, and summoned the proper officers, who proceeded to an investigation.

A few steps from the victims they found several articles that had evidently belonged to the murderers, namely, a great-coat with a narrow dark-blue border, a broken sabre with its sheath, the sheath of a large knife, another sabre sheath, and a plated spur with chain attached, which had been broken, and mended by means of a bit of large cord. The blade of the sabre was red with blood, and bore the legend,

“L'honneur me conduit,
Pour le salut de ma patrie,”

a strange sentiment for a highwayman to carry about him.

The time of the murder, as nearly as could be ascertained, was nine o'clock of the night before. The courier's papers showed that on setting out he had had in his possession ten thousand francs in coin and several millions in assignats, all of which were missing.

An inquest was next held, when it appeared, from the testimony of several witnesses, that four men on horseback had been along the road, on the afternoon of the 27th of April, as far as Lieur-saint, but not beyond; and that these same men, in company with a fifth horseman, had returned towards Paris in the night. It also appeared that the coach had carried but one passenger, a man wrapped in “a great-coat with a narrow dark border,” who had taken his seat beside the courier at Paris. This man was nowhere to be found. He was clearly an accomplice, who had made good his

escape on the missing horse, and was the "fifth horseman" of the witnesses. A bloody sabre was produced that had been picked up on the road near Melun. It fitted exactly the odd sheath found at the scene of the murder. Finally, the volunteer who had mounted guard in Paris at the Barrière de Rambouillet, between four and five o'clock, on the morning of the 28th of April, testified to the entrance into the city, at about that time, of five horsemen, riding at full speed, upon horses reeking with sweat and almost spent.

The police now took the matter in hand. After securing the missing post-horse, which was found astray in Paris, near the Place Royale, they proceeded to look up the other four. They soon discovered that at about five o'clock, on the morning of the 28th of April, a man named Courriol had left at a certain tavern in Paris four foaming horses, which he and another man had taken away again at seven o'clock; that this Courriol had lodged in the Rue de Petit Reposeir before the 27th of April, but had not slept in his lodgings on the night of the murder, or returned to them since; that from the 28th of April to the 6th of May he had lodged with his mistress in the Rue de la Boucherie, at the house of one Richard; and, in fine, that on the 6th of May the two had taken out passports for Troyes, and left the city together in a post-chaise. The fugitives were traced to the house of a man named Golier, in Château Thierry. The police found there also a citizen of Douai, named Guesno, who had arrived a few hours previously from Paris, where he too had lodged with Richard. This Richard, it should be remarked, had formerly resided in Douai. Guesno and Golier were arrested, as well as Courriol and his mistress, and all four were taken to the capital.

As about one fifth of the stolen property was recovered from Courriol, he was at once committed for trial; but

Guesno and Golier easily convinced the magistrate, Daubanton, of their innocence, and were discharged from custody. Guesno was told to call the next day and get his papers, which had been seized in his room at Richard's.

Now Guesno was well acquainted with Joseph Lesurques, and happening to fall in with him the morning after his release, while on the way to Daubanton's office, he very naturally regaled his friend with the story of his late unpleasant experience. Lesurques no less naturally evinced great interest in Guesno's recital, accompanied him to his place of destination, and readily consented to go in with him and see the end of the matter. They accordingly passed into the magistrate's office, and seated themselves in the ante-room, which was full of country people, witnesses in Courriol's case. Two of the women present eyed them curiously and closely, and kept up a brisk whispered conversation until summoned to Daubanton. Guesno and Lesurques little thought what was the tenor of that conversation, although they perceived that it had reference to them.

The door of the magistrate's private room had scarcely closed upon the women when it suddenly opened again, and an officer appeared on the threshold and called the two friends in. On their entrance, Daubanton bade them be seated, and asked them a few trivial questions in presence of the two women, who now scrutinized them even more attentively than before. They were then requested to withdraw, but had hardly recovered from their astonishment at this strange proceeding ere they were again summoned, and informed that they were positively identified by the women as two of the four horsemen who had been seen hanging about the neighborhood of Lieursaint on the day of the robbery of the Lyons mail, and must consider themselves under arrest. They were next ordered to produce their papers. Le-

surques, unluckily, had never taken the trouble to provide himself with a *carte de sûreté*, and, more unluckily still he had in his pocket two *cartes*, one bearing the name of his cousin André and the other blank.

The case was set for trial at Melun, early in July; but just as it was about to begin, the accused exercised their right of removal, and it was referred to the criminal court at Paris, presided over by Jerome Gohier, conspicuous, three years later, as a member of the Directory. The accused were now six in number; namely, Courriol, Richard, Guesno, Lesurques, Bernard, and Bruer. Richard had been arrested before the memorable visit of Lesurques and Guesno to Daubanton's office.

The trial began on the 2d of August. Ten witnesses living on the Lyons road testified against Lesurques, and swore that they recognized in him a tall, light-complexioned man, who had been a notable figure in the little cavalcade of the 28th of April. Seven of these ten positively and unhesitatingly recognized Lesurques; the other three qualified their recognition somewhat, and said that they *believed* him to be the man whom they had seen in the party. Two, an innkeeper and his wife, swore that Lesurques had mended his spur at their house with a piece of cord, which they identified as the spur and string found near the dead bodies of the courier and postilion. A third declared that he had dined at Montgeron in the same room with the four highwaymen, and that Lesurques was one of the four, and wore long boots, with spurs like the one shown in court.

The examination of Lesurques is interesting as showing the theory of the prosecution. Much abbreviated, it is in substance as follows:—

Q. Where did you sleep on the night of the 8th Floréal?

R. At home; that is to say, at my cousin's, André Lesurques's.

Q. Are you sure? It seems to be pretty well ascertained that you did not.

R. I am sure. I had not slept out of the house a single night for several months.

Q. Why did you go with Guesno to M. Daubanton's office?

R. Simply to accompany my friend, M. Guesno.

Q. Did you not go in behalf of Richard and Courriol?

R. No, I did not go in anybody's behalf, and I have no acquaintance with Courriol.

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Q. How do you account for the fact that these witnesses identify you as one of the four horsemen?

R. Granting their testimony to be honest, I can only account for it on the ground that I bear a strong resemblance to one of the four.

Q. How does it happen that you have no *carte de sûreté*, but carry your cousin's and a blank one?

R. I have never provided myself with a *carte de sûreté*, because I am a peaceable and law-abiding citizen, with plenty of friends, and have not had particular occasion to use one. Any man of decent reputation can get one at any time. My cousin's *carte* happened to be lying on my mantel-piece, and when I went out I picked it up and put it in my pocket, for safe-keeping. The blank *carte* was one of several odd scraps of paper that I happened to have about me, and as it bears no seal is worthless for any criminal purpose. Of course, if I were guilty, I should not lack plausible papers.

Q. What kind of spurs are you in the habit of using?

R. I have not used any spurs for more than a year. Those that I own are old-fashioned ones, and not like the spurs used nowadays.

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Lesurques's defense outside of testi-

mony to his good reputation, with which he was well provided, was of course an *alibi*. He brought fifteen witnesses to prove his presence in Paris on the 8th Floréal.

Eight of these were persons with whom he had had dealings on the day in question; four, Legrand, Aldenhof, Ledru, and Baudard, were personal friends; and his own wife and his cousin André and wife complete the list. Legrand and Aldenhof were jewelers; Ledru and Baudard, artists. All four were well acquainted with each other, as well as with Lesurques. Aldenhof and Ledru were both from Douai, and acquainted with Guesno. By these last seven witnesses alone Lesurques very reasonably expected to prove his case to the court beyond the shadow of a doubt. His doings on the 8th Floréal, as gathered from their evidence, were briefly as follows:—

He passed a part of the morning at Legrand's shop, in the Palais Royal, where he met Aldenhof, and took him home to dine with him. Arrived at the house, they found Ledru. All three dined together, and then went out to walk. Met Guesno on the Boulevard des Italiens at about half past six and returned to the house at about half past seven. Soon thereafter Baudard appeared. Then they separated, and Lesurques passed the evening and the night at home.

Legrand was the first witness called for the defense. He testified that Lesurques had passed part of the morning of the 8th Floréal in his shop. When asked what made him remember this fact so distinctly he replied that while Lesurques was there, Aldenhof had come in, and had bought a soup ladle and sold him a pair of ear-rings; and that he was confident that this transaction took place on the 8th Floréal. In proof of the correctness of this statement he appealed to his books, and unfortunately laid great stress upon the entry made

at the time. He was told to produce the book containing the original entry, and accordingly passed it up to Gohier. On looking at the page indicated, the latter started with surprise, and exclaimed, "This is a gross attempt to defeat the ends of justice! This date has been tampered with. Arrest the witness."

Guinier, Lesurques's counsel, and Legrand were thunderstruck. They seized the book, when it was handed back to them, and eagerly examined the date. Unquestionably there were two figures there, one over the other, but, as Guinier afterwards argued, so clearly manifest as to disprove at once all probability of criminal intent.

Legrand, still under arrest, continued his testimony; but the court, proceeding after the French fashion, inspired him with such terror that he became very much confused, and contradicted himself in such a way as hopelessly to damage Lesurques in the eyes of the court.

Gohier henceforth conducted the trial as if he were assured of his guilt, intimidating the witnesses, and sparing no pains to create an unfavorable opinion of them and of their testimony in the minds of the jury. His efforts were completely successful.

Courriol, Bernard, and Lesurques were pronounced guilty of highway robbery and murder. Richard was found guilty of receiving stolen property. Guesno and Bruer were acquitted.

Lesurques turned pale with horror when he heard the unexpected verdict, and raised his hands as if in deprecation. Then, conquering his emotion, he stood up, and with the calmness and dignity that characterized his bearing to the end said, "Unquestionably the crime of which I am accused is a terrible one, and deserves to be punished with death; but if murder on the highway is a crime, the abuse of law to strike an innocent man is no less criminal. The day will come when my innocence shall

be established; then my blood be on the heads of the jurors who have convicted me without due reflection, and on the judge who has influenced them to do so."

Courriol now made his first effort to save Lesurques. He rose from his seat, and cried out, "Lesurques and Bernard are innocent! Bernard only lent the horses. Lesurques had nothing to do with the matter." These remonstrances of course, availed nothing. Lesurques, Courriol, and Bernard were condemned to death; Richard to twenty-four years' imprisonment. The property, real and personal, of all four was confiscated.

Courriol had two interviews with the authorities, in the hope of saving Lesurques. He gave the names of his accomplices as Durochat, Vidal, Dubosc, and Roussy. He said that Durochat, under an assumed name, had taken his place on the coach beside the courier, and that the rest of them had met at the Barrière de Charenton, and proceeded on horseback to Lieursaint, dining on the way at Montgeron; and declared that the spur found on the ground belonged to Dubosc, who resembled Lesurques, and was confounded with him by the witnesses. He appealed to his mistress in corroboration of his statements as to the resemblance between Dubosc and Lesurques.

She affirmed that there was a strong likeness between them, which was much heightened by a blond wig worn by Dubosc on the day of the murder, and confirmed all the other particulars given by Courriol, so far as she was acquainted with them.

These developments incited Lesurques and his friends to renewed exertions, and they succeeded in bringing the case to the notice of the Directory. The Directory referred it to the Council of Five Hundred, and the Council referred it to a committee.

But all was in vain. The committee reported adversely to Lesurques, and

nothing now was left for him to do but to prepare for death. He took leave of his wife and children the day before his execution, and on the evening of the same day cut off his hair with his own hands, and inclosed it in a packet for his wife, which he touchingly addressed, "*A la citoyenne Veuve Lesurques.*" At the same time, he again bade her farewell in the following pathetic lines:—

"When you read this letter I shall be no more; the cruel knife will have cut short my days,—days so happily consecrated to you. I am to be judicially murdered. It is my fate, and there is no escape from it. I have endured my lot with all the constancy and courage of which human nature is capable. May I hope that you will imitate my example? Your life is not yours; it belongs to your children and to your husband, if he was dear to you.

"This is all I have to ask.

"A little packet of my hair will be handed to you. Keep it carefully, and when my children are grown share it with them. It is all that I have to leave them for inheritance.

"Farewell forever. My last sigh shall be for you and my unfortunate children."

He wrote, also, to his friends in these words:—

"The truth could not manifest itself, and I am about to perish, the victim of a mistake.

"May I hope that you will entertain for my wife and children the same friendly feelings that you have always shown for me, and aid them under all circumstances? I thank M. Guinier, my defender, for the pains that he has taken in my behalf.

"Now receive, one and all, my last farewell."

Lastly, he addressed an open letter to Dubosc, for insertion in the newspapers:

"You, in whose stead I am about to die, rest content with the sacrifice of my life. If ever you fall into the hands

of justice, think of my three children, covered with infamy, and of their mother, a prey to despair, and do not prolong the misfortunes caused by the fatal likeness that I bear to you."¹

Lesurques, Courriol, and Bernard were executed on the 30th of October, 1796.

As soon as Lesurques mounted the cart that was to carry them to the place of execution, Courriol pointed him out to the crowd, and cried in a loud voice, "I am guilty, but Lesurques is innocent!" and he continued so doing until they reached the foot of the guillotine.

Lesurques, clad all in white, in token of his innocence, never for a moment lost his self-command. When his turn came, he ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and uttered a few words of forgiveness for his judges, then he laid his head upon the block, and so passed into the presence of the never-erring Judge.

Four months after these events, the police succeeded in arresting Durochat. He was fully recognized as the pretended traveler on the Lyons coach, and eventually made a full confession, sustaining in every particular the account given by Courriol. He declared that Bernard not only lent the horses, but had a share of the plunder. With reference to Lesurques he said, "I have heard that a man named Lesurques was condemned for complicity with us. Truth compels me to say that I never knew the man, neither when we planned the job nor when we did it. I did not know him, and I never saw him."

Vidal and Dubosc were captured before Durochat was executed, and he identified them both; but they escaped from prison before they could be brought to trial. Vidal was soon recaptured, tried, condemned, and executed. Dubosc remained at large for some time,

¹ "Vous, au lieu duquel je vais mourir, contentez-vous du sacrifice de ma vie. Si jamais vous êtes traduit en justice, souvenez-vous de mes trois enfants couverts d'opprobre, de leur mère au déses-

but at length he was retaken, and confronted with the ten witnesses who had sworn against Lesurques. One of the ten maintained and one retracted his evidence given at the first trial; the remaining eight declared that they could not say whether Dubosc or Lesurques was the man whom they had seen. Dubosc, for his part, denied everything, as Vidal had done before him, and seized every advantage offered by his resemblance to Lesurques, and the latter's conviction and execution; but all in vain. He was guillotined on the 25th of December, 1800.

Roussey, the last of the five assassins, was arrested in Madrid, toward the close of the year 1803, and executed the following June. He acknowledged the justice of his sentence with his latest breath, and left a paper with the priest who shrived him, enjoining the priest not to open it until six months had elapsed.

When opened it was found to contain these words: "I declare the man Lesurques to be innocent; but my confessor, to whom I give this declaration, must not deliver it to the authorities until six months after my death."

The play founded upon Lesurques's story is the joint production of MM. Moreau, Siraudin, and Delacour, and is entitled *Le Courier de Lyon*. The descendants of Lesurques empowered the authors to use his name, and Dubosc, Courriol, Guesno, and Daubanton also figure in the drama. It was brought out in Paris on the 16th of March, 1850, at the Théâtre de la Gaîté, and was from the first a pronounced success. The distinguished Lacressonnière took the double part of Lesurques and Dubosc, with which he henceforth became thoroughly identified.

The English version of the play is much altered from the original, and poir, et ne prolongez pas tant d'infortunes causées par la plus funeste ressemblance." — *Mémoires des Sanson*.

every way inferior to it; but, nevertheless, it had a great run in London in the season of 1854, appearing simultaneously at the Adelphi, the Victoria, and the Princess'. At the Princess' Charles Kean took the parts of Lesurques and Dubosc. Mr. Henry Ir-

ving has recently adopted the *rôle*, with his usual excellent fortune.

The Courier of Lyons was played in New York a few years ago, but met with little or no success; not enough, at all events, to familiarize the public with the sad story of Joseph Lesurques.

S. E. Turner.

WITH THE BIRDS ON BOSTON COMMON.

It is often said that there are no longer any birds on the Common; that the "English sparrows" have driven them all away. I make no apology for the sparrows, but they have not yet obtained exclusive possession of our grounds; for during the last five years I have myself seen there thousands of our native birds, representing at least sixty-five species. Of course the principal part of these were visitors for a few days only, during the spring and autumn migrations. As a rule, all such travelers come and go in the night. The bluebirds, I think, form an exception. I have frequently watched them rise into the air, and disappear almost immediately after I became aware of their presence. I have once or twice seen robins do the same, and also a chance golden-winged woodpecker or two. But the great majority of birds will not take their departure in the day-time, no matter how much they may be disturbed. I have never witnessed an arrival except once. I was in the Public Garden one morning, when I heard loud calls in the air overhead, and, looking up, saw a flock of robins just at that moment descending into the Garden. They perched in the trees for a few minutes, and then, with much screaming, mounted into the air again, and were off. That most of our small birds travel by night is now so well established that it does not require to be ar-

gued; but, if any one wishes to satisfy himself of the fact at first hand, he may easily do so by one season's observations on the Common, or, I suppose, in any similar inclosure. In the spring and fall it is nothing unusual, on going out in the morning, to find scores, or even hundreds, of birds, not one of which was present on the afternoon before. And, on the other hand, I have over and over again noticed that birds who were there in the afternoon were not there on the following morning. It may be mentioned also that on cloudy nights, during the height of the migration, you may sometimes hear the calls of the little wanderers as they fly over the city.

As a general thing our visitors remain two or three days; at least, I have observed that to be true in many cases where the numbers, or size, or rarity of the birds made it possible to be reasonably sure when the arrival and departure occurred. It is one of the chief compensations connected with observations made in a small inclosed area like the Common that, as I have already said, if you startle a bird he does not fly off into trackless woods or across wide fields, as he might do in the open country, but is sure to be found again not many rods away; and thus you are able to watch the same individual for several days, and, so to speak, become acquainted with him. I remember with interest several such acquaintanceships.

One was with a yellow-bellied woodpecker, the first I had ever seen. He made his appearance one morning in October, along with a company of chickadees and other birds, and, when I first saw him, was on a maple-tree near the Ether monument. I watched him for some time, and at noon, happening to be in the same place again, found him still there. And there he remained four days. I went to see him several times daily, and almost invariably discovered him either on the maple, or on a tulip-tree, a few yards distant. Without doubt, the sweetness of maple sap was known to *Sphyrapicus varius* long before our human ancestors discovered it, and I conclude that this particular bird must have been a connoisseur; at any rate, he seemed to know that this tree was of a sort not to be met with every day. He was extremely industrious, as woodpeckers are accustomed to be, and paid no attention to the children who were playing about, or to the men who sat under his tree, with the back of their seat resting against the trunk. As for the children's noise, it is likely that he enjoyed it; for he is a noisy fellow himself, and famous as a drummer. An aged clergyman in Washington told me that sometimes he could hardly read his Bible on Sunday morning, because of the racket which this woodpecker made drumming on the tin roof overhead.

Another of my acquaintances was a bird of quite a different sort, a female Maryland yellow-throat. She was a most exquisite, dainty bit of bird flesh, and was in the Garden all by herself on the 6th of October, long after the rest of her species had departed for the sunny South. She was perfectly contented, and allowed me to watch her closely, although she scolded mildly now and then when I became too inquisitive. How I did admire her bravery and peace of mind, feeding so quietly, with that long, lonesome journey before her, and the cold weather coming on! No won-

der, I said to myself, that the Great Teacher pointed his lesson of trust with the injunction, "Behold the fowls of the air"!

A passenger even more belated than this warbler was a chipping sparrow that was hopping about on the edge of the Beacon Street Mall on the 6th of December, seven or eight weeks after all chippers were supposed to be south of Mason and Dixon's line. Some accident had detained him, doubtless, but he showed no signs of worry or haste, as I walked around him, to make quite sure that he was not a tree sparrow in disguise.

There is not much to attract birds to the Common in the winter. I said to one of the gardeners that I thought it a pity some of the plants, especially the zinnias and marigolds, were not left to go to seed, as they would be sure to attract flocks of winter birds, who are quick to discover such feeding-places after the deep snows come. He said it would be of no use; there were no birds on the Common, and there would n't be any so long as the English sparrows were here to drive them away. It would be of use, notwithstanding; and certainly it would be a pleasure to many people to see flocks of goldfinches, red-poll linnets, tree sparrows, and possibly of the beautiful snow buntings, feeding in the Garden in midwinter. Even as things are, the winter is pretty sure to bring us a few butcher-birds. They come for sparrows, and are now regarded as public benefactors, although formerly our wise municipal authorities used to shoot them. They travel singly, as a rule, and sometimes the same bird will be here for several weeks together. Then you will have no trouble in finding here and there, in the hawthorn-trees, the headless bodies of sparrows spitted upon thorns. In appearance the shrike resembles the mockingbird. Indeed, a policeman whom I found staring at one would not believe but that

he was a mocking-bird. "Don't you see he is? And he's been singing, too." I did not doubt the singing, for the shrike will often twitter by the half hour in the very coldest weather. But further discussion concerning the bird's identity was soon rendered needless; for, while we were talking, along came a sparrow, and alighted in a hawthorn bush, right under the shrike's perch. The latter was all attention instantly, and, after waiting till the sparrow had moved a little out of the thicket of the bush, down he pounced. He missed his aim, or the sparrow was too quick for him, and although he made a second swoop, and followed that by a hot chase, he soon came back without his prey. This little exertion, however, seemed to have provoked his appetite; for, instead of resuming his perch, he went into the hawthorn bush, and began to feed upon the carcass of a bird which, it seemed, he had already laid up in store. He was soon frightened away for a few moments by the approach of a third man, and the policeman improved the opportunity to visit the bush and take away his breakfast. When the fellow came back, and found his table empty, he did not manifest the slightest disappointment (the shrike never does; he is a fatalist, I think). In order to see what he would do, the policeman threw the body to him. It lodged on the outside of the bush, but instantly the shrike came for it; and as he did so, he spread his beautifully bordered tail and screamed loudly. Whether he meant to express delight, or anger, or contempt, I could not judge; but he seized the body, carried it back to its old place, drove it again upon the thorn, and proceeded to devour it more voraciously than ever, scattering the feathers about in a lively way as he tore it to pieces. The third man, who had never before seen such a thing, stepped up within reach of the bush, and eyed the performance at his leisure, the shrike not deigning to notice him in the

least. A few mornings later the same bird gave me another and more amusing exhibition of his nonchalance. He was singing from the top of our one small larch-tree, and I had stopped to look and listen, when a milkman entered at the Commonwealth Avenue gate, both hands loaded with cans, and, without noticing the shrike, walked straight under the tree. Just then, however, he heard the notes overhead, and, looking up, saw the bird. As if not knowing what to make of the creature's assurance, he stared at him for a moment, and then, putting down his cans, he seized the trunk with both hands, and gave it a good shake. But the bird only took a fresh hold; and when the man let go, and stepped back to look up, there he sat as unconcerned as though nothing had happened. Not to be so easily beaten, the man grasped the trunk again, and shook it harder than before; and this time the shrike seemed to think the joke had been carried far enough, for he took wing, and flew to another part of the Garden. The bravado of the butcher-bird is great, but it is not unlimited. I saw him, one day, shuffling along a branch in a very nervous, unshrikely fashion, and was puzzled to account for his unusual demeanor till I caught sight of a low-flying hawk sweeping over the tree. Every creature, no matter how brave, has some other creature to be afraid of; otherwise, how would the world get on?

The advent of spring is announced usually during the first week of March, sometimes by the robins, sometimes by the bluebirds. By the middle of the month the song sparrows begin to arrive, and for a month after this they furnish delightful music daily. I have heard them caroling with all cheerfulness in the midst of a driving snow-storm. The dear little optimists! They never doubt that the sun is on their side. Of necessity they go elsewhere to spend the summer, for they build

their nests on the ground, and a lawn which is mowed every two or three days would be quite out of the question. A public park is not a favorable place for the study of bird music. Most of the visitors are busy feeding during their brief stay, and besides they are kept in a state of excitement by the frequent approach of passers-by. Nevertheless, I once heard a bobolink sing in our Garden, and once a brown thrush, although neither was sufficiently at home to do himself justice. The "Peabody" song of the white-throated sparrows is to be heard occasionally during both migrations. To my ears it is one of the wildest of all bird notes; it is one of the last that you hear at night in the White Mountain woods, as well as one of the last to die away beneath you as you climb the higher peaks. On the Crawford bridle path, for instance, I remember that the song of this bird and that of the gray-cheeked thrush¹ were heard all along the ridge from Mount Clinton to Mount Washington. The finest bird concert I ever attended in Boston was given on Monument Hill by a great chorus of fox-colored sparrows, one morning in April. A high wind had been blowing during the night, and the moment I entered the Common I discovered that there had been an extraordinary arrival of birds, of various species. The parade ground was full of snow-birds, while the hill was covered with fox-sparrows, — hundreds of them, I thought, and many of them in full song. It was a royal concert, but I am sorry to say the audience was small. It is unfortunate, in some aspects of the case, that birds have never learned that a *matinée* ought to begin at two o'clock in the afternoon.

These sparrows please me by their lordly treatment of their European coun-

ins. One in particular, who was holding his ground against three of the Britishers, moved me almost to the point of giving him three cheers.

Birds like the robin, the warbling vireo, the red-eyed vireo, the chipper, the goldfinch, and the Baltimore oriole, who pass the summer with us, of course sing freely. Of late years, a few crow-blackbirds have taken to building their nests in one corner of our domain; and they attract their full share of attention, as they strut about the lawns in their glossy clerical suits. One of the gardeners told me that they sometimes kill the sparrows. I hope they do. The crow-blackbird's attempts at song are ludicrous in the extreme, as every note is cracked, and is accompanied by a ridiculous caudal gesture. But he is ranked with the oscine birds, and seems to know it; and, after all, it is only the common fault of singers not to be able to detect their own want of tunefulness.

I was once crossing the Common, in the middle of the day, when I was suddenly arrested by the call of a cuckoo. At the same instant two men passed me, and I heard one say to the other, "Hear that cuckoo! Do you know what it means? No? Well, I know what it means: it means that it's going to rain." It did rain, although not for several days, I believe. But probably the cuckoo has adopted the modern method of predicting the weather some time in advance. Once since then I have heard this bird's note on the Common, but I have never been fortunate enough to see him there. He is not easily seen anywhere; for he makes a practice of robbing the nests of smaller birds, and is always skulking about from one tree to another, as though he were afraid of being discovered, as no doubt he is. What Wordsworth wrote of the

¹ I may add that the identification of *Turdus aliciae* was based entirely upon the song, and so, of course, had no final scientific value. It was confirmed a few weeks later, however, by Mr.

William Brewster, who took specimens. (See Bulletin of the Nuttall Club, January, 1883.) Prior to this the species was not known to breed in New England.

European cuckoo is equally applicable to him : —

“ No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.”

A pretty regular visitor twice a year is the brown creeper. He is so small and silent, and withal his color is so like that of the bark to which he clings, that I suspect he is seldom noticed even by persons who pass within a few feet of him. But he is not too small to be hectorated by the sparrows, and I have sometimes been amused at the encounter. The sparrow catches sight of the creeper, and at once bears down upon him, when the creeper darts round the trunk, and alights again a little further up. The sparrow is after him ; but, as he comes dashing round the trunk, he always seems to expect to find the creeper perched upon some twig, as any other bird would be, and it is only after a little reconnoitring that he again discovers him clinging to the vertical bole. Then he makes another onset, and the same manœuvre is repeated, till the creeper becomes disgusted, and takes to another tree.

The olive-backed thrushes and the hermits may be looked for every spring and autumn, and I have known forty or fifty of the former to be here at the same time. The hermits most often travel singly or in pairs, but I have more than once seen a small flock. Both species preserve absolute silence while here ; I have watched hundreds of them, and have never heard so much as an alarm note. They are far from being pugnacious, but they have a large sense of personal dignity, and sometimes, when the sparrows pester them beyond endurance, they assume the offensive with much spirit. There are none of our feathered guests whom I am gladder to see ; the sight of them inevitably fills me with remembrances of happy vacation seasons among the hills of New Hampshire. If only they would sing on the Common as they do

in those northern woods ! The whole city would come out to hear them.

During every migration large numbers of warblers visit us. I have noted the golden-crowned thrush, the small-billed water-thrush, the black and white creeper, the Maryland yellow-throat, the blue yellow-back, the black-throated green, the black-throated blue, the yellow-rump, the summer yellow-bird, the black-poll, and the Canada flycatcher. No doubt the list is far from complete, as, of course, I have not used a gun. The two kinglets give us a call occasionally, and in the late summer and early autumn the humming-birds spend several weeks about our flower beds. I saw one of these making his morning toilet in a very pretty fashion, leaning forward, and brushing first one cheek and then the other against the wet rose leaf on which he was perched. The only swallows on my list are the barn swallows and the white-breasted. The former, as they go hawking about the crowded streets, must often send the thoughts of rich city merchants back to the big barns of their grandfathers, far off in out-of-the-way country places. Of course we have the chimney swifts, also, but they are not swallows.

Speaking of the swallows reminds me of a hawk that came to Boston, one morning, fully determined not to go away without a taste of the famous imported sparrows. It is nothing unusual for hawks to be seen flying over the city, but I had never before seen one actually make the Public Garden his hunting-ground. This bird perched for a while on the Arlington Street fence, within a few feet of a passing carriage ; next he was on the ground, peering into a bed of rhododendrons ; then for a long time he sat still in a tree, while numbers of men passed back and forth underneath ; between whiles he sailed about, on the watch for his prey. On one of these last occasions a little company of swallows came along, and one

of them immediately went out of his way to swoop down upon the hawk, and deal him a dab. Then, as he rejoined his companions, I heard him give a little chuckle, as though he said, "There! did you see me peck at him? You don't think I am afraid of such a fellow as that, do you?" To speak in Thoreau's manner, I rejoiced in the incident as one more illustration of the ascendancy of spirit over matter.

But this gossip must have an end, else I would gladly speak of others of my guests: the Wilson thrush, the cat-bird, the mocking-bird, the two nut-hatches, the yellow-throated vireo, the chewink, the bay-winged bunting, the swamp sparrow, the field sparrow, and the savannah sparrow, the purple finch, the red-poll linnet, the waxwing, the least flycatcher, the kingbird and the phoebe, the night-hawk, the kingfisher, and the sandpipers. Especially I could say much about my dear friends the chickadees, who sometimes make the whole autumn cheerful with their presence.

I cannot forbear, however, to mention my one unhappy owl. When I first discovered him, he was perched well up in an elm, while a crowd of perhaps forty men and boys were pelting him with sticks and stones. The sky was clouded, but the creature seemed to be entirely helpless, and sat still while

the missiles flew past him on all sides, except that, when he was hit, which to be sure was pretty often, he would move to another perch. Once he was struck so hard that he came tumbling toward the ground, and I began to think it was all over with him; but when about half-way down he recovered himself, and by painful flappings succeeded in alighting just out of the reach of the crowd. At once there were loud calls: "Don't kill him! Don't kill him!" and while the scamps were debating what to do next, he regained his breath, and flew up into the tree again, as high as before. Then the stoning began anew. Poor bird of wisdom! I pitied him, and wished him well out of the hands of his tormentors, though it was comical to see him turn his head and stare, with his big, vacant eyes, after a stone which had just whizzed by his ear. I left the crowd still pelting him, and must do them the justice to say that some of them were excellent marksmen. An old negro, who stood near me, was bewailing the law against shooting; else, he said, he would go home and get his gun. He described, with appropriate gestures, how very easily he could fetch the bird down. Perhaps he afterwards plucked up courage and carried out his idea, for the next morning the newspapers reported that an owl was shot, the day before, on the Common.

Bradford Torrey.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

So many of the most sensitive and discriminating critics of this century have, in the suffrage for fame, listed themselves for Landor that it is no longer permissible for men interested in the things of the mind to neglect him. He seemed almost to achieve immortality within his life-time, so contin-

uously was the subtle appreciation of the best yielded to him, from the far-off years when Shelley used, at Oxford, to declaim with enthusiasm passages from Gebir, to the time, that seems as yesterday, when Swinburne made his pilgrimage to Italy, to offer his tribute of adoration to the old man at the close of his

solitary and troubled career; and still each finer spirit,

"As he passes, turns,

And bids fair peace be to his sable shroud."

During his long life he saw the spring-time, and outlived the harvest, of the great poetic revival, and the labor of the Victorian poets of the aftermath was half accomplished before his death; but from all these powerful contemporary influences he was free. He remained apart; and this single fact, attesting, as it does, extraordinary self-possession and assurance of purpose, suffices to make his character interesting, even were his work of inferior worth. As yet, however, even in the minds of cultivated men, he is hardly more than a great figure. He is known, praised, and remembered for particular scenes, dramatic fragments, occasional lyrics, quatrains. This is the natural fate of a discursive writer. It matters not that Landor was wide ranging; it matters not what spoils of thought, what images of beauty, he brought from those far eastern uplands which it was his boast to haunt: he failed to give unity to his work, to give interest to large portions of it, to command public attention for it as a whole. Indeed, his work as a whole does not command the attention even of the best. What does survive, too, lives only in the favor of a small circle. He forfeited popular fame at the beginning, when he selected themes that presuppose rare qualities in his audience, and adopted an antique style; but such considerations, at least in their naked statement, do not tell the whole story. Other poets have missed immediate applause by dealing with subjects that assumed unusual largeness of soul, range of sympathy, and refinement of taste in their readers: like Shelley, singing of unheeded hopes and fears to which the world was to be wrought; like Wordsworth, narrating the myth of Troy. Other poets, in style, have set forth the object plainly, and left it to work its will

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on the heart and imagination, unaided by the romantic spell, the awakening glow, the silent but imperative suggestion, the overmastering passion that takes heart and imagination captive; and they have not lost their reward. A remote theme, an impersonal style, are not of themselves able to condemn a poet to long neglect. They may make wide appreciation of him impossible; they may explain the indifference of an imperfectly educated public; but they do not account for the fact that Landor is to be read, even by his admirers, in a book of selections, while the dust is shaken from the eight stout octavos that contain his work only by the professional man of letters.

What first strikes the student of Landor is the lack of any development in his genius. This is one reason why Mr. Leslie Stephen, seizing on the characteristic somewhat rudely, and leaping too hastily to his ungracious conclusion, calls him "a glorified and sublime edition of the sixth-form school-boy." Men whose genius is of this fixed type are rare in English literature, and not of the highest rank. Blake, and Coleridge as a poet, are the best known examples. They exhibit no radical change; they are at the beginning what they are at the end; their works do not belong to any particular period of their lives; they seem free from their age, and live outside of it. Hence, in dealing with them, historical criticism—the criticism whose purpose is to explain rather than to judge—soon finds itself at fault. When the circumstances that may have determined the original bent of their minds are set forth, there is nothing more to be said. With Landor, this bent seems to have been given by his classical training. To write Latin verses was the earliest serious employment of his genius, and his efforts were immediately crowned with success. These studies, falling in with natural inclinations and aptitudes,

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pledged him to a classical manner; they made real for him the myths and history of Greece and Rome; they fed his devotion to the ancient virtues, love of freedom, aspiration for the calm of wisdom, reverence for the dignity of heroism, delight in beauty for its own sake; they supported him in what was more distinctively his own, — his refinement in material tastes, his burning indignation, his defense of tyrannicide. These characteristics he had in youth; they were neither diminished nor increased in age. In youth, too, he displayed all his literary excellences and defects: the fullness and weight of line; the march of sentences; the obscurity arising from over-condensation of thought and abrupt and elliptical constructions; his command of the grand and impressive as well as the beautiful and charming in imagery; his fondness for heroic situation and for the loveliness of minute objects. This was a high endowment; why, then, do its literary results seem inadequate?

The answer has already been hinted at. With all his gifts, Landor did not possess unifying power. He observed objects as they passed before him at hap-hazard, took them into his mind, and gave them back, untransformed, in their original disorder. He thought disconnectedly, and expressed his thoughts as they came, detached and separate. This lack of unity did not result simply from his choice of the classical mode of treatment, or from a defect in logical or constructive power, although it was connected with these. The ability to fuse experience, to combine its elements and make them one, to give it back to the world, transformed, and yet essentially true, the real creative faculty, is usually proportioned very strictly to the self-assertive power of genius, to the energy of the reaction of the mind on nature and life; it springs from a strong personality. To say that Landor's personality was weak would be to stultify one's self; but yet the difference between

Landor the man and Landor the author is so great as to make the two almost antithetical; and in his imaginative work, by which he must be judged, it is not too much to say that he denied and forswore his personality, and obliterated himself so far as was possible. He not only eliminated self from his style, and, after the classical manner, defined by Arnold, "relied solely on the weight and force of that which, with entire fidelity, he uttered," but he also eliminated self, so far as one can, from his subject. He did not bind his work together by the laws of his own mind; he did not root it in the truth, as he saw truth; he did not interpenetrate and permeate it with his own beliefs, as the great masters have always done. His principles were at the best vague, hardly amounting to more than an unapplied enthusiasm for liberty, heroism, and the other great watchwords of social rather than individual life. These illuminate his work, but they do not give it consistency. It is crystalline in structure, beautiful, ordered, perfect in form when taken part by part, but conglomerate as a whole; it is a handful of jewels, many of which are singly of the most transparent and glowing light, but unrelated one to another, — placed in juxtaposition, but not set; and in the crystalline mass is imbedded grosser matter, and mingled with the jewels are stones of dull color and light weight. A lovely object caught his eye, and he set it forth in verse; a fine thought came to him, and he inserted it in his dialogues; but his days were not "bound each to each by natural piety," or by any other of the shaping principles of high genius. He was a spectator of life, not an actor in life. Nature was to him a panorama, wonderful, awful, beautiful, and he described its scenes down to its most minute and evanescent details. History was his theatre, where the personages played great parts; and he recorded their words and gestures, always help-

ing them with the device of the high buskin and something of a histrionic air. He was content to be thus guided from without; to have his intellectual activity determined by the chance of sensation and of reading, rather than by a well-thought-out and enthusiastic purpose of his own soul. And so he became hardly more than a mirror of beauty and an *Æolian* harp of thought; if the vision came, if the wind breathed, he responded.

This self-effacement, this impersonality, as it is called, in literature, is much praised. The younger English poets affect it. It is said to be classical, and there is an impression in people's minds that such an abdication of the individual's prerogatives is the distinctive mark of classicism. There is no more misleading and confusing error in criticism. Not impersonality, but universality, is that mark; and this is by no means the same thing, differently stated. In any age, the first, although not the sole characteristic of classical work is that it deals with universal truth, of interest to all men: and hence the poet is required to keep to himself his idiosyncrasies, hobbies, all that is simply his own; all that is not identical with the common human nature; all that men in large bodies cannot sympathize with, understand, and appreciate. Under these conditions direct self-revelation is exceptional. The poet usually expresses himself by so arranging his plot and developing his characters that they will illustrate the laws of life, as he sees these laws, without any direct statement, — though the Greek chorus is full of didactic sayings; and he may also express himself by such a powerful presentation of the morality intrinsic in beautiful things and noble actions as "to soothe the cares and lift the thoughts of men," without any dogmatic insistence in his own person. In these ways *Æschylus* obliterated himself from his work just as much as *Shakspeare*, and no

more; *Swift* just as much as *Aristophanes*, and no more; but the statement that *Shakspeare* or *Swift* obliterated themselves from their works needs only to be made to be laughed at. The faith of *Æschylus*, the wisdom of *Sophocles*, are in all their dramas; *Anacreon* is in all his songs, *Horace* in all his odes. The eternal significance of their productions to mankind is derived from the clearness, the power, the skill, with which they informed their works with their personality. These men had a philosophy of life, that underlay and unified their work. They rebuilt the world in their imagination, and gave it the laws of their own minds. Their spirits were active, moulding, shaping, creating, subduing the whole of nature and life to themselves. It is true that the ancient classics accomplished their purpose rather by thought, the moderns rather by emotion; but this difference is incidental to the change in civilization. Either instrument is sufficient for its end; but it may be remarked, in passing, that he who would now choose the ancient instead of the modern mode, narrows, postpones, and abbreviates his fame only less than *Landor*, in his youth, by writing in Latin. Whatever be the mode of its operation, the energy of personality is the very essence of effective genius.

That *Landor* had no philosophy of life, in the same sense as *Shakspeare* or *Æschylus*, is plain to any reader. Those who look on art, including poetry, as removed from ordinary human life, who think that its chief service to men lies in affording delight rather than in that quickening of the spirit of which delight is only the sign and efflorescence, would consider *Landor's* lack of this philosophy a virtue. To our minds it accounts largely for his failure to interest even the best in the larger part of his work, and especially for the discontinuity of his reflections. These reflections are always his own; and this

fact may seem to militate against the view that he eliminated self from his productions so far as possible. A man's thoughts must necessarily be his own, unless he plagiarizes; but apart from this, the presence of personality in literature as a force, ordering a great whole and giving it laws, as has been said, is a very different thing from its presence as a mere mouth-piece of opinion. The thoughts may be numerous, varied, wise, noble; they may have all the virtues of truth and grace; but if they are disparate and scattered, if they tend no-whither, if they leave the reader where they found him, if they subserve no ulterior purpose and accomplish no end, there is a wide gulf between them and the thoughts of Shakspeare and Æschylus, no less their own than were Landor's his. In the former, personality is a power; in the latter, it is only a voice. In Landor's eight volumes there are more fine thoughts, more wise apothegms, than in any other discursive author's works in English literature; but they do not tell on the mind. They bloom like flowers in their gardens, but they crown no achievement. This failure of Landor's thought in effectiveness leads Mr. Leslie Stephen to say that the reader too often feels that he has been only "marking time;" and with this decision Professor Colvin, whose essay is as favorable as the former's is adverse, agrees. At the end, no cause is advanced, no goal is won. This incoherence and inefficiency proceed from the absence of any definite scheme of life, any compacted system of thought, any central principles, any strong, pervading, and ordering personality.

In the same way the objectivity of Landor's work, its naturalism as distinguished from imaginativeness, results from the same cause, but with the difference that, while the faults already mentioned are largely due to an imperfect equipment of the mind, his mode of art seems to have been adopted by conscious

choice and of set purpose. The opinion of those who look on naturalism as a virtue in art is deserving of respect. We have been admonished for a long while that men should see things as they are, and present them as they are, and that this was the Greek way. The dictum, when applied with the meaning that men should be free from prejudice and impartial in judgment, no one would contest; but when it is proclaimed with the meaning that poets should express ideas nakedly, and should reproduce objects by portraiture, there is excuse for raising some question. No doubt, this was in general the practice of the ancients. The Athenians were primarily intellectual, the Romans unimaginative. But by the operation of various causes — the chief of which are the importance bestowed on the individual and the impulse given to emotion by the Christian religion — mankind has been somewhat changed; and therefore the methods of appeal to men, the ways of touching their hearts and enlightening their minds, have been modified. In literature this change is expressed by saying that the romantic manner has, in general, superseded the classical. The latter, Professor Colvin says, exhibits objects and ideas "as nakedly as possible, and at the same time as distinctly, in white light;" the former exhibits them "as it were through a colored and iridescent atmosphere." The metaphor seems to us unfortunate. The romantic manner aims at truth no less than the classical; it sets forth things as they are no less completely and clearly; it does not falsify, as colored light does. The difference is rather one of methods than of aims. The classical poet usually perceives the object by his intellect, and makes his appeal to the mind; the romantic poet seizes on the object with his imagination, and makes his appeal to the heart. Not that classical work is without imagination, or romantic work devoid of intellectuality; but that

in one the intellect counts for more, in the other imagination. The classical poet, having once presented ideas and objects, leaves them to make their way; the romantic poet not only presents them, but, by awakening the feelings, predisposes the mood of the mind, makes their reception by the mind easier, wins their way for them. In classical work, consequently, success depends mainly on lucidity of understanding, clearness of vision, skill in verbal expression; in romantic work, the poet must not only possess these qualities, but must super-add, as his prime characteristic, rightness, one might better say sanity, of passion. The classical virtues are more common among authors, the romantic far more rare; and hence error in the romantic manner is more frequent, especially in dealing with ideas. But with all its liability to mistake in weak hands, romantic art, by its higher range, its fiercer intensity, especially by its greater certainty, has, in the hands of a master, a clear increase of power over classical art, and under the changed conditions of civilization its resources are not to be lightly neglected. Indeed, one who voluntarily adopts the classical manner as an exclusive mode seems to choose a lyre of less compass and melody, to prefer Greek to modern music. The younger English poets are apparently doing this, more and more; they sing to a secluded and narrow circle, and lose the ear of the world. Certainly Landor made this choice, and by it he must stand.

Let us take an example from the best of Landor's work, and from that region of classical art where it is wholly competent, — the brief description of small objects; let us take the lily: —

"The ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold."

How completely, how distinctly, the image is given, — its form, its transparent purity, its fragile and trembling gold!

How free from any other than a strictly artistic charm! And yet how different is its method of appeal from Shelley's

"tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved;"

from Shakspeare's

"daffodils
That come before the swallow dares and take
The winds of March with beauty."

Or, to select an illustration, also of Landor's best, when the image, no less objective, yields of itself an infinite suggestion, let us take the lines on seeing a tress of Lucretia Borgia's hair:

"Borgia, thou once wert almost too august
And high for adoration; now thou 'rt dust.
All that remains of thee these plaits unfold,
Calm hair meandering in pellucid gold."

Again, how perfect is the image, how effective the development of the third line; how the melody of the last blends with its selected epithets to place the object entire and whole before the mind; how free is the quatrain from any self-intrusion of the poet! But here, too, the method of appeal is very different from Shakspeare's, as in the lines on Yorick's skull: "Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft." The difference in mood between these two only emphasizes the difference in method. Enough has been said, however, in description and exemplification of the two kinds of art. Either is sufficient for its ends, nor would any one desire to dispense with that which has resulted in work so admirable as has been quoted from Landor. The distinctively romantic poets do not consign the classical style to disuse. In the presentation of images, Keats has frequent recourse to it, as in his picture of Autumn lying

"On a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swathe and all its twined flow-
ers."

So Wordsworth, in expressing ideas, is sometimes more bald than the least imaginative of the classics. But such poets

do not employ this style alone; they are characterized by the modern manner; they give us those "sweet views" which in the ancient mode "can never well be seen." Landor droops below his great contemporaries, not by merely adopting the classical method, but by adopting it exclusively. Whether this choice was entirely free, or partly determined by natural incapacity, is doubtful. Violent and tempestuous as his nature was, with all his boyish intensity of indignation, his boyish delicacy of tenderness, he seems to possess temper rather than true passion. In the verses to his poetic love, Ianthe, there are many fine sentiments, graceful turns; there is courtliness of behavior; but the note of passion is not struck. Ianthe is only another poetic mistress of the cavalier time, and in the memory her name is less, both for dignity and pathos, than Rose Aylmer's. Without passion, of course, a poet is condemned to the classical style. Passion is the element in which the romantic writer fuses beauty and wisdom; it is the means by which personality pervades literary work, with most ease, directness, and glow. In the great modern poets it is the substance of their genius. But just as neither by a philosophy of life nor in any other way did Landor fill his subject with himself, so neither by passion nor elsehow did he breathe his own spirit into his style.

The consequence is that Landor, unclassified in his own age, is now to be ranked among the poets, increasing in number, who appeal rather to the artistic than to the poetic sense. He is to be placed in that group which looks on art as a world removed; which prizes it mainly for the delight it gives; which, caring less for truth, deals chiefly with the beauty that charms the senses; and which therefore weaves poetry like tapestry, and uses the web of speech to bring out a succession of fine pictures. The watchwords of any school, whether in

thought or art, seldom awake hostility until their bearing on the details of practice reveals their meaning. Art is, in a sense, a world removed from the actual and present life, and beauty is the sole title that admits any work within its limits. Of this there is no question. But that world, however far from what is peculiar to any one age, has its eternal foundations in universal life; and that beauty has its enduring power because it is the incarnation of universal life. What poem has a better right to admission there than the *Eve of St. Agnes*? and in what poem does the heart of life beat more warmly? *Laodamia* belongs in that world, but it is because it voices abiding human feelings no less than because of its serenity. Nature in itself is savage, sterile, and void; individual life in itself is trifling: each obtains its value through its interest to humanity as a whole, and the office of art is to set forth that value. A lovely object, a noble action, are each of worth to men, but the latter is of the more worth; and, as was long ago pointed out, poetry is by the limitations of language at a considerable disadvantage in treating of formal beauty. But, without developing these remarks, of which there is hardly any need, the only point here to be made is that in so far as poetry concerns itself with objects without relation to ideas, it loses influence; in so far as it neglects emotion and thought for the purpose of gaining sensuous effects, it loses worth; in both it declines from the higher to the lower levels. Landor, notwithstanding his success in presenting objects of artistic beauty, — and his poetry is full of exquisite delineations of them, — failed to interest men; nor could his skill in expressing thought — and he was far more intellectual than his successors — save his reputation. Landor mistook a few of the marks of art for all. His work has the serenity, the remoteness, that characterizes high art, but it lacks an intimate relation with the general life of men; it

sets forth formal beauty, as painting does, but that beauty remains a sensation, and does not pass into thought. This absence of any vital relation between his art and life, between his objects and ideas, denotes his failure. There are so many poets whose works contain as perfect beauty, and in addition truth and passion; so many who instead of mirroring beauty make it the voice of life, — instead of responding in melodious thought to the wandering winds of reverie strike their lyres in the strophe and anti-strophe of continuous song, — that the world is content to let Landor go by. The guests at the famous late dinner-party to which he looked forward will indeed be very few, and they will be men of leisure.

Thus far, in examining the work of Landor as a whole, and endeavoring to explain somewhat the public indifference to it, the answer has been found in its objectivity and its discontinuity, both springing from the effacement of his personality as an active power; or, in other words, in the fact that, by failing to link his images with his thoughts, and his thoughts one with another, so as to make them tell on the mind, and especially by eliminating the romantic element of passion, he failed to bring his work into sympathetic or helpful relations with the general emotional and intellectual life of men. Why, then, do the most sensitive and discriminating critics, as was said at the beginning, list themselves in Landor's favor? They are, without exception, fellow-workers with him in the craft of literature. They have, by their continued eulogy of him, made it a sign of refinement to be charmed by him, a proof of unusually good taste to praise him. Landorites, by their very divergence in opinion from the crowd, seem to claim uncommon sensibilities; and the coterie is certainly one of the highest order, intellectually: Browning, Lowell, Swinburne, to name no more. They are all literary men.

They are loud in their plaudits of his workmanship, but are noticeably guarded in their commendation of his entire contents; the passages for which they express unstinted enthusiasm are few. Landor was, beyond doubt, a master-workman, and skill in workmanship is dear to the craft; others may feel its effects, but none appreciate it with the keen relish of the professional author. The fullness, power, and harmony of Landor's language are clearly evident in his earliest work. He had the gift of literary expression from his youth, and in his mature work it shows as careful and high cultivation as such a gift ever received from its possessor. None could give keener point and smoother polish to a short sentence; none could thread the intricacies of long and involved constructions more unerringly. He had at command all the grammatical resources of lucidity, though he did not always care to employ them. He knew all the devices of prose composition to conceal and to disclose; to bring the commonplace to issue in the unexpected; to lead up, to soften, to hesitate, to declaim; to extort all the supplementary and new suggestions of an old comparison; to frame a new and perfect simile; in short, he was thoroughly trained to his trade. Yet his prose is not, by present canons, perfect prose. It is not self-possessed, subdued, and graceful conversation, modulated, making its points without aggressive insistence, yet with certainty, keeping interest alive by a brilliant but natural turn and by the brief and luminous flash of truth through a perfect phrase. His prose is rather the monologue of a seer. In reading his works one feels somewhat as if sitting at the feet of Coleridge. Landor has the presence that abashes companions. His manner of speech is more dignified, more ceremonial, his enunciation is more resonant, his accent more exquisite, than belong to the man of the world. He silences his readers by the mere impossibility of interrupting with a question

so noble and smooth-sliding a current of words. The style is a sort of modern Miltonic; it has the suggestion of the pulpit divine in Hooker, the touch of formal artificiality that characterizes the first good English prose in consequence of the habit, then common, of writing in Latin. Landor goes far afield for his vocables; his page is a trifle too polysyllabic, has too much of the surface glitter of Latinity. But in the age that produced the style of De Quincey, Ruskin, and Carlyle, it would be mere folly to find fault because Landor did not write, we will not say after the French fashion, but after the fashion of Swift, who, at his highest and on his level, is the one unrivaled master of English prose. Landor, at his best, is not so picturesque as De Quincey, nor so eloquent as Ruskin, nor so intense as Carlyle; but he has more self-possession, more serenity, more artistic charm, a wider compass, a more equal harmony, than any of these.

Landor pleases his fellow-craftsmen, however, not only by this general command of language as a means of expression, but by the perfection of form in his short pieces. Perfection of form is the great feature of classical art; it is an intellectual virtue, at least in literature, and appeals to the mind. The moderns are lacking in it. Among Landor's contemporaries, Keats alone possessed it in large measure. Landor's command of form was limited, insufficient for the construction of a drama; impressive as Count Julian is, it has not this crowning excellence. Landor's power in this respect is analogous to Herrick's; it is perfect only within narrow bounds; but it lacks Herrick's spontaneity. His verses are not the "swallow flights of song;" he was not a singer. The lyric on Rose Aylmer is entirely exceptional, and much of its charm lies in the beauty of the name, its skillful repetition, and, we must add, in the memory of Lamb's fondness for it. Fa-

miliar as it is, it would be unjust not to quote it:—

"Ah, what avails the sceptred race!
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee."

Ordinarily, however, Landor deals with a beautiful image or one fine sentiment. His objectivity, his discontinuity, help him here; they assure that simplicity and singleness which are necessary for success. The lack of any temptation in his mind to expound and suggest is probably one reason why he rejected the sonnet, certainly the most beautiful poetic mould to give shape to such detached thoughts and feelings. He scorned the sonnet; it was too long for him; he must be even more brief. He would present the object at once, instead of gradually, as the sonnet does; not unveiling the perfect and naked image until the last word has trembled away. His best work of this kind is in the quatrain, which is rather the moralist's than the poet's form,—Martial's, not Horace's. Let us take one:—

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

This is perfect; but it is perfect speech, not perfect song. When Landor had something to say at more length, when he had a story to tell, he chose the idyl; and his work in this kind is no less perfect in form than are his quatrains. Indeed, on the idyls his poetic fame will mainly rest. They are very remote from modern life, but the best of them are very beautiful, and in the highest rank of poetry that appeals to the artistic sense. Those who are able still to hold fast to the truth of Greek mythology to the imagination will not willingly let them die. To read them is like looking at the youths and maidens of an ancient

bass-relief, or at that Greek vase that so charmed Keats. The cultivated will never tire of them; the people will never care for them. The limitations of their interest are inherent in their subject and the mode of its presentment; but these limitations do not lessen their beauty, although they make very small the number who appreciate it.

Landor's influence over his critics is due chiefly to his power as a stylist, and to the perfection of form in his shorter poems and his idyls; but something is also due to the passages which, apart from those mentioned, they commend so unreservedly; such as the study of incipient insanity in the dialogue between Tiberius and Vipsania, and the scenes from Antony and Octavius where the boy Cæsarion is an actor. Not to be conquered by these argues one's self "dull of soul;" and scattered through the volumes are other passages of only less mastery, especially in the Greek dialogues, which cannot here be par-

ticularized. For this reason no author is more served by a book of selections than is Landor; for it is a lighter task to read even the whole of Wordsworth than the complete works of Landor. After all, too, an author should be judged by his best. Nevertheless, when one remembers the extraordinary gifts of Landor, one cannot but regret the defects of nature and judgment that have so seriously interfered with his influence. His work as a whole exhibits a sadder waste of genius than is the case even with Coleridge. There is no reason to suppose that the verdict of the public on his value will be reversed. His failure may well serve as a warning to the artistic school in poetry; it affords one more of the long list of illustrations of that fundamental truth in literature,—the truth that a man's work is of service to mankind in proportion as, by expressing himself in it, by filling it with his own personality, he fills it with human interest.

G. E. Woodberry.

DEAR HANDS.

ROUGHENED and worn with ceaseless toil and care,
 No perfumed grace, no dainty skill, had these;
 They earned for whiter hands a jeweled ease,
 And kept the scars unlovely for their share.
 Patient and slow, they had the will to bear
 The whole world's burdens, but no power to seize
 The flying joys of life, the gifts that please,
 The gold and gems that others find so fair.
 Dear hands, where bridal jewel never shone,
 Whereon no lover's kiss was ever pressed,
 Crossed in unwonted quiet on the breast,
 I see, through tears, your glory newly won,
 The golden circlet of life's work well done,
 Set with the shining pearl of perfect rest.

Susan Marr Spalding.

PUGET SOUND.

Two thousand miles of zigzag shores, running south and running north, branching east and branching west,—no wonder that the chartless De Fuca, sailing between them day after day, believed himself to be exploring a vast river. Abler navigators than he, coming later still, clung to the idea, and it is not yet a hundred years since the majestic waters received their true name and place in the ocean family tree. No possible accuracy of naming, however, no completeness of definition, can lessen the spell of their fantastic wandering course. No matter if one were to commit their maps to heart and know their charts like a pilot, he would never lose a vague sense of expectation, surprise, and half bewilderment in cruising among their labyrinths. Bays within bays, inlets on inlets, seas linking seas,—over twelve thousand square miles of surface, the waters come and go, rise and fall, past a splendid succession of islands, promontories, walls of forest, and towering mountains. Voyaging on them, one drifts back into their primitive past, and finds himself unconsciously living over the experiences of their earliest navigators. The old Indian names which still haunt the shores heighten the illusion; and even the shrill screams of the saw-mill cannot wholly dispel it. The wilderness is dominant still. Vast belts of forest and stretches of shore lie yet untracked, untrodden, as they were a century ago, when Vancouver's young Lieutenant Puget took the first reckonings and measurements of their eminent domain. But the days of the wilderness are numbered. It is being conquered and taken possession of by an army of invaders more irresistible than warriors,—men of the axe, the plow, the steam-engine; conquerors, indeed, against whom no land can make fight.

The siege they lay is a siege which cannot be broken; for all the forces of nature are on their side. The organic secrets of the earth are their allies, also the hidden things of the sea; and the sun and the rain are loyal to the dynasty of their harvests. There is, in this might of peaceful conquest of new lands by patient tillers of the soil, something so much grander than is to be seen in any of the processes of violence and seizure that one could wish there were on this globe limitless uninhabited regions, to make endless lure and opportunity for pioneer men and women so long as the human race shall endure. Once, and not so very long ago, we thought we had such a limitless region on our own continent. In the United States government's earlier treaties with the Indians, the country "west of the Mississippi" is again and again spoken of as beyond the probable reach of white settlement. In 1835, when the Cherokees were removed from Georgia to their present home in Indian Territory, the United States government by treaty guaranteed to them "a perpetual outlet west, and a free and unmolested use of all the country west of their western boundary,"—"as far west as the sovereignty of the United States and their rights of soil extend." And as late as 1842, one Mr. Mitchell, a superintendent of Indian affairs, said in a report, "If we draw a line running north and south, so as to cross the Missouri about the mouth of the Vermilion River, we shall designate the limits beyond which civilized men are never likely to settle. At this point the Creator seems to have said to the tides of emigration that are annually rolling toward the west, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.'" To read such records as these to-day is half comic, half sad.

This line recommended by Mr. Mitchell would run just east of Dakota, through the eastern portion of Nebraska, a little to the east of the middle of Kansas, through the middle of Indian Territory and Texas. Montana, Idaho, Colorado, and New Mexico all lie west of it; and if the Cherokees were to attempt to-day to claim that "perpetual outlet to the west, and the use of all the country west of" their own, they would be confronted by hundreds of thousands of Texan rangers, New Mexico stockmen, Arizona miners, and California orange growers.

In the north, across Montana and Idaho, — through and beyond the Nez Percés' old country, — immigrants by the thousand are steadily pouring into Oregon and Washington Territory. Two railroads are racing, straining muscles of men and sinews of money, to be first ready to carry this great tide. The grandchildren of the men who are now cutting down primeval pines on the shores of Puget Sound, and on the foothills of Oregon's mountains, will live to see Oregon as thickly settled as Massachusetts, and the shore line of Puget Sound set full of beautiful hamlets and summer homes, like the Mediterranean Riviera.

The foreseeing, forecasting of all this gives a tender, regretful, dreamy flavor to every moment of one's sailing on the Sound. As island after island recedes, and promontory after promontory slips back again into the obscurity of its own sheltering forest shadows, the imagination halts and lingers behind with them, peopling their solitudes, and creating on shore and hill a prophetic mirage of cities to be. Shifting fogs add their capricious illusions and everywhere heighten the mystery and multiply the mirage. These mists are the Puget Sound lottery for voyagers, and, like all lotteries, they deal out many bitter blanks of disappointment to one prize. Scores of travelers cruise for days in the Sound

without once seeing land, except when their boat touches shore. In July and August, what with fogs and smoke from burning forests, a clear day is a rare thing, and navigation, though never dangerous, becomes tiresome enough. "I tell you, you get tired of feelin' your way round here in the fog, in August," said one of the Sound captains to us. "It don't make any difference to me. I can run my boat into Victoria, when I can't see my hand's length before me, just as well's when it's clear sunshine; but it's awful tedious. There's lots of folks come up here, an' go back, and they hain't any more idea o' what the Sound's like than's if they'd sat still in Portland. I always feel real sorry for them. I just hate to see any travelers comin' aboard after August. June's the month for the Sound. You people could n't have done better if you'd been sailin' here all your lives. You've hit it exactly right."

We had, indeed. We had drawn a seven days' prize of fair weather: they were June's last seven. It is only fair to pass on the number of our ticket; for it is the one likeliest to be lucky in any year.

By boat from Portland down the Walamet River into the Columbia, down the Columbia to Kalama, and from Kalama to New Tacoma by rail, is the ordinary dry-weather route from Portland to Puget Sound. Kalama, however, has a habit of ducking under, in the high times of the Columbia River; and at these seasons travelers must push on, northward, till they come to some spot where the railroad track is above water. On this occasion we had to sail well up the Cowlitz River before we reached a place where steam engines could go dry-shod and safe. Thence ninety miles to Tacoma, — ninety miles of half-cleared wilderness; sixteen embryo towns on the way, many of them bearing musical old Indian names: Olequa, Napavine, Newaukum, Cheha-

lis, Seata, Temino. Very poor by contrast with these sounded Centreville, Lake View, and Hillhurst. So, also, it must be confessed, did Skookum Chuck, which is, however, simply another instance of the deteriorating effect on the Indian of intercourse with the whites; Skookum Chuck being a phrase of the barbarous Chinook jargon invented by the Hudson Bay Company, to save themselves the trouble of learning the Indians' languages. Skookum Chuck means "plenty of water," but it sounds like choking to death. There seems an unwitting tribute to the cleverness of the Indians in thus throwing on them the burden of learning a new language, in which to carry on traffic and intercourse.

The town of Tacoma is at the head of Admiralty Inlet. It is half on, half under, bluffs so steep that ladder-like stairways are built to scale them. It fronts east and south. To the east its outlook is over seas and isthmuses of forest lands. Its south horizon is cleft by the majestic snow dome of Mount Rainier. In the west and northwest lie the long Olympic ranges, also snow topped. No town on the Sound commands such sunrises and sunsets on snowy peaks and stretches of sea.

We reached Tacoma at five o'clock in the afternoon. Mount Rainier then was solid white. It loomed up like a citadel of ice nearly three miles high in the air. In less than an hour it had turned from solid white to solid gold. The process seemed preternatural. In many years' familiar knowledge of all the wonders which sunrise and sunset can work on peaks in the Rocky Mountain ranges, I had never seen any such effect. It was as if the color came from within, and not from without; as if the mighty bulwark were being gradually heated from central fires. Still more slowly than it had changed from snow white to gleaming gold, it changed again from the gleaming gold to a luminous

red, like that of live coals. This fiery glow was broken, here and there, by irregular spaces of a vivid dark wine color, wherever rocky ledges cropped out. The spectacle was so solemn that it was impossible to divest one's self of a certain sense of awe. The glow grew hotter and hotter, until it seemed as if fire must burst from it. The whole mountain seemed translucent and quivering with heat. The long northern twilight deepened, but the mountain did not change, unless it were to burn even more fierily in the dimmer light. At last pale ember tints began to creep upward from the base of the peaks, very slowly, — as a burning coal cools when it falls into a bed of warm ashes. These tints grew gray, blue, and finally faded into the true ashy tint of cold embers; gradually they spread over the whole surface of the mountain. At the top, a flicker of the red lingered long, heightening still more the suggestion of slowly cooling fires. The outcropping ledges faded from their vivid wine color to a pale blue, the exact shade of shadows on dead embers; and this also heightened the pallor of the ashy tint on the rest of the mountain.

Two brigs lay at anchor in the Tacoma harbor. Their every mast and spar and rope stood out as if etched on the cold yellow sky in the north. As our boat glided out into the silent, dusky vistas of forest and sea, in the deepening darkness, this network of crossing and countercrossing lines on the sky seemed to have mysterious significance, as if they might belong to a system of preternatural triangulation; wrought by powers of the air, whose colossal beacon we had just seen extinguished.

Next morning, at four o'clock, from our stateroom windows (this plural should be emphasized; for there are not to be found on many waters steamboats which contain staterooms with two windows and double beds, such as are to be found on Puget Sound), — next

morning, from our stateroom windows, at four o'clock, we looked out on one of the characteristic Puget Sound pictures. It glided past, changing each second: terraces and peaks of mountain and cloud; amber against a pale green sky; domes and lines of dark fir forest, a hair line of gold edging each one to the east; here and there a roof or a chimney among the trees; wooded islands sailing into and out of sight in a twinkling, their shadows trailing purple on the water; a cluster of white houses close on the shore; boats drawn up; the tide out, and a stretch of shingle sparkling wet; a beach wall of tall firs a few rods back; a boat pulling over from another dusky shore, opposite and near; sun's rays stealing up ahead of the sun, flashing on the boatman's oars and lighting up every window in the hamlet. Our boat swung round and in, and halted; a man leaped ashore. The silence was so absolute that the commonest act or motion seemed stealthy. As the boat backed out of the inlet, the sun rose from behind a fir forest, and flashed every one of the spear tops into a sort of sudden presenting of arms along the whole sky-line. It was not full sunrise yet in the inlet; but once out in the wider sea, we swept into broad light. In the distance a steamboat and a brig were sailing side by side. The brig took rank with nature at once: no sign of effort about her motion; only a little curl of white water at her bows, like a quiet, satisfied chuckle. For one second her masts cut across the great dome of Mount Rainier, and reaching half-way to its top seemed suddenly to shoot towards the sky. The whole picture, — landing, departure, dawn, sunrise, — all was over and past in less time than its telling takes. The swift beauty of these moments is only an average succession of average moments of which hours are made up, when one sails on Puget Sound.

Our next stop was at Port Gamble.

To reach it, we had sailed twenty-four miles; yet by a road across the promontory it was only eleven miles away from our sunrise halting-place, so much do the winding water roads double on themselves. Port Gamble is, like most of the Puget Sound towns, simply a saw-mill village. It has a population of four hundred people, every man of whom is at work in, or in connection with, the lumber-mills. The village is only a clearing in the shore side of the forest: rough little houses, painted white, with here and there a flower garden. On the wharf sat a handsome Indian woman. Her face was more Egyptian than Indian, and, with its level eyebrows, fine nostrils, and strongly moulded mouth and chin, would have done no discredit to a priestess on the Nile. She was one of the British Columbia Indians; free to come and go where she pleased. The captain of our boat knew her, and said she was very "well off;" her husband worked in the lumber-mills. "She's a British subject, you see," he added. "There can't anybody molest her, 's long's she behaves herself. The British Columbia Indians are a good lot, generally."

"Yes," I replied. "The English government has treated its Indians better than we have ours."

"That's so," said the captain, emphatically. "They don't deceive 'em, in the first place, nor plunder 'em, in the second place."

The air was resonant with shrill saw-mill noises. Lurid smoke, like that from smelting-works, poured up from the fires. The mill itself was a deafening, blinding, terrifying storm of machinery: saws by dozens, upright, horizontal, circular, whirring and whizzing on all sides; great logs, sixty, a hundred feet long, being hauled up, dripping, out of the water, three at a time, by fierce clanking chains, slid into grooves, turned, hung, drawn, and quartered, driven from one end of the building to the other

like lightning, — a whole tree slaughtered, made into planks, laths, staves, blocks, shavings, and sawdust, in the twinkling of an eye.

One hundred and fifty thousand feet of lumber in a day are now turned out in this mill. There is a record of a year when, running day and night, it turned out fifty-four million feet. Its furnaces are fed solely by its own sawdust, automatically poured in in ceaseless streams. But even these cannot consume half the sawdust made; great piles of it, outside, are perpetually burning: night and day, the fires smoulder and blaze, burning up the sawdust and bits of wood, but they cannot keep pace with the mill. Such waste of tons of fuel makes one's heart ache, thinking of the cities full of poor, shivering and freezing every winter.

The most demoniacal thing in the mill was a sort of huge iron nipper, with a head whose shape suggested some grotesque heathen idol. This came up at regular intervals, a few seconds apart, through an opening in the floor, opened its jaws, seized a log, and turned it over; then sank again out of sight, till the next log was ready for turning. There was a fierce and vindictive expression in the intermittent action of this automation, which made it seem like a sentient and malignant demon, rather than a machine.

Sitting with his face sheltered behind a large pane of glass, which was mounted like a screen, sat a man sharpening saws on a big iron wheel, driven by steam. The wheel revolved so swiftly that volleys of blazing sparks flew right and left from the saw teeth. Perhaps nothing could give a stronger impression of the amount of force expended in the mill than the fact that this saw sharpener and his lightning wheel never rest while the mill is going.

Shutting one's eyes and listening attentively to the whirring din, one perceived myriads of fine upper violin notes

in it, and now and then a splendid bass chord, as of a giant violoncello; again, thuds of heavy logs would crash in among the finer metallic sounds, till the sound seemed like the outburst of a colossal discordant orchestra.

Outside the mill were huge booms of logs floating in the water. One might walk over acres of them. They had all come from distant forests on the Sound. The mill companies are too shrewd to cut their own timber, in the vicinity of the mills, yet the company to which this mill belongs is said to own a quarter of a million acres of solid forest; but at present they buy all their logs, most of them from men who cut them under the Timber Act.

The wharves were lined with ships waiting to carry the lumber away. The ships themselves, many of them, had been built on the Sound, at Port Townsend and other ports. Their masts, a hundred feet tall, without knot or blemish, had come from the same forests which had supplied the planks now being stowed ignominiously away in their holds. It was a marvelous sight to see the loading. Each ship was packed many tiers deep with lumber; the hold filled in solid, and the deck piled high. The planks were lifted by a derrick, on the wharf, and shot down, sliding, to the deck.

At the rate trees are being cut down, and lumber shipped away from this region, it is a comparatively simple calculation to reckon how long it will take to strip the country bare. England, France, Australia, China, Japan, and even the Sandwich Islands are using Oregon and Washington pine and fir. The Pacific coast of South America uses little else. Enthusiastic statisticians publish estimates of the vast amounts of standing timber; showing, for instance, that the timber now standing in Washington Territory alone is equal to the consumption of the whole United States during the last hundred years. To the

unthinking American this seems a sufficient ground for dismissing all anxiety on the subject; and he does not pause to establish any connection in his mind between this statement and the fact that the mills on Puget Sound, when all at work, have a cutting capacity of three hundred millions of feet a year, three of them cutting over a hundred thousand feet a day each, and a fourth being put into condition to cut two hundred thousand. Americans are often reproached, and justly, for their lack of reverence for the past; there seems even a greater dishonor in their lack of sense of responsibility for the future.

Leaving Port Gamble, we sailed straight into a cloud of silver radiances; fog banks, sifted and shot through by sun's rays. Ceaselessly shifting and illuminating, retreating and advancing, they wrapped us in a new world, almost more beautiful than that from which they shut us out. Now and then, a weird shape glided past, with warning cries: a steamboat, or a big log boom drawn by a tug. These log booms are among the most picturesque features of the Sound. They are sometimes fifteen hundred feet long and sixty wide, and contain a million feet of lumber. The logs, being all barked, are yellow and glistening; and as the boom sways and curves on the water, the whole surface of it shines like a floor of fluted gold.

At Port Ludlow, another saw-mill town, we stopped opposite a huge water tank, which stood on posts some fifteen or twenty feet high, close to the shore. It was a beautiful instance of nature's readiness to adopt and beautify the barest and baldest things. This rough board tank, just as it stood, dripping water at every crevice, would have been an ornament to any conservatory in the land. From every joint waved grasses and vines; they hung over, nodded and blew into tangles with each breeze. The cross-beams were covered with green moss, and from each side there hung

out plants in blossom: yellow and purple asters, a tall spike of red fireweed in one corner, and myriads of fine white flowers whose name I did not know.

Before ten o'clock we had reached Port Townsend. Entering its harbor, we sailed through the fog wall as through dividing folds of curtains at a doorway. "Never a fog in Port Townsend Harbor," is a saying on the Sound. The town lies on high bluffs, and a prettier village could not be found. We jumped ashore, took a carriage, and saw all of the town which could be seen in fifteen minutes' rapid driving. The houses are wooden, chiefly white, but are bowered in roses and honeysuckles. The white honeysuckle is indigenous to the region and grows with a luxuriance incredible to those who know it only as a cultivated exotic. It was no rare sight here to see a cottage with one side covered, from eaves to ground, by a matted wall of the fragrant blossoms. Port Townsend is a military post, and an air of orderly precision seems to pervade the whole place. The off-look over the Sound is grand: on the one hand the Olympic Mountains, and on the other, Mount Baker and its ranges; between these, countless vistas of inlet and island and promontory.

As we came out of the harbor, the fog stood, an amber wall, across our path. It curved outward at the middle, and as we drove straight on into it, it seemed as if it were bending before us, till it broke, and took us into its silvery centre.

From Port Townsend it is a three hours' run, across the Straits of De Fuca, to Victoria on Vancouver's Island; and here, at one's first step, he realizes that he is on British soil. It is strange that two peoples speaking the same language, holding in the main the same or similar beliefs, can have in their daily living so utterly dissimilar atmospheres as do the Americans and the English. This sharp contrast can nowhere be more

vividly seen than in going from Washington Territory to Vancouver's Island. Victoria is a town which would well repay a careful study. Even in the most cursory glances at it, one sees symptoms of reticent life, a flavor of mystery and leisure, backgrounds of traditionary dignity and hereditary squalor, such as one might go up and down the whole Pacific coast, from San Diego to Portland, and not find. When Victoria is, as it is sure to become, sooner or later, a wide-known summering place, no doubt its byways and highways, its bygone ways and days, will prove mines of treasure to the imagination of some dreaming story-teller. The business part of the town, if one may be pardoned such a misnomer in speaking of its sleepy streets, is rubbishy and littered. The buildings are shabby, unadorned, with no pretense of design or harmony. They remind one of the inferior portions of second-class commercial towns in England, and the men and women in the shops, on doorsteps, and in alley-ways look as if they might have just come from Hull. But once outside this part of the town, all is changed: delightful, picturesque lanes; great meadow spaces full of oaks; knolls of mossy bowlders; old trees swathed in ivy; cottages buried in roses and honey-suckle; comfortable houses, with lawns and hedges, sun-dials and quaint weather-vanes; castle-like houses of stone, with lodges and high walls and driveways; and, to complete the picture, sauntering down the lanes, or driving at stately paces along the perfect roads, nonchalant men and leisurely women, whose nonchalance and leisure could not be outdone or outstared in Hyde Park.

At every turn is a new view of the sea, or a sudden glimpse of some half-hidden inlet or bay. These bursts and surprises of beautiful bits of water are the greatest charm of the place. Driving westward from the town one has the superb Royal Roads harbor on the left for

miles; then, turning to the right, through woods that meet overhead, past fields full of tossing fringes of brakes and thickets of spiræa twenty feet high, he comes suddenly on another exquisite land-locked, unsuspected harbor, — the Esquimault harbor, with its own little hamlet. Skirting around this, and bearing back towards the town again, by a road farther inland, he finds that to reach the town he must cross inlet after inlet. Wooded, dark, silent, amber-colored, they are a very paradise for lovers of rowing; or for lovers of wooing, either, we thought, as we came again and again on a tiny craft, in which two sat with idle oars. At other times, as we were crossing some picturesque stone bridge, a pleasure barge, with gay flags flying, and young men and maidens singing, would shoot out from under it, and disappear around a leafy corner. From every higher ground we could see the majestic wall of the Olympic range rising in the south. The day will come when some painter will win fame for himself by painting this range as seen from Victoria: a solid wall of turquoise blue, with its sky-line fretted and turreted in silver snow, rising abrupt and perpendicular out of a dark green and purple sea. I do not know any mountain range so beautiful or so grandly set. Often its base is wrapped in white mists, which look as if they were crystallized in ripples and ridges, like a field of ice floes. Rising out of these, the blue wall and snowy summits seem lifted into the skies; to have no connection with earth except by the ice-floe belt.

Turning one's back on the sea, and driving northward from the town, one finds a totally new country and expression: little farms of grazing or grain fields, the oats and wheat struggling in a hand-to-hand fight with the splendid, triumphant brakes; stretches of forest so thick their depths are black, and the tree-tops meet above the road. Except for occasional glimpses of blue water

on the right, it would seem as if the sea must be hundreds of miles away. Farmers working in fields, or driving in primitive carts, look as removed from the careless, slatternly shop people in the town as from the gentlemen folks of the stone castles or the cathedral close. Wood roads turn off to right and left, disappearing at once in such obscurity of shadow that they seem little more than cave openings. We followed one of them through miles of tunneled forest, till it was suddenly stopped by a gate, beyond which all that could be seen of road seemed little more than a trail. The lure of an unknown road drew us irresistibly, and we pushed on, over boulders, through spicy, dark hollows of fir forest, winding and climbing, till we saw through the trees a low chimney and a gleam of sea. A few rods more, and we came out on a rocky knoll, where, in a thicket of trees and honeysuckles and roses, stood a tiny cottage, looking out on a sea view which a monarch might have coveted: on the right hand, a wooded cove, running far up into the forest; in front, a broad expanse of blue water, with the great Olympic range rising out of it in the south distance; on the left, a shore-line of wooded points and promontories, as far as the eye could reach, growing more and more dusky, till they melted into the hazy blue of the Cascade range.

It was a Scotch sheep farmer, who had spired about till he found for himself this delectable nook. He had four hundred sheep on the place, and made a living for himself, wife, and four children by selling mutton, wool, and now and then lambs. The sea brought to him all the fish his family could eat, and he had at his back miles of fir forest for fuel. It was never cold in winter, and never hot in summer, he said; and the glossy leaves of a manzanita copse on the crest of his rocky knoll bore witness to the truth of his words. A short distance from shore, just in front of the

house, lay one small island, as if moored. On it was a curious structure of weather-beaten boards, half house, half platform. It was an Indian burial-place. The farmer said the Indians came there, often from a great distance, bringing their dead for burial. They came in fleets of canoes, singing and chanting. Some of the bodies were buried in graves, but chiefs and distinguished warriors were wrapped in their blankets, and laid upon shelves in the house. He had often been tempted, he said, to go over and examine the place; but he thought "may be the Indians would n't like it," and not one of his family had ever set foot on the island. All that they knew of the spot, or of the ceremonies of the funerals taking place there, was what they had been able to see with a glass from their own shore.

There could be nowhere in the world a sharper transition, in a day's journey, than that which we made in going from Victoria to Seattle. Seattle is twenty-seven years old by the calendar, but by record of actual life only six, so that it has all the bustle and stir of a new American town. One can fancy a Victoria citizen being stunned and bewildered on landing at Seattle. Its six thousand people are all aswarm; streets being graded, houses going up, wharves building, steamers loading with coal, and yet blackberry vines, stumps, and wild brakes are to be seen in half the streets.

The town lies on and among high terraces, rising steeply from the shores of the Sound. It fronts west, and has on its distant western horizon the same grand Olympic Mountains which Victoria sees to the south. Between it and them stretch zigzag shores, wooded to the water's edge, and broken by high cliffs and bold promontories. It is rich in other waters, also, having behind it, only two miles away, Union Lake, eight miles long and two wide, connected by a portage of six hundred feet with Washington Lake, which is twenty-eight

miles long and from two to ten wide. These lakes are surrounded by wooded uplands of good soil. When Seattle is a rich commercial city, a terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, these uplands will be the place where Seattle fortunes will be spent in building villas. Already land on these forest ridges commands fifteen hundred dollars an acre; and the charter is granted for a horse-car route, many miles out into what is now unbroken wilderness. Seattle has a university, with three hundred pupils, boys and girls; and a Catholic hospital, to which our driver paid a warm tribute, exclaiming, "Those Catholic sisters are the women I want to have take care of me when I'm sick. They take care of everybody all alike. If a fellow's got money, he must pay; but if he has n't got a cent, they'll take just as good care of him, all the same."

A large part of the present and prospective wealth of Seattle is in coal mines. The principal ones lie twenty miles southeast of the town, in the appropriately named village of Newcastle, to which a narrow-gauge railroad runs out, through a lane of wild syringa, spiræa, black alder, pines and firs. It was like a long gallery of Corots: no tops of trees to be seen, but myriads of vistas of drooping branches and folds of foliage. Linnea vines hung in wreaths and white clover in drifts over the edges and sides of the railroad cuts; so tropical a luxuriance of growth comes even in these northern latitudes from their solid half year of rain.

"It does n't really rain all the time, does it?" I said to a discontented Newcastle woman, who had been complaining of the wet winters.

"Well, if you was to see me hanging out my clo'es Monday morning, an' waitin' till Saturday for 'em to dry, an' then takin' 'em in an' dryin' 'em by the fire, I guess you'd think it rained about all the time," she replied resentfully. "I've lived here goin' on five years, an'

I hain't ever dried a week's wash out-of-doors in the winter time yet, an' I'm sick on 't. To be sure, you can't ever say it's cold. That's one comfort."

Newcastle is a grimy huddle of huts on the sides of a pocket of hillside and forest: huts above huts; stumps above stumps; handfuls of green grass among patches of rocks; bits of palings; labyrinths of goat paths from hut to hut; strips of stairways here and there, to the houses of the more ambitious; wooden chimneys of rough planks built aslant against the houses' outside walls; coal heaps; heaps of refuse; blackened cars drawn by mules; miners running hither and yon, sooty as imps, each with a lurid flame burning in a tin tube on his cap visor,—the scene was weird and horrible. A small white chapel stood on one of the highest ridges: it took a stairway of twenty-two steps to reach it, but the bottom stair was above most of the chimneys of the village. I sat down on this staircase and looked with dismay over the place. Presently there came hobbling by an old woman, leaning on a cane; with her, an agile, evil-faced little boy, who was evidently kept by her side much against his will. I did not need to hear her speak to know that she was English. English squalor, especially if it have once been respectability, is even more instantaneously recognizable than English finery: carpet shoes; a dingy calico gown; a red knit shawl; a black velvet bonnet, a score of years old, the crown shirred in squares and gray with dust; a draggled feather atop of still more draggled and rusty lace; in the front a velvet braid, of three separate shades of brown which had once been red; a burnt-out old frizette of brown hair,—all this above a pitiful aged face, bright hazel eyes, full of nervous irritability and wan sorrow. It was long since I had seen such a study.

A glance was all the invitation she needed to sit down by my side, and begin to pour out her tale. She had come

up to Newcastle from Renton, for her "elth."

"And how far is Renton?"

"Wull, ye'll coam from Renton to this for forty cents."

I was struck by the novelty of this method of estimating distance. The rich reckon it by hours; the poor, it seems, by cents.

She was born in Staffordshire, England, where she lived till she was forty years old. Her first husband was a collier. "Ee was a vary 'eavy man. An' he made too much blood. For five years 'ee was a makkin too much blood; an' the doctors said it 'u'd be good for 'im to go to America. Else I'd never have gone. 'T was for that I brought 'im. I did not start till I was turned forty. Oh, I've 'ad troubles! Ay, the oops and downs in this life! Ye doan know what ye'll live through with.

"I lost five children a-cuttin' teeth, a-runnin', at fourteen months each; an' then their father was killed, too, an' that was worse than the children.

"It was agen all my prayers that 'ee went in the mine that day. I'd a bad dream: an' I said to 'im, Now I've 'ad a dream; an' if ye go in the mine 't ull be your grave ye goin' into; an' afore night he was dead. There was nineteen others killed, too. It was a coal mine; a slaughter mine, — that's what it was, by rights."

This was in Virginia; in the coal mines in the southern part of the State. She soon married again, and with her second husband was keeping a country store, and earning money fast, when, only three months before the war broke out, their store burned down, without insurance.

"We wa'n't like a many folks," she said, "not payin' our debts because we was burned out. We paid up every dollar we owed, an' had enough money left to take us back to England for a visit. I was n't ever afraid o' my hands. I was as liberal to work as if it was to

airn a fortune. I was always a singin' to my work like a nartingale."

When they returned to America they joined a party of English emigrants to Vancouver's Island, and her husband went into the mines there. But misfortune did not quit its hold of her. In an accident in a mine, her husband was injured by falling beams, so that he could never again do heavy work, and all of her children died except the youngest.

"There's a great pleasure with havin' children," she said, "an' there's a great trouble to lose 'em; but I've lived to thank the Lord that he took mine as he did. It's a wicked world for 'em to coam through. There was three men was lynched down at Seattle last week. It's trew they'd done a murder; but I think they s'u'd 'a' 'ad the right o' the good law. When I heered it, it made me sick. I was a-thinkin' they'd got mothers, mabbe, 'an if a woman was to 'ear that she'd a child to be lynched that way, it 'u'd be the finishin' of her; an' 'art-breakin' thing, to be sure."

She rambled on and on, with such breaks in her narrative, in time and sequence, that it was almost incoherent; every now and then she would sink into half soliloquy, with a recurrence of ejaculations, as if she were her own Greek chorus. Her "Ay, ay, I've 'ad troubles," reminded me of Carlyle's too late, poignant "Ay, de' me."

She is seventy-three years old. Her husband is seventy-nine. He earns two dollars a day in a mine.

"Ah," said I cheerfully. "That gives you sixty dollars a month. That is a comfortable income."

"Na! na!" she said sharply, — "na sixty dollars: there's but six days to the week. There's nobody belonging to me 'ull do Sunday work. Sunday work's no good. No luck comes o' Sunday work," and she gazed sternly up at the sky as she reiterated the words. "I'm o' the Wesleyans," she continued, half defiantly.

"That is a very good religion," I replied, in a conciliatory voice.

"You bet it is!" she exclaimed with sudden vivacity, — "you bet it is! If you do as they say, you'll be all right."

When I bade her good-by, she sighed heavily, and said, —

"Well, good-day to ye. I wish ye luck, where 's' ever ye're goin'. I expect ye've a deal o' pleasure in yer life, but it's a hard world to coam through before yer done with it;" and with a petulant, unsmiling nod she turned away.

In Carbonado, another colliery village on the Sound, thirty miles south of Tacoma, we found the same grimy desolation as in Newcastle. Blackened stumps, half-burnt logs, bowlders, piles of waste rubbish, met one at every turn. But there was an expression of cheer and life in the place; and huge play-bills, all over the town, announcing an entertainment by the "Carbonado Minstrel Club," gave evidence of an astonishing knack at mirthfulness under difficulties. The programme was a droll one; a first and second part, with orchestra overtures before and between, a "conversationalist in the centre" — whatever that may mean, — an "opening chorus," a farce at the end, and Professor John Brenner's string band, to be "engaged for dancing after the performance at reasonable rates."

"Shouting Extraordinary," by Charlie Poole, and a "comic song, Baby's got the Cramp, by Dan Davis," were among the attractions of the second part of the entertainment; the price of admission, fifty cents for adults and half price for children.

We had run out from Tacoma to Carbonado on a special train. As we drew near the station, I saw a girl, ten or eleven years old, racing down the hill at full speed, her sunbonnet flying off her head. As we stepped out of our box car, she looked at us with supreme contempt.

"Well, I did get fooled!" she exclaimed. "I thought you was the mail!"

Her curiosity as to our errand in Carbonado was great, and took expression in an exuberant hospitality.

"Why did n't you come up to see us Friday?" she said. "We're going to have a review in school Friday, and spell down. We spelled down last Friday, too."

"Did you beat the whole school?" I asked.

"No. Si Hopkins, he spelled the word, — spelled me down. Teacher's going to spell the whole school down next time on a new word, — shoddish."

"Shoddish!" I exclaimed. "There is not any such word in the English language."

"There is too!" she replied dauntlessly. "I've got it written down, but I can't learn it to save me. It's a kind o' dance, or something o' that sort."

"Oh! Schottisch," I said.

"Yes, that's it," she nodded: "it's the name of a dance. Teacher's seen it, she says. I know I'll get spelled down on it, though: it's a real mean word to spell. There ain't any sense in it. I'll take you up to the school, to see teacher," she added eagerly. "She'll be real glad to see you. She just let me run 'down to the train when we heard the whistle. We thought 't was the mail. That's Battle Row," she continued, pointing to a sort of alley of board shanties, evidently chiefly drinking saloons. "There's a fight there every day, most. We don't go down there, any of us, if we can help it. I'd be ashamed to live anywhere near there. It's just rightly named. My mother says she'd like to see it burned down any night. We did like to all burn up here, three weeks ago. Did you hear about it? Well, it was just awful. We had all the things out o' our house; and lots o' the neighbors did, too. The fire

ain't out yet. You can see it smoking there, in the edge of the timber."

This, then, explained a part of the blackened desolateness of the little hamlet. The wall of fir forests which had seemed its protection had proved its dire danger. A belt of charred trees, gaunt as a forest of ebony masts, showed where the fires had blazed along, and come near sweeping away the village.

"It was well the wind went down when it did," the little maid continued sagely. "I expect if it had n't, you would n't have found any of us here. It was just as hot's anything, all round; an' you could n't get your breath."

Looking around, one realized the terrible danger of forest fires in such a spot. The little village was walled on three sides by a forest of firs and cedars, from one hundred to three hundred feet high; and we had come through miles of such forests, so dense that only a few feet back from their outer edge the shade became darkness impenetrable by the eye. There is a sombre splendor about these dark forests of giant trees, which it would be hard to analyze, and impossible to render by any art. Language and color alike fall short of expressing it.

The school was in a rough boarded room which had been originally built for a store. The hats, bonnets, books, and slates were piled on the shelves, and the thirty children sat on high benches, their feet swinging clear of the floor. There was not a robust or healthy-faced child in the room, and their thin, pale cheeks were a sad commentary on the conditions of their lives. Later in the day, as I walked from home to home, and saw everywhere slow-trickling streams of filthy water, blue, iridescent, and foul-odored, I wondered not that the children were pale, but that they were alive. The history class was reciting a memorized list of "epochs," when I went in. They had them at their tongues' ends. I suggested to the

teacher to ask them what the word "epoch" meant. Blank dismay spread over their faces. One girl alone made answer. She was an Indian, or perhaps half-breed, fourteen years of age; the healthiest child and the best scholar in the school, the teacher said. "The time between," was her prompt definition of the word epoch, given with a twinkle in her eye of evident amusement that the rest did not know what it meant. The first class in reading, then read from the Fourth Independent Reader, in stentorian voices, Trowbridge's poem of *The Wonderful Sack*. The effect of slight changes of a single letter here and there was most ludicrously illustrated by one sturdy little chap's delivery of the lines,

"His limbs were strong,
His beard was long."

With loud and enthusiastic emphasis he read them,

"His lambs were strong,
His bread was long."

Not a member of the class changed countenance, or gave any sign of disagreeing with his interpretation of the text; and the teacher, being engaged in herculean efforts to keep the poor little primary bench still, failed to hear the lines.

As soon as school was out, most of the children went to work carrying water. The only water in the village is in a huge tank behind the engine-house. From this each family must draw its supply. It was sad to see children not over six or seven years old lugging a heavy pail of water in each hand.

"I've got all the wash-water to carry this afternoon," said my little guide; "so I've got to be excused from school. My mother did n't wash to-day, because she wa'n't well. Most always we get the wash-water Sundays."

"You'll be sure to go down the incline, won't you," she added; "that's splendid. I'd just like to go up an' down in that car all the time. It's

the nicest thing here. I expect that's what you all came for, wa'n't it? There's lots o' folks come out from Tacoma just to go down in it. There ain't another like it in the whole country," she added, with a superb complacence. "You be sure an' go down, now."

It was indeed a fine shoot down, on a nearly perpendicular steel-railed track, over a thousand feet, to the bed of the river, on the banks of which are the openings of the mines. The coal is drawn, and the miners go up and down in cars, on this seemingly perilous track. There is no other way down. The river is a glacial stream, and dashes along, milky white, between its steep banks. On the narrow shore rims is a railway, along which cars are drawn by mules, from mine to mine, crossing the river back and forth. In a distance of some three or four miles, there are a dozen galleries and shafts. The supply of coal is supposed to be inexhaustible; a most convenient thing for the Central Pacific Railroad, which owns it.

It was a weird ride at bottom of this chasm: the upper edges lined thick with firs and cedars; the sides covered with mosses and ferns and myriads of shrubs, red columbines and white spiræas, with blossom plumes a foot and a half long, — everything dripping and sparkling with the river foam and the moisture from innumerable springs in the rocks. Bob, the handsome mule that drew us over the road, deserves a line of history. He has spent three years jogging up and down this river bed. His skin is like brown satin, and his eyes are bright; he knows more than any other mule in the world the miners think. He knows all their dinner pails by sight, and can tell which pails have pie in them. Pie is the only one of human foods which Bob likes. Hide their dinner pails as they may, the miners cannot keep pie away from Bob, if he is left loose. "He 'll go through a row o' dinner pails in a jiffy, and jest clean out

every speck o' pie there is there; an' he won't touch another thing, sir," said his driver with fond pride.

The Carbonado picture I shall remember longest is of a little five-year-old mother; just five, the oldest of four. She sat in a low rocking-chair, holding her three months' old sister, looking down into her face: cooing to her, chucking her under the chin, laughing with delight, and exulting at each response the baby made.

"I can't hardly get the baby out of her arms," said the mother. "She's always been that way, ever since she was born. She takes care of all three o' the others. I don't know what I'd ever ha' done without her. She don't seem to want anything else, if she can just get to hold the baby."

"Oh, look at her! look at her!" exclaimed the child, pointing to the baby's face, over which a vague smile was flitting. "I just did so to her" (making a little comic grimace), "and she laughed back! She really did, just like we do."

After all, values in human life are the same; conditions make less difference than we think, and much of the pity we spend on Newcastles and Carbonados is wasted. I am not sure that I have ever seen on any child's face such a look of rapturous delight as on this little mother's; and I make no doubt that if we could have stayed to hear Charlie Poole's Shouting Extraordinary at the minstrel club's entertainment we should have seen an audience as heartily gay as any at the best show Paris could offer.

Our last Puget Sound day was made memorable by the sight of a sunrise on Mount Rainier. At quarter before four o'clock the distant south horizon of Tacoma was shut out by walls of rose-colored clouds. These presently opened, floated off, and disclosed Mount Rainier, its eastern slope rose red, its western pale blue. One white cloud lingered at the summit, blowing like a pennant, to

the west; the rose red changed to gold, — gold which seemed molten, as it streamed slowly down the mountain side; then it changed back to rose red again, as the sky grew yellower and yellower; next, three oval barges of gold swam out in the east, as if the sun were coming by sea; the forest lines were black as night; the stretches of water, first silvery, then gray, then crossed with golden bars; then the sky turned to opaline lavender, the woods went blue, the water blazed out red; a great column of light shot across from shore to shore; and the sun rose. On the instant, the whole mountain turned white again, calm and impassive, as though it had had no share in the pagantry of the last half hour.

The Indian name of Mount Rainier

was Tacoma: meaning, according to some, "snow mountain;" according to others, "heart food," or "breast food." One catches a glimpse through the clumsy English phrase of a subtly beautiful idea, and a sentiment worthy of the mountain and of the reverential Indian nature. It is a shame to abandon the name. Retaining it for the town is a small atonement for stealing it from the mountain. There seems a perverse injustice in substituting the names of wandering foreigners, however worthy, and however enterprising in discovery, for the old names born of love, and inspired by poetry we know not how many centuries ago; names sacred, moreover, as the only mementoes which, soon, will be left of a race that has died at our hands.

H. H.

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE following letter throws a good deal of light on the point of view from which many members of Congress regard the civil service:—

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., December 11, 1879.

MISS —, I promised you, last spring, that I would advise you of the fact when I desired your place for one of my people. In compliance with that promise I now respectfully notify you that I shall take steps to have you removed, as a representative from my district.

Very truly, etc., —.

This is the frank letter of a frank man who was serving his first term as a member of the House of Representatives; he is now (October, 1882) a candidate for a third term. The letter was written to a woman clerk in one of the most important bureaus of the Treasury Department. The chief of the bureau

said that she was one of the best clerks he had. She was not removed, because the heads of the bureau and division in which she still serves did not permit it. They knew her value, and, fortunately, the congressman had not then obtained power enough to do as he desired, without regard to the wishes of the treasury officers.

The letter shows how completely members of Congress are possessed of the belief that they have the appointing power. It is not exceptional doctrine that this frank writer advances. It is held by almost all of his colleagues in the legislative branch of the government, and the executive himself submits to it, except when he has friends to reward; or, rather, when he has no enemies to punish. It is the exception when the President insists on his right to appoint and remove government employees as he may desire, and without regard to mem-

bers of Congress. Generally, when he asserts himself, the member of Congress who is interested is thought to deserve executive wrath. Congressmen look upon the clerkships of the government as belonging to them, each one having a certain allotment to be distributed among the influential needy of his constituents. The member who wrote the letter jumped over one step in the process of removing a clerk which the *opéra bouffe* decorum prevailing in Washington makes essential. Probably he would not now be guilty of such an indiscretion as to write directly to a clerk, ordering the dismissal of one who is ostensibly another person's subordinate. He knew the accepted theory, which has for its support a law portioning out the clerkships of the Treasury Department among the several States, but he was too new in Congress to realize that there are appearances to be kept up. His open avowal of his purpose to do what he would with his own was a great mistake. If he had begun his work privately with the assistant secretary or his appointment clerk, the chances are that he would have succeeded. The heads of the department undoubtedly recognized that he was attempting to do only what he had a right to do, but they could not consent to be accomplices to his blunt way of going to work.

The interest taken by congressmen in securing appointments for constituents appears to be looked upon as something extraordinary. It is not extraordinary, however; it is perfectly natural employment for a good many of the men who are made members of the House of Representatives. The members themselves are the creatures of the spoils system, and their political vision is bounded by it. They know of no way to keep a political party in existence except by the distribution of clerkships. I have known three congressmen to devote half a day to urging the head of a bureau to remove a democrat

from an unimportant place, and to appoint a republican in his stead. The place paid the man who filled it about fifty cents a day. This undoubtedly seems a waste of time to the business men of our great cities. It was not; if these congressmen had not been giving their energies to this fifty-cent place, they might have been seeking the removal of some really competent person from an important position in the government service. After one of this class of congressmen has done asking for places and pensions, and attending to private claims, and getting his district's streams into the river and harbor bill, he has nothing to do. The real evil of our present civil service, in this respect, is not that such congressmen are prevented from attending to more important duties, but that the spoils system finds mischievous employment for men who ought not to be members of Congress, or who, being members, ought to have nothing to do. Good men, of course, are hampered by the system, and lose time that is important to them and to their constituents by reason of the demands made by people who are in search of places for themselves or for friends of "the party." Good men, however, are, as a rule, in favor of a reform of the civil service that shall take appointments and removals, and all the clerical machinery of the government, out of politics.

Although, as the letter printed at the beginning of this article indicates, congressmen regard clerical positions as their own property, they do not consider themselves the sole or the absolute owners. The real proprietor is the party. The leading purpose moving members of Congress in appointing persons to places is to benefit the political organization to which they belong, and to which they are indebted for their election. They are simply trustees for their respective factions. Their appointments and removals are made for the

purpose of strengthening the party. As they must necessarily be the ultimate judges of what will benefit the party, however, they generally decide in favor of what will help themselves. They are, in a word, permitted some latitude in making their selections of persons, provided that, in the main, they consider the interests of the party. How far removed this new theory is from the old-fashioned doctrine that the government is to be administered for the good of the whole country, and that a member of the minority party is as much interested in the government as one of the majority, it is unnecessary to discuss.

As the party in power owns the clerkships for its own advantage, it follows that congressmen are not the only trustees of this power. Congressmen look after the local interests of the organization, but the larger affairs have to be taken care of by men who stand on the higher plane of executive office. The President and members of the cabinet consider the national concerns of the party. They act sometimes with the advice of members of Congress, but at other times they are obliged to take matters into their own hands. As an illustration of this may be mentioned the fact that, not many years ago, a cabinet officer sent to his appointment clerk a direction to create twenty-one vacancies. The clerk sent back the answer that it would be extremely difficult to find so many people in the department who ought to be discharged. The secretary was annoyed by this answer, and sent a peremptory order to the clerk that the vacancies must be made; adding that he had twenty-one people for whom he must find places. The clerk, thus compelled, discharged the required number of persons arbitrarily, not considering their merits or demerits, or the length of their service. The secretary was obeyed. He was soon afterward the candidate for the presidential nomination of a large number of the best people of his

party, whom he had deluded into believing him a civil service reformer, although he was constantly denouncing the civil service reform movement as a humbug, and this to his subordinates in the department.

The story of the management of one of the great departments of the government during a recent administration shows the evils attending the civil service in all their grossness. Unfortunately for himself, perhaps unfortunately for his desires, the head of the department had been placed under obligations to some of the worst politicians in the country, who followed him persistently and openly to the end of his term of office, demanding recognition and rewards for partisan work more degrading than had ever before been done in the country. Under the administration of which the secretary was a member, each cabinet officer was at liberty to do as he wished in the matter of the appointment and removal of his subordinates. This fact does not relieve the President from responsibility for an open and flagrant abuse of the appointing power, but it takes from the secretary every pretense of excuse for the manner in which he conducted this part of the business of his department. During his term of office, the spoils system flourished vigorously. The business of the department was conducted by a few overworked clerks, the retention of whom was made necessary by the idleness and incapacity of the majority. Men and women knew that efficiency had little to do with the keeping of their places, and that they might draw pay from the government as long as they retained their influence.

As no test of their real intellectual capacity had been made when they were appointed, comparatively few could render themselves worthy of promotion. The lowest grade became choked with people who had just enough intelligence to perform its humble duties, while the

higher grades were crippled. Whenever congressional elections were about to take place, a panic seemed to seize the clerks. They were apprehensive lest their "influence" should be defeated, and they turned out of place. They robbed themselves and their families by paying political assessments from their small salaries. Not only were assessment papers circulated through the department, but the party collector was even permitted to sit in the room where the clerks received their pay, and to demand the percentages due to the political brigands who managed the campaign and the campaign fund. There were stories of actual distress published in the newspapers, caused by this robbery of the clerks and servants of the government; of sick women going without necessary medical attendance; of house-rent unpaid and food unbought; and of loss of employment by men who refused to pay assessments, — all this in order that money might be raised to send into "doubtful districts." The true story of the sufferings resulting from assessment circulars of campaign committees would excite the sympathy even of the men whose seats in Congress have been obtained with the proceeds of the plunder. But in all the years during which this great evil has been in existence, the clerks and watchmen and messengers and laborers have had no official to speak for them; and notwithstanding all the fine promises made by party platforms and in inaugural addresses, in messages to Congress and even in statutes, they have never yet had a protector strong enough to defend them from political extortion.

The spoils system increased the force employed in the department beyond its requirements. When the complement was full in the regular bureaus, places were made for unprovided-for henchmen in one of two bureaus, the number of employees of which is not limited by statute, — or rather, by statute con-

structions. An illustration of the needless increase of force is furnished by the action of the head of one of the bureaus of the department at the time he entered upon the duties of his office. Although the work of his bureau was then as great as it had ever been in the history of the department, he cut down its clerical force twenty-five per cent.; and he would have cut it down still more, had not members of Congress protested so strongly that he was compelled to desist. He was reducing too much the amount of patronage.

The secretary seemed to make an effort in the direction of civil service reform after he had been in the cabinet about a year. He appointed a commission of clerks to report to him a plan by which employees should be promoted from the lower to the higher grades, the promotion in each case to be given to the clerk standing highest in a competitive examination. At least one of the members of the commission was and still is one of the best men in the department, and is, as it is safe to say all the best men are, in favor of civil service reform. The plan agreed upon was precisely in accordance with the terms of the secretary's order, but that gentleman had grown conservative after appointing the commission. He examined the report, and made his comment in writing; and, although the commission simply provided a method for carrying out his own direction, that no one should be promoted from a lower to a higher grade unless he or she should stand highest in a competitive examination, his reply was that he hardly thought he was prepared to make so radical a change as that suggested. He, however, promised to make use of the plan whenever, "in the opinion of the secretary, the public interest demanded." Under this specious and convenient phrase, the spoils system was permitted to flourish, undisturbed by competitive examination or by any intellectual test,

except that made by members of Congress themselves.

Some interesting facts of this administration ought to become part of the history of the civil service reform movement. In its second year, this secretary dismissed four women from clerkships in his most important bureau, and appointed four others to fill their places. One only of the four was known to the head of the bureau. Of the four removed, he stated, in a communication to the secretary, that one was the most industrious woman clerk in her division, and that another "merited promotion, if ability, faithfulness, and efficiency were considered." These removals and appointments, however, but aggravated an offense begun with the administration. Until then, it is believed, it had been the unbroken custom for the head of the bureau to nominate all his clerks. This official made a vigorous protest. In a long and very strong letter to the secretary, he took the ground that he should be permitted to select his own subordinates. He called the secretary's attention to the fact that he was bonded in the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and that his bond was given, among other things, "for the fidelity of the persons to be by him employed." He pertinently asked, "Can an officer, so bound, consent that others, for any reason, should select for him his employees, who would be bound by gratitude to the one who selects, leaving the bonded officer responsible alone?" And he added, with a force that cannot help meeting the approval of business men, "Indeed, I do not believe that sureties could be found to join in an official bond with an appointee to this office, were it known to them that the employees, for whose fidelity he and they are by law held responsible, were to be selected without reference to his recommendation." He urged that it was "destructive of the discipline of the office to make appointments

otherwise" than on his recommendation; that "such changes in the force as have been made in the last year and ten months tend to unsettle the confidence of employees that the stability of their appointments depends in any degree upon their efficiency and faithfulness in the performance of their duties; and . . . it certainly cannot be sound practice that [the head of the bureau] should be made responsible for the official conduct of the employees, while having no voice in their selection." He closed by referring to the fact that the appointments in the department were actually made, not by the secretary, but by an assistant secretary; and he suggested that "the head of this office has equal facilities with any subordinate official for forming a judgment as to the character of the employees required."

This paper was referred to the assistant secretary, who actually made the appointments, and who was a machine politician of the worst class. The answer prepared by him argued that the head of the bureau had not the legal power to make appointments,—a power never asserted, but, on the contrary, expressly disclaimed. The secretary's reply was in better temper, but he evaded the question at issue. He insisted on his power to make all appointments, but said that the head of the bureau might object, and that his objections ought to be heeded by the secretary, if that official, in the exercise of a "wise discretion," considered the objections "well founded." The secretary's letter closed as follows:—

"There can be no objection to the [head of the bureau] nominating persons whom he may think proper to fill vacancies, but it cannot be conceded that such nomination is a condition precedent to appointment, or that an objection of the [head of the bureau] to a person appointed shall be fatal, if held by the secretary to be unreasonable." In other words, and as further events

demonstrated, the secretary proposed to do as he would concerning appointments to the clerkships in the bureau.

The reply to the secretary simply pointed out the errors into which the assistant secretary had fallen, and restated the bureau chief's position. How far the objections which the secretary invited availed against the appointment of improper persons to clerkships may be judged from the following instances: A woman was named for a place in the bureau, the duties of which involved the counting of money. The chief knew that in the secretary's office there were papers showing that the woman had been imprisoned in a penitentiary for forgery; had betrayed to a gang of counterfeiters some detectives, to aid whom she had been employed; and had been, generally, a woman of bad character. The chief called the attention of the secretary to these important facts and to his invitation, and objected to her appointment. The only concession that the secretary would consent to make was that she should not fill the place for which she was first selected. He gave her another position, however, and afterward promoted her. Just as he was leaving office, he sent another woman to the bureau. Her duties were to be clerical, but she could not write legibly, nor spell correctly, even when she was copying from printed matter. The envelopes directed by her are still preserved as masterpieces of ignorance. The chief objected to her appointment; but the secretary insisted, and she had to be retained.

These facts show what can happen under the spoils system. A long and weary list of similar facts — similar in character, if not so exaggerated in degree — might be given. But that such outrages as these may be perpetrated under the forms of law ought to be sufficient to demonstrate the necessity of an immediate change. It may be, as politicians seem to assert, that their race

will always remain so impure that such offenses will continue to be committed even against the law; but the time to make the trial has surely come. The burglar plies his vocation notwithstanding the law, but that is not thought a reason for repealing the statutes against burglary.

Congressmen now violate the law by assuming the functions of the appointing power which the constitution gives to the executive, and they debauch the civil service by refusing to establish a system which will prevent their infringement of this fundamental law. How far they go in taking from the President his undoubted rights is shown by the letter which begins this article; how far its connection with party politics is injurious to the service is shown by the examples of abuses which have been given.

An experience of many years with the departments in Washington must convince an honest observer that the evil which is farthest reaching, because most common, can be cured by competitive examination alone. This evil is the lack of material in the lower grades of the service for promotion to the higher. This is a more dangerous because more insidious evil than the appointment of grossly incompetent persons. If that were as common as it is popularly supposed to be, it would in time cure itself. Naturally, most appointments are made to the first-class, or lowest, clerkships, and into these places members of Congress thrust the followers for whom they feel compelled to provide. It is not true that they do not take the intelligence of the appointees into account. The trouble is that they are satisfied with competency for the actual work that is required of first-class clerks. That work does not call for much intelligence. Any one who can write legibly, and who can spell well enough not to make gross errors in copying, is able to satisfy the principal

demands made upon first-class clerks. A congressman thinks his duty to the government discharged when he has ascertained that his constituent has just enough intelligence and training to perform the lowest duties that will be required of him. Congressmen are not half so bad as some of the reformers make them appear. No one of them would, as a matter of fact, take an "end man" of a negro minstrel troupe to the Secretary of the Treasury, and ask for his appointment to a clerkship, on the ground of his being the best comic singer and the best story-teller in the country. Congressmen have a higher respect for genius than this. The "end man" might be recommended for a diplomatic position, but never for a clerkship. The man who will be urged for the clerkship will, in all probability, be one who has never been able to rise above a six or seven hundred dollar position in a country grocery store, and to whom a twelve hundred dollar government place means almost undreamed-of wealth. He is perfectly competent, however, to do the work that is expected of him. Of course, he will not actually do it, because he is lazy, and, as he is appointed through congressional influence, he will hold his place, not by merit and industry, but by the same means that obtained him his clerkship. He has nevertheless the intellectual capacity to do the work of his desk. The great difficulty is that he has not the capacity to deserve promotion. This is the first sore spot in our civil service. If congressmen really secured the appointment of men because they were banjo players or comic singers, or simply because they distributed tickets at the polls, the present bad system would very soon break down, because the service itself would be destroyed. The evil would cure itself by its own enormity. As it is, congressional dealers in patronage can truly ask, "Do we, as a rule, recommend men for first-class clerkships who are not com-

petent to perform the duties required of them?" The answer must be that they do not, as a rule, select persons who cannot perform the easy duties of first-class clerks. It might be better if they did. Now, at least, they have a mask for the evils of the system which they insist upon preserving.

The injury that the spoils system does to the service is felt in the higher grades of clerkships. Almost any head of a department or bureau will say that the only way in which the higher clerical positions can be filled properly is by promotion from the lower grades. Intelligent men and women, who begin as first-class clerks, and who do their work industriously and conscientiously, have an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the manner of conducting business in the department generally, such as no outside person can have. When, however, the majority of the first-class clerks are persons without any capacity for improvement, promotion to the higher grades cannot go on as rapidly as it ought. Places must be left unfilled until congressmen have some really good men to be put in training in first-class clerkships; or else persons must be assigned directly to the higher clerkships, and time must be taken by the heads of bureaus or divisions to give necessary instruction in the duties to be performed. In either event, the service is crippled, because by the present method of appointment the intelligence of applicants for clerkships is not determined. This is not a picture of the imagination. The Treasury Department has long been an illustration. It is suffering now, as it has been for years, because of the lack of proper material in the lowest grade of clerks, from which to secure the needed experts.

The trouble lies in the test of intelligence applied, and in the character of tenure. Congressmen say that they can make the best selections, for they know the applicants. This is one of

the fictions of the spoils system. If the truth were known, it would doubtless be discovered that very few of the persons recommended for appointment to clerkships are personally known to the senators or members who vouch for them. Those who ask for clerkships are not generally the political workers, with whom the member from the district comes in contact. They are more likely to be dependent relatives or thriftless friends of the workers, and their appointment is demanded as a return for services that have been rendered the congressman. The inquiry made by the latter discovers just enough to make it certain that the applicant is not unfit for a position just above that of watchman or messenger. In addition, the meagre and unsatisfactory pass examination comes to the help of the government. What John Stuart Mill said was true of it in England is also true of it here: "It is merely adequate to exclude dunces." The worthlessness of these examinations has so long been recognized by all who know anything of the civil service that it is unnecessary to discuss them. Briefly, they may be said, when they are used, to complete the congressional test, and to determine fitness for first-class clerkships, without discovering any capacity for growth or improvement.

It is a common remark among politicians that the test imposed by competitive examination lacks one essential element, and that is the power to discover the business talents of applicants for clerkships. The implication that business talents are needed is very amusing to those who are familiar with government clerks as a class. Clerks and men of affairs are different kinds of beings. If the men who seek clerkships in government offices were possessed of the talents that make successful business men, they would not be content to earn small salaries for recording what is done by the executive heads of their

departments. The late President Garfield once said that what struck him most forcibly, in going through the Treasury Department, was the noticeable lack of back-head among the clerks. Most of the men who find employment under the government, as clerks, are persons who have failed in their efforts to make a living in business pursuits, or who have never had the energy or the self-confidence to make the attempt to carry on affairs for themselves. As a rule, they belong to the numerically large class of beings whose work in life is to see that the fruits of enterprise and intelligence are preserved after they have been plucked by stronger men. They are the book-keepers, and copyists, and voucher guardians of the world. At least, that is what the government expects most of them to be. A very few of them deal directly with men in a way to demand such a knowledge of human nature as will enable them to protect the interests of the government; but most of the persons whose duty it is to make contracts, to govern and regulate the conduct of minor employees, — in short, to be executive officers, — are not those who would be affected by the proposed reform of the civil service. No intelligent reformer desires to bring officers of the government within the rules proposed for the regulation of appointments and promotions to clerkships. The effort that is now making is directed simply to providing a better method for securing clerks, — persons who are not in any sense in official life. They are merely the assistants of those holding office. They decide nothing. They advise nothing. They have no power. They administer no laws. They are no more officers of the government than are the fingers and pen of the head of the bureau or division whom they serve.

It is true that many of the clerks in government employ consider themselves in office, and speak of themselves as office-holders. It is common enough to

hear women clerks, whose sole duty it is to copy letters, or other manuscript, for the printer, say that they are "in office." The fact, however, that these people thus indulge their vanity, or that they misconceive their own status, can make no difference. It cannot change them from what they are,—the implements with which their official superiors perform the duties required by law. The habit of looking on them as office-holders, however, has been the cause of a good deal of embarrassment to civil service reform. There is a vast difference between the honors of office and the place of a clerk; and the argument in favor of the purchase, by the government, of the clerical services of a man or a woman because of his political beliefs or her congressional "influence" reaches its absurd but logical conclusion when it is used in favor of a certain kind of pen, or a particular brand of paper. The active politician who has wriggled into Congress has, however, just as much right to complain because his friend's pens or paper are not bought on his recommendation as he has to fly into a passion because a certain set of fingers, also recommended by him, are not hired to use the pens and paper. The clerk is no more an officer of the government than are the tools with which he does his work.

The talk about business qualifications of first-class clerks is simply one of the refuges of a weak cause. Almost the first thing a politician does, when a project for supplanting the spoils system is presented to him, is to look about for an argument against it. What he is after is only something to say in opposition. It does not matter how absurd he may be. If he has only a formula to repeat, that satisfies him, and he clings to it obstinately and doggedly, because he has determined never to give in. This talk about the business talents is one of the formulæ. It should be borne in mind that, under the reform proposed in Sen-

ator Pendleton's bill,—which embraces what the reformers are agreed upon,—no one is to receive a permanent appointment until after a probation of several months, and appointments are to be made to the lowest, or first-class, clerkships. This makes the "business capacity" argument apply to these low-grade clerks.

Of course the men who develop business capacity in doing their clerical work will have a chance for promotion to executive places, under almost any system. They have it even under the wretched system that now obtains. There is no better illustration of this than that afforded by the experience of the very able treasurer of the United States, who has risen to his present office from a first-class clerkship. There are men in every department of the government who, like him, have risen to high administrative office through the sheer force of their own characters; and in almost every instance they have developed and given evidence of their capacity by the discharge of their duties in lower positions in the various departments to which they have been attached. These men receive promotion because the business of the departments would be almost fatally crippled without them. The rewards given for good service and intelligent work under the spoils system are very few. They are just what are absolutely necessary to enable the civil service to accomplish anything at all. Even the few expert men who are retained are occasionally attacked by politicians in Congress, who want their places for valuable henchmen; but the politicians who have become heads of departments have learned that without these men their own administrations would be gross failures. Therefore, a few good men may be found in every department of the government, who, with much labor and under many disadvantages, and with great weariness of soul because of the sur-

rounding inefficiency, carry on the work of their departments. There is no better method of determining the capacity of men for what are really administrative offices under the government than that by which these men have been tested. They have, with very few exceptions, been instructed for their higher duties by actually performing the duties of those who are now their clerks.

Under the proposed reform, all offices requiring administrative ability would naturally be filled from the service. The little that is now done in this direction is proof enough of this. There is really no test that can determine the possession of qualifications needed in the government employ that can equal that of service, and there is not an honest and experienced head of a department or bureau who will not admit this. Under the spoils system, however, education by experience is very largely prevented, because, first, the lower-grade clerks have not the intelligence to acquire it; and, second, the uncertainty of tenure takes away the incentive to work. The promotions that have been made for efficiency have been those only that have been forced on the departments. The interference of congressmen with appointments prevents the recognition of capacity. A senator or a member who has secured a clerkship for a friend, or a friend's friend, naturally thinks him fit for advancement, after some service in the department on which he has been saddled. If the head of the office protests that the clerk is unfit for promotion, the congressman attributes the opposition to personal hostility, or to some other unworthy motive. He pretends, then, to have suspicions that this bureau chief is not the person he ought to be, and he threatens investigation, or a complaint to the President, or that he will "fight his bill," or that he will have his appropriations cut down, or that he will do something that will make his enemy's official life a burden to him.

This keeps the unhappy "bureaucrat" constantly fighting for the preservation of the service from resentful attacks. He must either employ inefficient persons, or see his appropriations reduced to such an extent that he cannot properly administer his office. The evils, therefore, of the spoils system, so far as they relate to the intelligence of the clerks, are felt chiefly in the matter of obtaining suitable persons for the higher grades. The fact that very few first-class clerks can ever become worthy of promotion is one that is recognized by those whose duty it is to superintend their work. The congressional test of capacity is so crude and unsatisfactory that it determines nothing. What is needed is some method that will ascertain the real intellectual character of applicants. When a person is appointed to a first-class clerkship, the government is interested in knowing that he has intelligence; that he possesses the elements of growth; that he can receive instruction, and so profit by his service in a lower position that he will become fitted for a higher. There is no test that can be applied that will discover this so well as a thorough intellectual examination. Pass examinations amount to nothing, because they do not go far enough. In a competitive examination, the person who comes out first demonstrates his superiority; and when the government secures the services of such a man it is assured of a clerk who has at least one essential qualification for the work he will be called upon to do. He has given the best evidence in the world that he possesses the ability and the energy to acquire knowledge. This is one great step in advance of anything that is offered by the congressional test, which at its very best simply finds that the applicant has acquired the power to do the simplest kind of clerical labor. Competitive examination must determine not only the actual information of the candidate, but his possession of the

power of development. In other words, while experience has taught the heads of departments and bureaus in Washington that, under the spoils system, the lowest grade of clerkships is filled with people who ought never to be promoted, the introduction of the system of competitive examinations, proposed by the advocates of a reformed civil service, must necessarily put into the government employ persons of sufficient intelligence to fill the higher grades.

The test of character, under the spoils system, is made after an applicant receives his appointment; and after the bad character of a clerk has been discovered, it is more than likely that the official who wants to discharge him will find an angry and threatening member of Congress standing in his way, and alluding significantly to his power over the appropriation bills and to his influence with the President. It is unnecessary, however, to point out the advantages of the merit over the spoils system, in this respect. Under the one, no clerk would receive an appointment without being first put on probation; under the other, applicants are made clerks at once. Under the one, clerks must go to a higher place from the grade just below, and the probability is that the clerk best fitted for promotion will receive it; under the other, it has been demonstrated that it is hard to find persons who are worthy of advancement.

Undoubtedly, a change in the character of the tenure of government clerkships would do much to cure this evil. There are not many incentives now for a clerk in a lower grade to train himself for promotion. Many do educate themselves by faithful service, but they are superior men and women. If a congressman, by chance, puts a really intelligent person into a first-class clerkship, the knowledge that the retention of his place and promotion depend on influence rather than on efficiency is a powerful means of suppressing any am-

bition to excel. An improvement of tenure might accomplish something, but the service cannot be made what it ought to be without a change of the method of selecting clerks for the lower grades. The conclusion to which an honest and thorough examination of the facts of our civil service leads is that congressmen appoint to clerkships, as a rule, people who, from lack of intelligence or industry, never prepare themselves for promotion to places where skilled experience is required.

This is the truth about the civil service, so far as the character of the clerks is concerned. It is not part of the purpose of this paper to discuss the other gross evils of the spoils system. The country ought by this time to be thoroughly informed of how much time is spent by heads of departments in attending to the demands of applicants for offices and clerkships. It ought now to be a recognized fact that it is impossible for cabinet officers to be really the heads of their departments. Some of them never pretend to acquire a knowledge of their duties. No department of the government has escaped the demoralizing influences of "politics." No head of any department gives his time and his talents to the service of the government. They are demanded by and given to others, who have no right to them.

The gravest evil of the spoils system is its influence on politics. This subject, also, has been exhaustively discussed, and ought now to be thoroughly understood. It is, however, one of the weaknesses of politicians that they think that the power to distribute the spoils strengthens them personally. On the contrary, it weakens them. The power breeds a race of shifty, cunning politicians, who, as a rule, are worthless citizens. For every office or clerkship a congressman has to fill, there is a horde of applicants. For every gratified seeker, there are a hundred disappointed. The appointment always makes more enemies than

friends, and the man who depends wholly on his employment of patronage for retention in public life is always driven out in the end. The machine politicians, as a class, are helped by the spoils system; for the disappointed office-seekers invariably take up arms for some one on whom they think they can rely for favors. They desire to put out of place the man who disappointed them, and to put in place some one who will treat them better. The spoils keep them in politics, and they are beaten every time a decent man is sent to Congress, or is elected to any office to which is attached the power of appointment. Were it not for the spoils system, good men might be sent to Congress for many terms in succession, and these might have time for the doing of some legislative work. As it is, Congress is largely made up of a succession of machine politicians, who are elected to distribute the spoils, and who are turned out for making mistakes in the distribution.

The contrast between the spoils and the merit systems was splendidly illustrated in the administration of Mr. Hayes. The Department of the Interior furnished the contrast. In it there was a real reform of the civil service. No one was appointed except after winning his place in a competitive examination; no clerk was removed except for cause and after a hearing. The reform suffered because it was not general, and because it felt the influences that prevailed throughout the other departments of the government. Assessment collectors threatened its clerks, although the secretary forbade the circulation of their papers within the department, and there was always the fear of what the next secretary might approve or disapprove. Work that ought to have been done by a special commission had to be

done by a committee of the clerks of the department, in addition to their regular duties. But, notwithstanding all the drawbacks that resulted from the general indifference of the administration to the movement, Mr. Schurz's experiment was a decided success; and it is surprising that the advocates of a reform of the civil service have not made more use of it, as an argument. It certainly demonstrated that the adoption of the English system, or something like it, is practicable in this country. It gave the Interior Department better clerks than it had ever had before, and, what is more, it gave the secretary practically all his time to devote to the work of the government. He had no applicants for place to trouble him, for it very soon came to be understood that success in a competitive examination was the only way open to seekers after employment. The clerks were contented, for they knew that they would not lose their places as long as they remained efficient and honest. For the same reason, they worked faithfully. The insolence that is always noticed among those who rely on political influence for appointment to and retention in place is never seen among those who depend on merit. Singularly enough, there was none of the insolence on the part of the clerks, in their treatment of those having business with the department, which is so confidently predicted, by the enemies of civil service reform, as sure to follow the adoption of a system which shall make tenure of place permanent. For once was seen a department of the government managed on business principles, and it was a wholesome and pleasant sight to all who believe that the civil service should be managed in the interest of the government, and not in the interest of a political machine.

Henry L. Nelson.

THE MORALITY OF THACKERAY AND OF GEORGE ELIOT.

DICKENS excepted, there have been no English novelists of the present age so widely known and greatly admired as Thackeray and George Eliot, — a man of genius and a woman of genius, each in his and her own way preëminently a moralist. It is interesting, and perhaps not unprofitable, briefly to compare these two in their character of ethical teachers, putting aside any judgment upon their qualities as literary artists. There are certain writers, such as Turgeneff, whose work contains an unmistakable moral element, but who yet do not openly proclaim themselves as teachers of morality; who prefer to stand apart, and leave their work to make its own impression, unemphasized by any commentary of the author's own. It is not so with Thackeray and George Eliot; they, on the contrary, frankly acknowledge the direct ethical purport of their work, and have no hesitation in pointing the moral of their tale whenever it pleases them to do so. One may read them, of course, for the mere pleasure of the story or the charm of its telling, and no doubt many persons do so read *The Newcomes* and *Middlemarch*; but it is certain that the authors of these novels intended something more than simply to amuse. Some readers find an endless delight in the humor and satire of the books independently of any moral lessons they convey; others, again, would find in the vivid pictures of human weakness and wickedness an interest that would be too painful but for the fact that the exhibition was meant to serve a moral purpose.

To readers of this latter sort, one of the strongest impressions left on the mind by Thackeray and George Eliot alike is a feeling of sadness and discouragement. It is true, critics have long ceased to speak of Thackeray as a harsh

and bitter cynic. He was, indeed, a man of kind, even tender heart. Yet I doubt if his influence is not on the whole the worse, on that account, on those who accept his theories. The bitter cynic, by the very extravagance of his doctrine, brings about a reaction against it: he never can succeed in making any large number of men agree with him in wholesale contempt for the species. The majority of persons do not feel comfortable in the seat of the scornful, in the cold and gloomy isolation in which they must dwell apart from their kind. Thackeray had no real desire to make men permanently dissatisfied with themselves or the world. He held that the world was not a bad place to be born into, provided one learned what not to expect from it, and could find a way to accommodate one's self to one's place in it. In the process of learning the lesson, one must of course lose a number of agreeable illusions, and discover an immense deal that was unpleasant in the companions one was forced to live among; but a man of sense ought not to grumble at the inevitable, or be astonished long at finding the earth no paradise of innocence. The meanness, selfishness, hypocrisy, and general rascality going about the world in more or less clever disguise must sooner or later become patent to one who has eyes keen enough to see somewhat below the surface. 'Tis true 't is pity; but pity 't is, 't is true. At least, one might congratulate one's self on not being befooled by smooth appearances; and thus the very keen-eyed author of *Pendennis* — a *Selfish Story*, as he calls it — with the best of intentions sets himself to uncover for us some of this masked folly and wickedness of the world, which, without his assistance, we might not have found out for ourselves so readily.

Now, I do not mean to say that Thackeray secretly delighted in his self-imposed task; I merely want to describe the prevailing tone of his writing. We know how lengthy and frequent are the pages of moralizing commentary upon the character and action of his personages, which occur in most of his novels. After we have become familiar with the constant tone of these pages, do we not, as a rule, prefer to skip them, in our re-reading of the books? It is very well, no doubt, to be reminded that if we are asked to become acquainted with some very low specimens of our kind, it behooves us to recollect that they *are* of one kind with ourselves, in their faults as in their virtues, and that what is to be avoided above all things is self-righteous judgment. If we so understand the purport of Thackeray's moralizing, we must of course approve it; but, unfortunately, it is quite as open to be interpreted in another fashion, and may very easily seem the preaching of a doctrine of content with low achievement, since no other is possible to creatures frail as we are. Jones is a small-minded, self-interested individual, the author confesses; but if we reflect that we and our neighbors are really no better than Jones, we shall be loath to condemn him harshly. The reader feels this to be true enough, in a sense; and yet if we are not to pass judgment upon Jones, and we and Jones stand on the same level, then surely it follows that we are not called on to exercise any undue severity toward ourselves.

It is not that Thackeray paints men and women so much worse than they are, but we find ourselves wishing that he were content to picture his selfish worldling or his hypocritical toady, his Major Pendennis or his Charles Honeyman, without feeling it needful, at the same time, to hint to us that the odious person is only one of a numerous company of such like individuals, whom we have only to look about us to recognize.

How few in proportion are the truly admirable figures that fill his large canvases! We can almost count them on the fingers of one hand. And how often it happens that the brighter shapes seem to shine less by their own native brilliancy than as points of contrast to the surrounding darkness! Thackeray is never able to put a thorough trust in human nature, or to grant that goodness is a militant power in the world. With all our liking and admiration for Colonel Newcome and Esmond, we cannot help feeling that their goodness was neither a very positive force as regarded others, nor even the sufficient stay of their own inner life.

Thackeray lauded women continually, after a certain fashion; they are beings of almost angelic nature, born to be the guardians of sinful men; but he was incapable of painting one wholly noble woman. We suspect the sincerity of his praise; indeed, we detect in it a tone of half contempt, or, at best, of patronage, which women instinctively resent. No doubt he fancied that he understood the heart of a good woman when he said, "There are stories to a man's disadvantage which the women who are fondest of him are always the most eager to believe," and when he made Arthur Pendennis's mother ready at once to credit the vile accusation of an anonymous letter against her much-loved son. Thackeray's women *are* unjust and ungenerous to those they love most fondly; but Helen Pendennis and Lady Castlewood are modeled after the author's little theory, not after the truth of human nature.

It is not when we first know our Thackeray — unless it be in the pages of *Vanity Fair* or *Barry Lyndon* that we thus discover him — that we are disposed to charge him with that cynicism which is worst because most good-natured. The humor of the great portrait painter is so genial and irresistible, he mocks and gibes with such a merry

face, that we do not at once begin to feel the force of the sting in his laughing tongue. It is when we have laid the book down, after a second reading, that we find ourselves experiencing a revulsion from it, the sort of sickening sensation that comes from the sight of some distressingly malformed creature. Then we begin to wonder if we have not misread our author, and to recall the pleasanter personages of the society he has introduced us to, and the most cheering words of his we can remember. But do what we will, we cannot but feel that the dominant impression left on us is that Thackeray had but little faith in humankind, and but small encouragement to give men on their way through the world. He has no better philosophy to offer than that we must take life a good deal as we find it, and try for our own part not to make it much worse, if we cannot hope to make it much better; that men and women being but mortal, we must content ourselves with the good in them, if we cannot avoid seeing the bad; that if, on the whole, no one is to be admired unreservedly, neither is it worth while to spend too much energy or honest indignation in contending against fools and rogues. This seems to be about the sum of his teaching.

In the case of George Eliot, the cause of the discouraging impression produced by her work is not the same as in that of Thackeray. To answer at once the question whence it does arise, it may be said briefly that it is not so much because her doctrine is false as because it is defective. Her creed is a kind of modern stoicism, or stoicism plus certain modern ideas. It must be admitted that such a creed has in it much of truth and nobleness. There is no earnest-minded reader but must acknowledge a debt to George Eliot for the inspiration her books have been to him. The words of a sympathetic critic in reference to *Daniel Deronda* hold good of her writ-

ings as a whole: "This book has done something to prevent our highest moments from making our every-day experience seem vulgar and incoherent, and something to prevent our every-day experience from making our highest moments seem spectral and unreal." The message which George Eliot delivers by the mouths of all the noblest characters of her novels is no uncertain one, and, whatever its variety of utterance, the burden of it is always the same; namely, that, frail as human nature is, it may ever aspire to the perfect good, and be faithful to the highest truth it has been able to find for itself. Dorothea, in the hour of her deepest trial, "yearned toward the perfect Right, that it might make a throne within her and rule her errant will;" and after the crisis of her anguish is passed she says to another, "Trouble is so hard to bear, is it not? How can we think that any one has trouble, — piercing trouble, — and we could help them, and never try?" Maggie Tulliver says to her lover, "Oh, life is difficult! Many things are difficult and dark to me; but I see one thing quite clearly, — that I must not, cannot, seek my own happiness by sacrificing others. Love is natural, but surely pity and faithfulness and memory are natural, too." *Romola* says, "We can only have the highest happiness by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see that it is good." Utterances like these may be multiplied indefinitely. The only life worth living, she tells us, is the life, toward self, of infinite aspiration, and, toward others, of infinitely active compassion. She will not allow, with Thackeray, that we can strike an average of goodness, and make ourselves content with that. If she sees clearly the pettiness of human na-

ture, she discerns also the nobility that is in it; she believes in the latter equally with the former, and in man's capacity for self-elevation equally with his capacity for self-degradation. She understands the baseness of human nature, as witness Grandcourt and Peter Featherstone; and she understands, also, all its variety of meanness, selfishness, weakness, and possibility of deterioration, as witness the Gleggs, Tom Tulliver, Rosamond Vincy, Hetty, Arthur, Godfrey, Casaubon, Gwendolen, and Tito. But the lights of the picture alway balance the shades; to console us for the existence of the contemptible, we are persuaded to look on the admirable, and are made to realize the possibility of the one as fully as that of the other. Side by side with the least estimable of the species we are shown an Adam and Dinah, a Seth, a Felix Holt, a Romola, a Maggie, a Dorothea, a Fedalma, a Deronda.

If we had nothing better, we might be thankful to accept a teaching like that of these great works. Indeed, such is the power of a writer like George Eliot that it is difficult, while the spell of her genius is immediately upon us, to resist falling into accord with her tone, and seeming to ourselves to adopt her point of view; for the time being we can see no brighter illumination of the mystery of existence than shines from these pages. The men and women she creates are for us veritable human beings, whom we come to know and sympathize with intimately; and such wisdom as these are able to attain unto appears the sole wisdom attainable by any. But we may fully admit and freely admire all that is true and noble in the writings of a Marcus Aurelius or a George Eliot, and yet be far from regarding them as containing the whole truth.

The defect of ancient stoicism and of modern humanitarianism is, in a word, a lack of religion; of an assured hold on those fundamental principles which give

an answer to the deep questioning of the human spirit as to the why and whence and whither of its existence. So far as we can judge, George Eliot appears to have adopted the general stand-point of agnosticism. The mere lack of any determinate expression of religious belief would not support this inference; but we feel that here George Eliot is eager to make known to mankind the best that she has found for herself, and therefore her silence touching these vital questions of the origin and destiny of man is full of sad significance. For her, perhaps, as well as for Mr. Frederic Harrison, Christianity meant "what is taught in average churches to the millions of professing Christians." If such teaching represented to her the truth of Christianity, she may not have greatly cared to examine it; but if she had desired to inquire into the matter, it is reasonably certain that such current, conventional Christianity would not have satisfied her religious needs. It is not for us to inquire into an author's personal convictions, unless, as in this case, an insight into them helps us to interpret writings whose chief interest is in their ethical purport; and it is not in the spirit of Christian Philistinism that I comment on or lament George Eliot's want of religion. To make use of a phrase of Mr. John Morley, the mere label that is commonly affixed to a person is matter of little moment. There is a kind of orthodoxy which is consistent with a complete unintelligence of the profound simplicities of religion that Christ himself believed in and lived by. We may, however, allow ourselves the regret that the light did not shine into places which remained dark for George Eliot to the end, and the wish that she might have been able to enter into the spirit of true Christianity, for the sake of her own greater inward peace and joy, and for the sake of the highest stimulus and encouragement her writings might have

afforded to others. Large and noble as was her own spiritual nature, George Eliot intellectually was not above her age, but of it; and it is in this fact that we see the explanation of the underlying sadness in all her books, which it is impossible for those who have received the most good from them to ignore.

It is from a fancied necessity to deny the possibility of any absolute knowledge of spiritual things that this depressing influence results. To recognize an influence the opposite of this, and to feel the fuller inspiration that comes from the intellectual affirmation of religious truth, we have only to turn to Robert Browning. Whether or not he is a Christian of the most orthodox pattern we do not know, and need not ask; the important thing we do know, because we can see it for ourselves, is that he has the substance of religious faith. In all his poetic work there is manifested a confidence amounting to settled certainty in the being of God and the immortality of man. Browning's mind is in some respects more akin to George Eliot's than that of any other writer of the day: he has an intellect like hers, both keen and strong, the varied learning and the power of subtle analysis so remarkable in her, the same deep knowledge of human nature and the same wide sympathies which she displays. But when they speak of life, its meaning and its end, how different is his tone from hers! All his knowledge of life's sorrows, mistakes, temptations, failures, has no power to sink him in despondency: over all these he rises triumphant, in the assurance of his faith in God, and in a life beyond this narrow present. Existence is no sad, perplexing mystery; in the light of the great spiritual facts of God's being and man's relation to him, all is explained, all is bright with hope. The only real failure on man's part is to lose hope, and to cease from aspiration. Sorrow and temptation, what are they but

"Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee, and turn thee forth sufficiently im-
pressed. . . .
Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
grudge the throe!"

George Eliot's *Romola* misses all the happiness of her life; Dorothea errs, and fails of the good she would have done; Maggie Tulliver's life "trails on a broken wing" to its tragic end. It is of such lives as these that Browning says,

"Not on the vulgar mass
Called 'work' must sentence pass,
Things done that took the eye and had the
price;
O'er which from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a
trice;

"But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the
man's amount."

All this, he says, the man or woman is worth to God "whose wheel the pitcher shaped." George Eliot, too, would say that all which her Maggie and Dorothea could not be, and all that others ignored in them, went to swell their amount; but she does not go on and bid us note that metaphor of the potter's wheel and confidently declare,

"Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure,
What entered into thee
That was, is, and shall be;
Time's wheel runs back or stops, potter and
clay endure."

Falling short or failure is the token of man's superiority over the brute creation, which knows of nothing but itself, nor of any advance beyond itself. Mere moral blamelessness Browning cares little for, because it is not enough; he has ceased to concern himself with that, in his eager desire for something higher; he rejoices in all those impulses and

passions that rouse men from apathetic rest, and urges them to spiritual effort. In Rabbi Aben Ezra, the poem from which I have quoted the above verses, he looks forward to old age, and to the life beyond, which is to carry on and complete the earthly one.

"Enough now if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine
own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee
feel alone."

And so, the old man says he will

"Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:

Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to indue."

In his high and hopeful philosophy, based on a firm belief in an absolute source and principle of spiritual life who is a personal God and Father of spirits, Browning shows himself beyond his age, which for that reason has heretofore failed to recognize his greatness, or appreciate the worth of his teaching. But the time must come when his title to honor as a teacher of spiritual truth will be gratefully acknowledged, and there are signs that the day is not far off.

Maria Louise Henry.

STAGE ROSALINDS

MOST readers of Shakespeare have a very clear ideal of Rosalind. They may be in doubt as to the physical and mental traits of others of his women, — Lady Macbeth, Beatrice, Portia, or even Juliet; but the heroine of *As You Like It* lives in their eyes as well as in their hearts and minds, a very firmly and deeply engraven personage. This is partly because Shakespeare himself has done so much more to help us in forming a conception of Rosalind than he has done in regard to any other of his women, except Imogen. For it is worthy of special remark that he has given us hardly a hint as to his own idea of the personal appearance, or even of the mental and moral constitution, of these prominent figures of his *dramatis personæ*. We are left to make all this out for ourselves from their actions and their words, or from the impression which they make upon those by whom he has surrounded them. This is the dramatic way. As the dramatist never speaks in his own person, he must needs describe by the lips of others; but those others

are beings of his own creation, and he can make them say what he pleases, the one about the others. It would seem, then, that a poet could hardly fail to delight his own sense of beauty by putting into the mouth of some of his personages descriptions of the charms of the women around whom centres so much of the interest of mimic life upon the stage; that he would, as fitly he might, at least cause his lovers to tell us something of the womanly beauty and the womanly charm by which they have been enthralled. Many dramatists have done this, but not Shakespeare. He was content to show us his women as they lived, and loved, and suffered, and came at last to joy in their love, or to grief, — one of them, in her ambition. And it would seem that he did this simply because he did not particularly care to do otherwise; because he had not himself any very precise conception as to particular details of person, or even of character, as to most of his women. He took an old play, or an old story, the incidents of which he thought would

interest a mixed audience, and this he worked over into a new dramatic form, making it, quite unconsciously, and altogether without purpose, scene by scene and line by line, immortal by his psychological insight and the magic of his style. If the action marched on well, and the personages and the situations were interesting, he was content; and he concentrated such effort as he made — making very little, for he wrote his plays with a heedless ease which is without a parallel in the history of literature — upon the scene immediately in hand, without much thought as to what had gone before or what was to come after. That was determined for him mostly by the story or the play which he had chosen to work upon; and the splendid whole which he sometimes, but not always, made was the unpremeditated and, I am sure, the almost unconscious result of an inborn instinct of dramatic effect of the highest kind, and an intuitive perception of what would touch the soul and stir the blood of common healthy human nature. These were his only motives, his only purposes; for all that we know of his life and of his dramatic career leaves no room for doubt that, if his public had preferred it, he would have written thirty-seven plays like *Titus Andronicus* just as readily, although not just as willingly, as he wrote *As You Like It*, *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. Therefore it was — to return to our first point — that he did not trouble himself to paint us portraits of his heroines. That he should do so was not down on his dramatic brief: his audiences were interested, and therefore he was interested, chiefly, if not only, in the story that was to be set forth in action.

How bare his dramas are of personal description will hardly be believed by those who have not read them carefully, with an eye to this particular. He shows us, as I have remarked before, the effect which his personages produced upon each

other; but he says very little of the means by which the effect was produced; and this is more remarkable as to his women than as to his men, because we naturally expect a poet or a novelist to concern himself more in the personal attractions of women than of men. But Shakespeare passes all this by in generalities. Romeo says that Juliet's beauty "teaches the torches to burn bright," that it "hangs upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;" the love-sick Duke, in *Twelfth Night*, says that Olivia was so beautiful that he "thought she purged the air of pestilence:" but neither of these enamored men says a word, or drops a hint, to tell us whether these wondrous women were fair or dark, or tall or short, — whether they were formed like fairies or like the Venus of Milo. Of Portia we know, by a chance line, that she was golden-haired; but it is by no means certain that even this touch of personal description was not suggested by the *auri sacra fames* of the fortune-hunting adventurer who wins her, rather than by the desire to give a touch of color to the picture of the heroine.

It is only when Shakespeare comes to paint the loveliest and most perfect of all his women, Imogen, who indeed seems to have been both his idol and his ideal, that he describes the beauty of which Leonatus is the hardly deserving possessor. And yet, even here again, it is by no means certain that his unwonted particularity in this respect is not the mere consequence of the peculiar nature of the domestic story that is interwoven with the political drama of *Cymbeline*, King of Britain. Imogen's beauty must be described, because it is partly the occasion of the wager which is the spring of the love action of the drama; because it impresses her unknown brothers; and because some particular knowledge of it is obtained by the villain of the play, "the yellow Iachimo," and is descanted on by him

as proof of his boasted success in his assault upon her chastity.

Rosalind's beauty was different from Imogen's; more splendid and impressive, if perhaps less tender and cherubic. Unless I am in error, we all think of Imogen as rather a little below than above the standard height of woman's stature. Rosalind was notably tall; a girl who at middle age would become magnificent. She was fair, with dark lustrous hair, and eyes perhaps blue, gray, or black, according as the man who thinks of her has eyes black, brown, or blue; but I am pretty sure that they were of that dark olive green which has all the potentiality of both blue and black, and which is apt to accompany natures which combine all the sensuous and mental charms that are possible in woman. She was of a robust — yet firm and elastic rather than robust — physical and moral nature; her vigor and her spring being, nevertheless, tempered by a delicacy of rare fineness, which had its source in sentiment, — sentiment equally tender and healthy. Such was the woman who is the central figure of the most charming ideal comedy in all dramatic literature.

Shakespeare's plays were written with a single eye to their presentation on the stage. They attained with great distinction the objective point of their production. Their author, known to the world now as the greatest of poets, and the subtlest, profoundest, and truest observer of man and of the world, was known to the public of London in his own day chiefly as the most successful and popular of playwrights. His plays were performed to full houses, when those by the best of his fellow dramatists hardly paid the expenses of production. We may be sure that in writing them, and in superintending the placing them on the stage (which doubtless fell to his hands), he was undisturbed by that lofty ideal of signification and of character which now makes their

worthy performance, for his most loving students and admirers, in some cases almost impossible. King Lear, Hamlet, Antony and Cleopatra, The Tempest, and we might almost say Romeo and Juliet are now lifted too high into the realms of fancy and imagination to be within the reach of any actor whose merely human voice rivals the dialogue "twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage." The comedies are more within the reach of ordinary human endeavor; for comedy moves upon a lower plane, deals with commoner and humbler events of man's life experiences. But, among the comedies, some of the most charming involve in their proper presentation a perplexity which is of a purely physical nature. Conspicuous among these are his two most beautiful works in ideal comedy, *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*. The difficulty in question is caused by the fact that in these comedies the heroines appear during the greater part of the play in male attire; and that not only do they go about before *us* dressed as men and acting as men, but appear to their lovers as men, and deceive them, almost from *Enter* to *Exeunt*. Of these plays, *As You Like It* presents the greatest difficulty of this kind, and with that we shall now chiefly concern ourselves.

It is first to be said, however, that for this contrivance for the production of dramatic movement and the exciting of dramatic interest the author is not properly responsible. He found these incidents and these entanglements in the stories which he undertook to dramatize, and which he chose because they were already in favor with the public he sought to please. The masquerading of a young woman in man's attire was a favorite device with all the story-writers and play-writers of the sixteenth century, in whose works Shakespeare found the material for most of his dramas. *As You Like It* is built out of the material of one of these stories; rather,

indeed, it is one of these stories made playable by Shakespeare's skill as a dramatist, and lifted by him unconsciously into the realms of immortality by his poetic uplook and his sweet and universal sympathy. Almost whether he would or would not, he was obliged to make his heroine go through her prolonged parade of sexual deception.

And now to consider this in regard to its possibility: first, for Shakespeare's audience; next, as the Scotch lassie wished her partner to consider love, "in the abstract." Briefly, the case is this: Rosalind meets Orlando in the orchard of the Duke's palace, talks with him, sees him wrestle, talks with him again, falls in love with him, and captivates him by her beauty and her grace, and by that subtle emanation of her sex's power when moved by love which is one of its strongest and most enchain-ing influences; she leaves him so under the influence of her personality that, moved by all these motives, and by the sympathy of such a woman in his moody and desperate condition, he loves her before they meet again. Within a few days they do meet in the Forest of Arden: he in his proper person; she in the person of a saucy young fellow, who is living a half-rural, half-hunter life on the edge of the forest. There she encounters him on many occasions, during what must have been a considerable period of time, some ten days or a fortnight; and there, also, she meets her father, the banished Duke, and Jaques, a cynical old gentleman, of much and not very clean worldly experience. By none of these persons is her sex suspected. She even wheedles Orlando into playing, like child's play, that she is his Rosalind; and all the while it

¹ And yet Mrs. Langtry is singularly endowed with all the physical traits required for an ideal Rosalind. I would not publicly blazon her beauties and catalogue her charms, nor on the other hand point with invidious finger at deficiencies and superfluities that make us wonder what must be the common standard of the country in which she, as *pulcherrima*, bears off the golden apple. I

never enters his head that this pretty, wayward, willful, witty lad is the beautiful woman whose eyes and lips won him to return the love that she had given him unasked. Now this is simply impossible; absolutely impossible; physically impossible; morally impossible; outrageously impossible. It is an affront to common sense, a defiance to the evidence of our common senses; impossible now, impossible then, impossible ever, — unless under the conditions which Shakespeare prescribes for it, which conditions are violated by every Rosalind that I ever saw upon the stage, and most of all by the last of them, who not only erred in this respect with all her sisters, but who, among the many bad Rosalinds that I have seen, was indisputably the worst.¹

In judging of what Shakespeare did in *As You Like It*, and other plays of similar construction, we must first of all take into consideration the conditions under which he wrote. The most important of these in our present view is that, in his day, there were no actresses upon the stage: all women's parts, young and old, were played by men. This was added to the marvel of his creation of enchanting womanhood, — that he was writing those women's words for actors who had to be shaved before they were ready to go on with their parts. But in plays like *As You Like It* the complication was yet greater. There was a double inversion. His woman's words, his self-revealing, almost self-creating woman's words, were to be spoken not only by a man pretending to be a woman, but by a man pretending to be a woman who pretended to be a man. Shakespeare, however, was surely troubled by nothing of this. He struck right shall only say that both above and below the waist, in its upper as well as its lower limbs, her figure is notably like that of a fine, well-grown lad; and that her face, even in the wonderful setting of the jewel eyes, which with the line of the nose is the finest part of it, might well be that of an uncommonly pretty young fellow of Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Norman blood.

at the heart of things, and made his woman for us as she lived in his imagination. Whether Anne Page was to be presented by an Anne Page, or by a lubberly postmaster's boy, or whether she was not to be presented, it was quite the same to him. If he was to make her at all, he must make her as he did. To produce her thus was just as easy for him as for an inferior workman to turn out his clumsy creature, who might indeed be a postmaster's boy in petticoats. But so far as performance was concerned, stage illusion, or whatever we may call that impression which we receive from the mimic life of the theatre, this performance of women's parts by young men was of the greatest importance when we come to consider the representation of female personages who assume the dress and the character of men. For in the first place, as it will be seen, the male guise was then not disguise. What the spectator saw before his eyes was actually a young man, who might or might not, upon occasion, assume certain feminine airs and graces with more or less success. And this physical fact was of the more importance, because in these plays, generally, the woman is disguised during the greater part of the performance, and takes on her woman's weeds again, if at all, only in the last scene. Nor does the reverse of the action present any difficulty at all equal to that which has been thus overcome. A handsome, smooth-faced young man, skilled in the actor's art, and disguised by wig and paint, could very easily present a face to his audience which they would not think for a moment of doubting was that of a woman; and when he was playing the woman scenes of his woman part, all that was distinctively masculine in his person would be entirely concealed by his woman's dress. In his woman's scenes, his disguise would be so easy that to a skilled and practiced actor they would present no difficulty that would

give him a moment's trouble. This was even more so in Shakespeare's day than it is now; for then the dress of a lady, with its high ruff, its stiff stomacher, and its huge farthingale destroyed in every case all semblance to the lines of woman's figure as nature has bounteously vouchsafed it to us. No one can study the portraits of gentlewomen of the time of Elizabeth and James I. without seeing that the human creatures within that portentous raiment might just as well, for all their semblance to woman, be masculine as feminine. And if there had not been almost equal absurdity and extravagance in some parts of male costume of that day, the difficulty in this matter of disguise would have been rather in the acceptance of the pretending man as a woman in masquerade. For, referring to the impossibility above set forth that Rosalind could have been mistaken for a young man by her lover, we see that, even if her face were masked or hidden, and her dress revealed her woman's form as it does upon our stage, no man who had sufficient appreciation of a woman's beauty to deserve to possess it could be deceived in the sex of Ganymede for one moment. And yet it would seem as if the Rosalinds — all of them — laid themselves out to defy both Shakespeare and common sense in this matter to the utmost of attainable possibility. When they come before us as Ganymede they dress themselves not only as no man or boy in England, but as no human creature within the narrow seas, was dressed in Shakespeare's time. Instead of a doublet they don a kind of short tunic, girdled at the waist and hanging to the knee. They wear long stockings, generally of silk, imagining them to be hose, and ignorant, probably, that in Shakespeare's time there were not a dozen pair of silk hose in all England. Nevertheless they go about with nothing but tight silk stockings upon their legs, amid the underwood and brambles of the Forest of

Arden. Madame Modjeska, with some appreciation of this absurdity, wears long buttoned gaiters, which are even more anachronistic than the silk stockings. Upon their heads, they all of them, without exception, wear a sort of hat which was unknown to the masculine head in the days of Elizabeth and James, — a low-crowned, broad-brimmed something, more like what is known to ladies of late years as a Gainsborough than anything else that has been named by milliners. If a man had appeared in the streets of London at that day in such a hat, he would have been hooted at by all the 'prentices in Eastcheap. There was not in all the Forest of Arden a wolf or a bear, of the slightest pretensions to fashion, that would not have howled at the sight of such a head-gear. Briefly, the Rosalinds of the stage are pretty, impossible monsters, unlike anything real that ever was seen, unlike anything that could have been accepted by their lovers for what they pretend to be, and particularly unlike that which Shakespeare intended that they should be.

Let us see what Shakespeare did intend his Rosalind to be when she was in the Forest of Arden. And first, as we have already seen, he provided carefully for one important part of the illusion in making his heroine "more than common tall." He evidently conceived Rosalind as a large, fine girl, with a lithe, although vigorous and well-rounded figure. But when he sends her off with Celia, to walk through lonely country roads and outlaw-inhabited forest glades, he takes special care to leave us in no doubt as to the extent as well as the nature of her concealment not only of her sex but of her personal comeliness. She reminds Celia that "beauty provoketh thieves far more than gold;" and then they go into the particulars of their disguise in speeches, one part of which is always cut out, amid the many curtailments to which this play is subjected

for the stage. Celia says not only, "I will put myself in poor and mean attire," but also, "and with a kind of umber smirch my face." "The like do you," she adds to Rosalind; "so shall we pass along and never stir assailants." Plainly, when the young princesses set forth on their wild adventure, they did all that they could to conceal the feminine beauty of their faces. Celia puts herself in the dress of a woman of the lower classes. Rosalind assumes not merely the costume of a young man, but that of a martial youth, almost of a swashbuckler. She says that she will have "a swashing and a martial outside," as well as carry a boar-spear in her hand, and have a curtle-axe upon her thigh. And, by the way, it is amusing to see the literalness with which the stage Rosalinds take up the text, and rig themselves out in conformity with their construction, or it may be the conventional stage construction of it. They carry a little axe in their belts, among other dangling fallals, or strapped across their shoulders. But Rosalind's curtle-axe was merely a court-lasse, or cutlass, or, in plain English, a short sword, which she should wear as any soldierly young fellow of the day would wear his sword. But thus, browned, and with her hair tied up in love knots, after the fashion of the young military dandies of that time, with her boar-spear and her cutlass, she would yet have revealed her sex to any discriminating masculine eye, had it not been for certain peculiarities of costume in Shakespeare's day. These were the doublet and the trunk-hose. Rosalind, instead of wearing a tunic or short gown, cut up to the knees, like the little old woman who "went to market her eggs for to sell," when she fell asleep by the king's highway, should wear the very garments that she talks so much about, and in which I never saw a Rosalind appear upon the stage. A doublet was a short jacket, with close sleeves, fitting tight to the body, and

coming down only to the hip, or a very little below it. Of course its form varied somewhat with temporary fashion, and sometimes, indeed, it stopped at the waist. To this garment the hose (which were not stockings, but the whole covering for the leg from shoe to doublet) was attached by silken tags called points. But during the greater part of Shakespeare's life what were called trunk-hose were worn; and these, being stuffed out about the hips and the upper part of the thigh with bombast, or what was called cotton-wool, entirely reversed the natural outline of man's figure between the waist and the middle of the thigh, and made it impossible to tell, so far as shape was concerned, whether the wearer was of the male or female sex. Rosalind, by the doublet and hose that Shakespeare had in mind, and makes her mention as an outside so very foreign to the woman nature that is within, would have concealed the womanliness of her figure even more than by her umber she would have darkened, if not eclipsed, the beauty of her face. This concealment of forms which would at once have betrayed her both to father and lover, was perfected by a necessary part of her costume as a young man living a forest life: these were boots. An essential part of Rosalind's dress as Gany-mede is loose boots of soft tawny leather, coming up not only over leg, but over thigh, and meeting the puffed and bombasted trunk-hose. To complete this costume in character, she should wear a coarse russet cloak, and a black felt hat with narrow brim and high and slightly conical crown, on the band of which she might put a short feather, and around it might twist a light gold chain or ribbon and medal. Thus disguised, Rosalind might indeed have defied her lover's eye or her father's. Thus arrayed, the stage Rosalind might win us to believe that she was really deluding Orlando with the fancy that the soul of his mistress had migrated into the body of a

page. This Rosalind might even meet the penetrating eye of that old sinner Jaques, experienced as he was in all the arts and deceits of men and women, in all climes and in all countries. With this Rosalind Phœbe indeed might fall in love; and a Phœbe must love a man.

Nor are the perfection of Rosalind's disguise and the concealment of her sex from the eyes of her companions important only in regard to her supposed relations with them. It is not only important, but it is essential to the development of her character, and even to the real significance of what she says and does. The character of Rosalind plainly took shape in Shakespeare's mind from the situations in which he found her. The problem which he, in the making of an entertaining play, unconsciously solved was this: given a woman in such situations, what manner of woman must she be to win the man she loves, to charm her friends, to defy respectfully her usurping uncle, and to bewilder, bewitch, and delight her lover, meeting him in the disguise of a man? And what sort of woman must she be to do all this with the respect, the admiration, and the sympathy of every man, and moreover of every woman, in the world that looks on from the other side of the foot-lights, which are the flaming barrier about that enchanted ground, the Forest of Arden.

The woman that he made to do all this had, first of all, her large and bounteous personal beauty. But this, although a great step toward winning such wide admiration and sympathy, is but one step. It is hardly necessary to say that it is Rosalind's character, revealed under the extraordinary circumstances in which she is placed, that makes her the most charming, the most captivating, of all Shakespeare's women; one only, the peerless Imogen, excepted. Now Rosalind's character is composed mainly of three elements, too rarely found in

harmonious combination: a proneness to love, which must plainly be called amorousness; a quickness of wit and a sense of humor which are the most uncommon intellectual traits of her sex; and combined with these, tempering them, elevating them, glorifying them, a certain quality which can only be called an intense womanliness, a multi-ebrity, which radiates from her and fills the air around her with the influence — like a subtle and delicate but penetrating perfume — of her sex. Her distinctive quality, that which marks her off from all the rest of Shakespeare's women, is her sense of wit and humor, in combination with her womanliness. Others of his women, notably Viola and Imogen, are as loving, as tender, and as womanly. No other is witty and humorous and womanly too; for example, notably, Beatrice, who is very witty, but not very womanly, nor indeed very loving. Now the position in which Rosalind figures in the four acts which pass in the Forest of Arden brings out, as it would seem no other could bring out, her wit-tiness and her humorousness in direct relation to and combination with her sensitive, tender, and passionate nature. Rosalind, for all of her soft, sweet apprehensiveness and doubt about Orlando's value of that which she has given to him before he had shown that he desired it, enjoys the situation in which she is placed. She sees the fun of it, as Celia, for example, hardly sees it; and she relishes it with the keenest appetite. If that situation is not emphasized for the spectators of her little mysterious mask of love by what is, for them, the absolute and perfectly probable and natural deception of Orlando, Rosalind lacks the very reason of her being. To enjoy what she does and what she is, to give her our fullest sympathy, we must not be called upon to make believe very hard that Orlando does not see she is the woman that he loves; while at the same time we must

see that he feels that around this saucy lad there is floating a mysterious atmosphere of tenderness, of enchanting fancy, and of a most delicate sensitiveness. Moreover, we must see that Rosalind herself is at rest about her *incognito*, and that she can say her tender, witty, boy-masked sayings undisturbed by the least consciousness that Orlando's eyes can see through the doublet and hose which are her first concern, when she is told plainly that he is in the Forest of Arden. The perfection of her disguise is thus essential to the higher purpose of the comedy. Rosalind was fair; but after having seen her in her brilliant beauty at the court of her usurping uncle, we must be content, as she was, to see it browned to the hue of forest exposure, and deprived of all the pretty coquetties of personal adornment which sit so well upon her sex, and to find in her, our very selves, the outward seeming of a somewhat over-bold and soldierly young fellow, who is living, half shepherd, half hunter, in welcomed companionship with a band of gentlemanly outlaws. Unless all this is set very clearly and unmistakably before us, by the physical and merely external appearance of our heroine, there is an incongruity fatal to the idea of the comedy, and directly at variance with the clearly defined intentions of its writer.

That incongruity always exists in a greater or less degree in the performance of all the Rosalinds of the stage. I can make no exception. In case of the best Rosalinds I have ever seen, the supposition that Orlando was deceived, or that any other man could be deceived, in the sex of Ganymede was absurd, preposterous. They all dress the page in such a way, they all play the page in such a way, that his womanhood is salient. It looks from his eye, it is spoken from his lips, just as plainly as it is revealed by his walk and by the shape and action of the things he walks with. That they should dress the part with

female coquetry is, if not laudable, at least admissible, excusable. The highest sense of art is perhaps not powerful enough to lead a woman to lay aside, before assembled hundreds, all the graces peculiar to her sex; but surely no artist, who at this stage of the world's appreciation of Shakespeare ventures to undertake the representation of this character, ought to fail in an apprehension of its clearly and simply defined traits, or in the action by which those traits are revealed.

It is the function of comedy to present an ideal of human life in a lightly satirical and amusing form. A comedy without wit, without humor, without the occasion of laughter, — not necessarily boisterous, nor even hearty, — fails as a comedy, although it may not be without interest as a drama. As *You Like It* is supremely successful in this respect. It does not provoke loud laughter; I believe that I never heard a "house laugh" at any performance of it at which I was present; but during its last four acts we listen to it with gently smiling hearts. It is filled with the atmosphere of dainty fun. *Rosalind* herself enjoys the fun of her strange position; she delights in her own humorous sallies almost, if not quite, as much as *Falstaff* revels in his. She is divided between the pleasure which she derives from the mystification of *Orlando* and her troubled desire to make sure of his love. Now this peculiar trait of her character cannot be fully developed unless she carries out to the utmost extreme her assumption of manhood, while she is in *Orlando's* company. To him she must indeed seem as if she had "a doublet and hose in her disposition." She must not lift a corner even of her mental garments, to show him the woman's heart that is trembling underneath. She wheedles him into making love to her (by a contrivance somewhat transparent to us, it is true, but not so easily seen through by him, and which, at any rate,

must be accepted as a necessary condition of the action of the play), but the slightest attempt at open love-making to him on her part is ruinous; it destroys at once the humor and even the charm of the situation.¹ We see at once that it would have startled *Orlando*, and opened his eyes very wide indeed. And yet she must show us, who are in her secret, all the time "how many fathom deep she is in love." That outbreak of tender anxiety, when she suddenly asks him, "But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?" reveals everything to us, who know everything already; but to *Orlando* it is a very simple and natural question. *He* need not understand the sad, sweet earnestness of the inquiry. True, indeed, she does, with woman's art, contrive in some mysterious way that *Orlando* shall kiss the youth whom he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*, which, because of the kissing customs of those days, she might bring about more easily and safely then than she could now; but Shakespeare is wisely content to let us know by her own sweet well-kissed lips, that this act of her vicarious love-making has been duly and repeatedly performed. It takes place in secret, in some of those interviews which he did not venture to set before our eyes, so instinctively cautious was he not to break down the illusion which is the very heart and centre of this delightful work of dramatic art. Incongruity is an essential element of the ridiculous; and the humor of the action of the play (apart from its words) consists in the constantly presented inconsistency between *Rosalind's* external appearance and her inward feeling. She must seem *to us* (although we know to the contrary) to be a young man, or we lose the humor of half that she says and does, which she herself enjoys with a zest quite as great as ours. This trait of her character, mentioned before, can

¹ Our last *Rosalind* "spooned" him like a lovesick school girl.

not be too strongly insisted upon. It is shown in her answer to her father (which she tells to Celia), who asked her of what parentage she was. "I told him," she replies, "of as good as he." Now Rosalind took great delight in thus "chaffing" her own father. The absurdity of the situation, the preposterousness of the question from him to her, and the humor of her answer made her eyes dance with pleasure. Viola and Imogen wore their doublets with a difference.

For these reasons the complete disguise of Rosalind, her absolute sinking of her feminine personality, is of the utmost importance in the effective representation of this play. Must I say, however, that this matter of external seeming, although of unusual moment and significance, is but the mere material condition and starting-point of the action which reveals to us the soul and mind of this captivating woman, in whom tenderness and archness, passion and purity, are ever striving with each other, and whose wit and waywardness are ever controlled in the end by innate modesty? And by modesty I do not mean either chastity or shame; which I say, because the three things are by so many people strangely and injuriously confounded. Rosalind, we may be sure, was chaste; Orlando had no cause of trouble on that score. As an ideal woman, she was as far above the belittling of common shame as the Venus of Milo is. But, besides her chastity, she was modest. Modesty is a graceful distrust of one's own value and importance, and is quite as frequently found in men as in women. Women thoroughly unchaste are not infrequently enchantingly modest; women as chaste as she-dragons (if she-dragons are particularly distinguished for this virtue) are often hideously immodest. And so it is with the inferior and conventionally limited sensation — I cannot call it sentiment — of shame. Women who are both un-

chaste and immodest have in many cases a shrinking bodily shame (determined mostly, if not absolutely, by the custom of their day), which is thoughtlessly lacking in women of true purity, and of the sweetest and most winning modesty of soul. But to return to Rosalind. It will be found that, notwithstanding her readiness to put a man's clothes upon her body and a man's boldness over her heart, notwithstanding her very plain speech upon subjects which nowadays many a harlot would wince at, the real Rosalind, underneath that saucy, swaggering, booted-and-sworded outside, was sweetly modest; and that, notwithstanding her birth and her beauty, and the mental superiority of which she must have been conscious, she was doubting all the while whether she was worthy of the love of such a man as Orlando, and thinking with constant alarm of that more than half confession that she had made, unwooed, to him upon the wrestling-ground. The absolute incongruity between the real Rosalind and the seeming Ganymede is the very essence of the comedy of her situation. One example of this, which I have never seen properly emphasized upon the stage: At the end of the first interview with Orlando in the forest, after she has wheedled him into wooing her as Rosalind, she asks him to go with her to her cot.

"*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I'll show it to you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?"

"*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

"*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind: — Come, sister, will you go?"

Now here most Rosalinds go shyly off with Celia, and leave Orlando to come dangling after them; but when I read this passage I see Ganymede jauntily slip his arm into Orlando's, and lead him off, laughingly lecturing him about the name; then turn his head over his shoulder, and say, "Come, sister!" —

leaving Celia astounded at the boundless "cheek" of her enamored cousin.¹

Rosalind, poor girl, with all her strength and elasticity, is not always able to stand up firmly against the flood of emotion which pours over her heart. For example, after the mock marriage, her doubts again begin to overwhelm her, and she asks Orlando how long he would have her; a question which her situation makes touchingly pathetic. (This cry of woman for love! It would be ridiculous, if it were not so sadly earnest, amid all its pretty sweetness.) And then the poor girl, looking forward, — in love man thinks only of the present, woman is always looking forward; for love makes her future, — utters that sad little bit of commonplace generality about man's wearying of the woman he has won and has possessed, thinking, plainly, all the while of herself and what may come to her; when suddenly, recollecting her part, and that she is in danger of showing what she really is, she breaks sharply off, and with rapid railery and shrewish accent she pours out upon him that mock threat, beginning, "I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen." And again in this scene, when Orlando parts from her, and promises to return in two hours, her badinage wavers very doubtfully between jest and earnest, between humor and sentiment; but she catches herself before she falls, and beginning, "By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me," and so forth, again takes refuge in exaggerated menaces of her coming displeasure. All this is charming, even when but tolerably well set forth, and by such Rosalinds as we customarily see upon the stage; but how much it usually falls short of the effect which Shakespeare imagined can be known only to those

who can see that in their minds' eye, or who shall see it, some time, in reality.

On the other hand, our stage Rosalinds are not womanly enough when they are out of sight of Orlando and of other men; when, indeed, from reaction and relaxed nerves, they should be womanly even unto womanishness. When Rosalind is with Celia she is the more woman-like of the two; the more capricious, sensitive, tender, passionate, apprehensive. It is Celia, then, who, after her mild fashion, assumes the wit and the female cynic. But our stage Rosalinds give us a lukewarm rendering of both phases of the behavior of the real Rosalind. They offer us one epicene monster, instead of two natural creatures. They are too woman-like when they are with Orlando, and too man-like when they are with Celia. And when is it that we have seen a stage Rosalind that showed us what the Rosalind of our imagination felt at the sight of the bloody handkerchief? I never saw but one. The last that I saw behaved much as if Oliver had shown her a beetle, which she feared might fly upon her, and in the end she turned and clung to Celia's shoulder. But as Oliver tells his story the blood of the real Rosalind runs curdling from her brain to her heart, and she swoons away, — falls like one dead, to be caught by the wondering Oliver. Few words are spoken, because few are needed; but this swoon is no brief incident; and Rosalind recovers only to be led off by the aid of Oliver and Celia. And here the girl again makes an attempt to assert her manhood. She insists that she counterfeited, and repeats and repeats her assertion. Then here again the stage Rosalinds all fail to present her as she is. They say "counterfeit" with at least some trace of a sly smile, and as if they did not

¹ I have used the words "cheek" and "chaff," in connection with Rosalind, because they convey to us of this day the nature of her goings-on as no other words would; and Shakespeare himself, who

always treats slang respectfully, although he contemns and despises cant, would be the first to pardon me.

quite expect or wholly desire Oliver to believe them. But Rosalind was in sad and grievous earnest. Never word that she uttered was more sober and serious than her "counterfeit I assure you." And the fun of the situation, which is never absent in *As You Like It*, consists in the complex of incongruity, — the absurdity of a young swashbuckler's fainting at the sight of a bloody handkerchief, the absurdity of Rosalind's protest that her swoon and deadly horror were counterfeit, and our knowledge of the truth of the whole matter.

All this may be very true, our manager replies; but do you suppose that you are going to get any actress to brown her face and rig herself up so that she will actually look like a young huntsman, and play her part so that a man might unsuspectingly take her for another man? O most verdant critic, do you not know why it is that actresses come before the public? It is for two reasons, of which it would be hard to say which is the more potent: to have the public delight in them, and to get money. It is in themselves personally that they wish to interest their audiences, not in their author or his creations; those furnish but the means and

the occasion of accomplishing the former. Hence it is that in all modern plays, in all (practically) that have been written since actresses came upon the stage, the women's parts must be attractive. We cannot ask an actress under fifty years of age to (in stage phrase) "play against the house." Above all, we cannot ask an actress of less than those years to put herself, as a woman, before the house in anything but an attractive form. She must have an opportunity to exhibit herself and her "toilettes;" especially both, but particularly the latter. And, O most priggish and carping critic, with your musty notions about what Shakespeare meant, and such fusty folly, the public like it as it is. They care more to see a pretty woman, with a pretty figure, prancing saucily about the stage in silk-tights, and behaving like neither man nor woman, than they would to see a booted, doublet, felt-hatted Rosalind, behaving now like a real man and now like a real woman.

To which the critic replies, O most sapient and worldly wise manager, I know all that; and, moreover, that it is the reason why, instead of a Rosalind of Shakespeare's making, we have that hybrid thing, the stage Rosalind.

Richard Grant White.

IN WINTER MONTHS.

(RONDEAU.)

IN winter months, when skies hang low,
And earth is wrapped in shrouding snow;
When naked branches, creaking, sway,
Stirred by chill winds on their slow way,
Our thoughts turn back to long ago.

No more for us the cold winds blow,
No more the dark days shorter grow;
Nor time nor change can make us stay
In winter months.

Again our spring-time seems to glow
With all the joy that youth can know;
And bleak December flees away,
Usurped by memory's blithesome May:
How blest to cheat our worn hearts so
In winter months!

F. E. Durkee.

LINTON'S HISTORY OF WOOD-ENGRAVING.

MR. LINTON, in writing this volume,¹ has done good service to his art. Had not some one collected and set down the meagre facts concerning the lives and works of the first practicers of wood-engraving in this country, they would soon have been irrecoverably lost. The men were obscure; their works, for the most part, were rude, characterized by little skill and less beauty, — products of trade rather than creations of art; but history would have been incomplete without some record of them. Mr. Linton's book will be one of the original sources for future authors, and it is satisfactory to observe the thoroughness, care, and fidelity that insure its trustworthiness. In all books on wood-engraving a difficulty arises from the impossibility of exhibiting on the page more than a few cuts, and from the necessity of continual reference to rare and often practically unknown prints. Mr. Linton has not avoided the confusion that results from great detail, and he indulges in enthusiasm over possessions of his own without remembering how he makes the interest of the ordinary reader flag. Indeed, he does not address the public so much as the craft. He has gathered from scattered biographical notices and from tradition probably all that will ever be known of the early engravers, and he has chron-

icled this information; but, as he himself suggests, he has given rather a contribution to the history of American wood-engraving than the history itself, which must hereafter be written by some one with more skill in grouping facts and placing them in perspective. His book is to be regarded, in the main, as the final and complete form of his twice-told protest against some of the methods and apparent aims of engravers now at work. To amplify, illustrate, and enforce the fundamental principles of the art, as he understands them, is clearly the matter nearest to his heart; and to this, therefore, as the leading interest of his pages, we shall confine our attention.

Mr. Linton's views, which have once been expressed in this magazine, are well known. His main position is that wood-engraving is an art of expression by means of lines used primarily to delineate form, and that its peculiar province is to reproduce designs, not by a fac-simile copy of the original, stroke for stroke, but by lines drawn by the graver; that it is not an imitative but an interpretative art. What he considers as mistakes in recent work are due principally to an insufficient appreciation of the value of line, or to a slavish subservience to the designs. These errors are incident to the development of the manual skill of the engravers, and to the increase of their mechanical resources. As it became possible,

¹ *The History of Wood-Engraving in America.*
By W. J. LINTON. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
1882.

by improved processes, to print fine lines, the chief objection to their use in wood-engraving disappeared; and when, on experiment, it was found that pleasing color effects resulted from the employment of such lines, independently of their function to define forms, and that the look of paint, bronze, clay, charcoal, and the like could be thus given, the charm of novelty led to the application of the art for such purposes. Within the last two years the direct imitation of materials—the ugly gray pallor of busts, without the solidity, distance, and play of light on which their beauty depends, the sweep of the paint-brush as seen on a close examination of the canvas—has been comparatively infrequent; but the effort to obtain color without form shows no abatement. Meanwhile, however, the engravers, such as King, Cole, Kruell, Closson, and Johnson, have shown, as never before, that their mastery of form is very great; that they understand beautiful and orderly line arrangement as the means to mark outlines, to show differences of textures, such as fur and satin, to express the modeling of features and the character of flesh. There is, therefore, no question of the powers either of the art or of the engraver; the controversy is simply in regard to aims and methods.

Of course the decisive test lies in the work itself. Is it beautiful, and does it sacrifice a higher to an inferior beauty? In answering such inquiries, it is hard to see how Mr. Linton's conclusions can be avoided as statements of the principles that underlie the best products of wood-engraving as a distinctive art. Line-work certainly is the main business of the engravers, and its chief use is to mark form and texture. Whether the lines shall be fine or bold in character is at the option of the engraver. If, by his own choice, or at the will of his employers, he adopts the more laborious style, when the easier would serve as well, all that can be said is that there

is a waste of industry and time. But whether the lines, fine or bold, shall have intention or not admits no latitudinarian decision. Lines are to the engraver what words are to the poet. To require of the former that he shall put meaning into his lines is no more than to require of the latter that he shall put meaning into his words. Superfluity and carelessness in the one are analogous to verbosity and inaccuracy of epithet in the other; in both the art is better in proportion as the thought that determines the selection and arrangement is more discriminating, and the expression is more clear and firm. The truth of this is not questioned in poetry; its validity in art is only less acknowledged because the principles of art criticism are less generally known. The cobweb skies, the mottled grounds that stand for grass, the phantasmal flat shadows that serve for trees, are bad in art simply because of the absence of form, or, in other words, of the meaninglessness of lines. Such work does not present in a beautiful, accurate, and life-like way the objects to the eye; it suggests them to the mind by symbols, and no one needs to be told that symbolism is in art an early and inferior stage. In this generalization of the accessories, as it is called, in the heads without hair, the flesh blending with the garments, the foliage undistinguished from the grass, and in all its multifarious phases, wood-engraving is not an art of expression; it is rather an art of obliteration.

But if these lines have no meaning in form, have they not in color? Perhaps color effects only were sought, and are they not obtained? Unquestionably, these tints, modulated with exquisite gradations, afford pleasure to the eye at the first glance; but it is still to be asked whether this momentary delight satisfies the artistic sense,—whether it lasts or wears away. In nature, color is an attribute of form; in a landscape or a picturesque group, the color is first ap-

prehended, real hues of blue and green and scarlet yielding a keen sensuous joy. But when the impression of the scene is complete, color is usually subordinate to form; or, if it remain the predominant element, its beauty is intimately related to the beauty of the forms it clothes. In the cuts now referred to, if one looks through the color, the blacks and grays, which, however marvelous in delicacy and contrast, are after all conventional, he finds that the forms have been left out. Those who suppose that this faithlessness to nature is really popular might learn something of the native taste of our people from the literary triumph of the realistic novel among us. The Americans are an observant race. Teachable as they are, and slow to trust their own judgment in such a matter as art, which is commonly believed to require knowledge of secrets and exceptional cultivation for its appreciation, they are quite aware that these engravings are not true representations of nature, but are ugly symbolizations of beautiful things, and not infrequently wholly unintelligible in regard to form. We will bear, as a people, as much realism in art as in story-telling. These strictures are not meant to apply to the class of cuts in which the scene is merely overlaid with a gauze-like veil, for this indistinctness has sometimes a value intelligently meant and clearly felt. In such engravings the forms are there, though obscured; and if the flowers lose their beautiful fringes, the trees their folds, there is some compensation in other gains. The mass of cuts which have either no form or false form, which are a maze of unnecessary or wandering lines, must be condemned, however ingenious and skillful in color, because they are untrue to nature and vacant to the mind. Mr. Linton calls attention to a very significant fact by pointing out the ease with which young and untrained scholars have caught the trick of these effects, as shown by The Cen-

tury prize-engravings; the true use of line is not so quickly learned.

Mr. Linton indicates that the fault is not with the engravers, but with the designers. He says, "I have yet met with no engraver impugning the broad truth of my position, nor a single artist (setting aside minor differences of opinion) denying the general correctness of my views." From another portion of his work it appears that the artists require effects of the engravers which involve attention to color at the expense of form. In view of this, while our respect is increased for these engravers, who, like Kruell, King, and Hoskins, have yielded least to this demand, we can only regret the lack of independence on the part of the engravers as a body. Their art, it is true, is secondary, and it has many uses other than the creation of beauty; but it possesses a value unshared by other arts, and in obeying its own genius obtains unborrowed effects, beautiful in their own right. Indeed, no injustice would be done if the engravers should reverse the situation, and insist that the artists should serve them, on the ground that the design should be subject to the conditions of the art in the productions of which it is finally to be reckoned; at least, the engravers should be left free to choose their own modes of copying the originals, and in that choice should themselves be governed by the known laws of the beautiful and accurate reproduction of nature by art. To judge by the excellence of the best work they have done, — and it is the best that has ever been done, — they would not then blemish their cuts with hasty and careless drawing, with aimless lines, with symbolized or generalized forms, with bodiless color. They would acknowledge by their works that definiteness, and intelligibility are prime necessities in wood-engraving as in any other art of expression, and that, as in all arts that depend on line, perfection of form is the essential thing to be striven for.

DR. RIMMER.

IT is in praise of Mr. Bartlett's honesty and candor to say that we lay down his *Life of Dr. Rimmer*¹ with the enigma of that life unsolved. However much we may be abashed at our own inability to form a rounded judgment, we have a secret satisfaction in the suspicion that the student and practiced artist, who has collected all the available materials for a judgment, is almost as much in the dark as we are. At any rate, Mr. Bartlett, while giving frequent expression to his admiration, and aiding the reader by many felicitous criticisms, has not undertaken to sum up the qualities of Dr. Rimmer's greatness, and to furnish the reader with a convenient formula by which to reckon the measure of his genius. He has done better than this. He has collected with patience and industry the facts of Dr. Rimmer's life; he has illustrated the facts with comments and criticisms from many sources; he has recovered much testimony which would inevitably have been lost except for his faithfulness; and he has presented the results in an orderly and comprehensive form. Mr. Bartlett's qualifications as a biographer do not lie in a special literary grace, but in the more essential attributes of frankness and truthfulness. We follow his lead in the book with a grateful sense of being in the hands of a man who is not thinking of himself, but of his subject, and thinking with singular vigor and concentration of mind. If Dr. Rimmer is still a puzzle to Mr. Bartlett, as we think he is, we may assuredly find satisfaction in the thought that Mr. Bartlett has concealed none of the difficulties from us, and has given us all the clues which he himself had.

There is an enigma, to begin with,

¹ *The Art Life of William Rimmer, Sculptor, Painter, and Physician.* By TRUMAN H. BART-

LETT, Sculptor. His father belonged to a branch of one of the royal families of France. Born in 1789, he was brought up in seclusion in an English home, ignorant of his name and destiny until he had reached what may be called years of indiscretion. Then, fired with ambition and expectation, he entered the English army to qualify himself for military life; but just when he might look for the consummation of his hopes, he suffered the bitter disappointment of an unsuccessful claimant, and, filled with rage and indignation, assumed the name of Thomas Rimmer, left England behind, and came to this country.

Mr. Bartlett does not tell us, if he knew himself, to which of the branches of the royal family Rimmer belonged; but he shrewdly inserts a striking likeness of the man, and any one familiar with French history may please himself with establishing the identity. The Rev. Mr. Williams retired some time since into obscurity, and Thomas Rimmer is a much more interesting lost prince. The few glimpses which are given of this strange mortal have a value in the interpretation of the artist's temperament and career; for William Rimmer not only inherited something of his father's violent and capricious temper, but he was heir to his father's hopeless great expectations, and did not positively abandon hope of a reinstatement of fortune until he buried it in the grave of his son.

Mr. Bartlett gives due force to the power of this illusion in shaping Dr. Rimmer's mind, but the reader is likely to recur to it as containing a subtle explanation of the irregularities of nature which constantly perplex one in study-

LETT, Sculptor. Illustrated with heliotype reproductions. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

ing this remarkable man. The secret but strong aspiration, which made every pursuit seem a temporary expedient, lasted far into Dr. Rimmer's life; and when it was found by him to be vain and delusive, there remained only the refuge of home and the exercise of great powers, which were under no controlling principle or impulse. The inner man seemed to have gone to pieces. How great his powers were, and how distorted, may be read in the passages given from Dr. Rimmer's writings, in the testimony of his pupils and contemporaries, and in the illustrative heliotypes from his works. The waste of his powers was extraordinary. Mr. Bartlett reminds us more than once of the sculptor's contemptuous disregard of the conditions of the material in which he worked. The clay crumbled because he would not use ordinary precaution to protect it. "He drew upon any scrap of paper that came within his reach. At times, the floor of the room, wherever he might be, would be strewn with drawings of every possible subject, grave, gay, grotesque, poetic, and illustrative. . . . Wherever he could get a pencil, paint, brushes, and canvas was his studio. 'He painted on the floor in the sitting-room,' says one of the family, 'in the hall-way, on the stairs, or in the attic.' The majority of the drawings exhibited at the Art Museum in 1880 were made under these circumstances, and owe their preservation to the fact that members of his family would bring him the leaf of an album, or other piece of paper, in order that they might save, now and then, a drawing of the mass that otherwise would go to the rag-bag." An interesting collection of examples of his art was formed by a thoughtful lady, who traced drawings which he had left on the black-board; but his students bear mournful testimony to the fact that thousands of such drawings, many of them of most striking excellence, were seen for a few moments, and then remorselessly erased.

He wasted his powers, moreover, in fruitless experiments. He worked with a fury, but nothing which he did seemed to be the result of long and patiently considered thought. To do the thing seemed uppermost, and the thing once done was neglected and disregarded. But the several things done were not conscious steps in a progress; they were quite as frequently repetitions and reproductions. Mr. Bartlett and many of his friends raise the question what he might have done had he visited Europe; but Mr. Bartlett wisely suspects that there would have been no material difference in the result. For such a man as Rimmer, the only possible change could have been through a change of nature in himself; external conditions were powerless to affect him radically.

No one word can sum up such a man, but the nearest to a comprehensive epithet may be found in the statement that Rimmer was an inventor rather than a designer. That is to say, color and form were not before him as absolute material, out of which he was to construct designs which his perception and imagination discovered; they were relative to certain ideas which he held, and his constructions were in the nature of empiric experiments. On a lower plane, he was ingenious without being conclusive. "At one time he had made some improvement in a gun-lock; at another, some self-registering plan to determine the number of persons entering a street car; still again, his plan was the construction, in a cheap and durable material, of a peculiar form of trunk, convenient for use and handling, and, as he used to say, 'such as no expressman could break.' But all these, as well as numberless other plans, came in the end to nothing but vague hopes and words." In art, he invented, as it were, the material in which he worked, the instruments which he used, the world which he essayed to interpret. Take the prodigious lions which he drew. They are

not copies of lions, but inventions of new lions out of the leonine conception which he had formed after seeing the living beasts.

Dr. Rimmer never used models. This fact, the significance of which Mr. Bartlett clearly perceives, taken in connection with his wonderful anatomical knowledge, discloses the source both of his strength and his weakness. He generalized superbly, but his generalization was unsustained by a wide and close observation of particulars. Hence he was continually moving in a circle, and fretting himself by his limitations. The strong mind consumed its own creations; for it was not matched by a hand trained in cunning to obey implicitly, nor by a judgment schooled in discipline. In a word, Dr. Rimmer may be said to have been his own model, and his introspection to have been the revelation which he heeded. The colossal, broken remains of a romantic history furnished him with images of life which were scarcely formed by the stirring movements about him, although the nearest connection between his own life and contemporaneous history lay through the medium of war; and in this there was a consistency. He was not at all moved by the ideas involved in John Brown's crusade, but the marching of Massachusetts militia called from him a noble picture, To the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers.

It is to be observed that Dr. Rimmer laid great stress, when teaching his pupils, upon the necessity of the study of anatomy; but he seemed to think that the power of design was a gift to be accepted, and not an art to be patiently acquired. In truth, anatomy was the

only science which he had mastered, and in emphasizing that as an essential part of an artist's study he was simply reproducing his own incomplete development. Mr. Bartlett confines his book to the art life of Dr. Rimmer, but it would not be difficult, from the material which he has furnished, to show that his character was, in a parallel way, invested with singular disproportions.

The strange loneliness of this great man, by which he was separated from his kind, and wrought hopelessly in perishable material the ideas which seemed born in him, and tested only by his own reflection, has its pathos and pain. It has its beauty, also, in the passion with which he clung to his own kith and kin, and sought to shelter them from an inclement world. To this, rather than to any absence of high principle, may fairly be referred the mercenary character of some of his transactions. He was a blind giant, who squandered his strength, and left works which fill one with despair at the thought of what he did not leave; but he was also a man of tender, affectionate nature, who calls out one's love and pity. His work has entered in numberless ways into the lives of his pupils, and thus can never be lost, even though the structural examples of his art are but fragments of his genius. There was little of the American in him, yet his gift to America has been very great. No history of art can henceforth omit to count his contribution, and we are sure that future students will be even more grateful than we are to-day to Mr. Bartlett for rescuing so much from the inevitable decay of time.

GEORGE SAND'S LETTERS.

"WHETHER or not the number of George Sand's works — always fresh, always attractive, but poured out too lavishly and rapidly — is likely to prove a hindrance to her fame, I do not care to consider. Posterity, alarmed at the way in which its literary baggage grows upon it, always seeks to leave behind it as much as it can, as much as it dares, — everything but masterpieces. But the immense vibration of George Sand's voice upon the ear of Europe will not soon die away. Her passions and her errors have been abundantly talked of. She has left them behind her, and men's memory of her will leave them behind also. There will remain of her the sense of benefit and stimulus from the passage on earth of that large and frank nature, that large and pure utterance, — the large utterance of the early gods. There will remain an admiring and ever-widening report of that great soul, simple, affectionate, without vanity, without pedantry, human, equitable, patient, kind."

In the words here quoted, written at the time of her death, in 1876, Matthew Arnold admirably summed up the character and influence of George Sand. She was indeed a great soul, of whom there remains an admiring and ever-widening report. But Mr. Arnold had known only the pacific and tender grandmother, the good lady of Nohant, *la bonne dame*, appeased and almost timid, who would have smiled sadly to read the letters that Lélia wrote in 1848, — lyric letters, overflowing now with enthusiasm, now with sadness; at one moment like cries of passionate joy, at another like wails of grief. In 1848 the good lady of Nohant was ready to fight in person, like the Grand Made-moiselle: "I feel, just like a man, the emotion of the combat, the attraction of

the gunshot. In my youth I should have followed the devil, if he had ordered, Fire!" This third volume of George Sand's Correspondence¹ does indeed smell of powder. It contains one hundred and five letters, written between the years 1848 and 1853. It begins with the exuberant joy of the young republic, and ends with the prescriptions and chain-gangs of the Third Napoleon, the climax of enthusiasm and the depths of despair. In the present collection, as in the preceding volumes of George Sand's letters, the curious will seek in vain for piquant personal details. Indeed, almost all the letters in this new installment relate to public affairs. In them we follow, day by day, the changing fortunes of the republic of 1848. We hear from George Sand herself the narrative of her relations with the provisional government, with Lamartine, with Armand Barbès, with Louis Napoleon. One might almost style these letters "Memoirs to serve for the history of the republic of 1848." March 9, 1848, George Sand writes, "Vive la République! What a dream! What enthusiasm, and, at the same time, what behavior, what order, at Paris! I have just come back from there. I hurried to the scene. I saw the last barricades open under my feet. I saw the people, grand, sublime, artless, generous, — the French people, the most admirable people in the universe! I passed many nights without sleeping, many days without sitting down. People are wild, drunk with happiness, to think that they lay down to sleep in the mire, and woke up in heaven. Let all who are around you have courage and confidence! The republic is conquered and assured, and we will perish in it

¹ *Correspondence*. GEORGE SAND. Vol. III. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1882.

rather than lose it. The government is composed for the most part of excellent men, all a little incomplete and insufficient for a task which demands the genius of a Napoleon and the heart of Jesus. But the union of all these men, who have soul, talent, or will, suffices for the situation. They desire the good, they seek it, they try. They are sincerely dominated by a principle superior to the individual capacity of each one: I mean the will of all, the right of the people. The people of Paris is so good, so indulgent, so confident in its cause, and so strong that it itself aids the government. The duration of such a disposition would be the social ideal."

George Sand has her heart full and her head on fire. She returns to Paris to found a journal in the good cause. She forgets her troubles and her ailments; she feels strong and active, as if she were only twenty years of age. She enters into relations with the provisional government, writes official circulars for the ministers, and compiles the weekly official journal, the *Bulletin de la République*. Paris is in a great state of excitement, and queer things are taking place. The provisional government, fearing lest Rothschild should take to his heels with his money, attaches a guard to him. Every day liberty trees are being planted. In the streets you meet bands of fifty or sixty workmen, stalwart, grave, their brows crowned with foliage, and the spade or the pick on their shoulders. "It is magnificent!" cries George Sand.

After a few letters a different note is sounded. April 17th, George Sand writes, "I am afraid the republic has been killed in its principle and in its future, at least in its immediate future. To-day it has been defiled by cries of death. Liberty and equality have been trodden under foot with fraternity all this day." The *bourgeoisie* have started the cry of "Death to the Communists;" the bourgeoisie try to terrorize the work-

ingmen. The republic is the plaything of four conspiracies, headed by Ledru-Rollin, Marrast, Blanqui, and Louis Blanc. The long letter in which George Sand explains the composition and object of these conspiracies is a very curious and important historical document. The results for the republic are disastrous, and George Sand laments the weakness of men. The ideas of all of them are good enough; the characters are inferior, and truth, she says, "has life only in an upright soul, and influence only in a pure mouth. Men are false, ambitious, vain, egoists, and the best of them is not worth much; it is sad to see close. The two honestest men I have yet met are Barbès and Etienne Arago. . . . All the men of the first rank in the government live with this ideal: *I, I, I*." Even Louis Blanc is at this time severely judged by George Sand. But why quote the hot words written in a moment of trial? A year later, July, 1849, George Sand judges Louis Blanc more equitably and more calmly. Speaking of political writing, she says, —

"I am not and shall not be a political writer, because, in order to be read in France at the present day, one must attack men, dabble in scandal, in hatred, in gossip even. If one confines one's self to dissertation, preaching, and explanation, one becomes tiresome. It is better to hold one's peace. Emile de Girardin has form when he likes; he has not the true matter. Louis Blanc has both form and matter. People do not concern themselves about him. He is bound to go on writing, because he has a party, and he cannot abandon his party after having formed it. But, outside his party, he is without action. . . . In political life Louis Blanc is a *sure man*. What do I care if in private life he has as much pride as Ledru-Rollin has vanity, if in public life he knows how to sacrifice his pride or his vanity to his duty? I count on him; I know

where he is going, and I know that nobody can make him deviate from his path. I have found in him asperity, never weakness; secret sufferings, immediately conquered by a profound and tenacious sentiment of duty."

At the end of 1849 the new republic seems in a bad way. The "social ideal" of March, 1848, has given place to treachery, party strife, ambition, egoism, and the rest. In her retirement at Nohant, she tries not to think, for fear of becoming the enemy, or at least the despiser, of the human race, which she has loved so much that she has forgotten to love herself. Still she resists. She refuses to lose faith; she prays God to preserve her in her faith. She writes thus to Mazzini: "But you are there in my heart, — you, Barbès, and two or three other, less illustrious, but holy too, and believers, and pure from all the wretchedness and all the wickedness of this age. Truth, then, is incarnate somewhere; truth, therefore, is not out of the reach of man, and one good man proves more than a hundred thousand bad ones."

Then, again, she writes to Barbès: "You and Mazzini are always in my thoughts as the heroic martyrs of these sad times. There is not a shadow of a reproach to be made against either of you. In neither of you is there a spot. I still believe, and I believe firmly, that revolutions will neither be profound nor durable until there be at the head of them men of boundless virtue and profound modesty of heart. The peoples are sick of men of talent, eloquence, and invention. They listen to them because they are amusing; the French people, particularly, eminently artistic as they are, become passionate about them without reflection. But this passion does not go even to devotion or self-sacrifice. Devotion alone commands devotion, and nowadays devotion is rarer amongst the party chiefs than amongst the people."

In the letters of 1852, George Sand

appears as a great and reasonable woman. The socialist dreams of 1848 have been rudely shattered; the republic with Napoleon as Prince President is no republic; George Sand's friends, her brothers, her adopted children, are in prison or in exile; the rigor of Napoleon is throwing into chains all who accept the title of socialist republicans. Yet George Sand persists in seeing in Louis Napoleon a socialist genius; she does not believe that he is acting in a selfish end; she believes him to have had an ideal apparition of justice and of truth, and while disapproving the means he has adopted, she, as a socialist, accepts his accession to power "with the submission we owe to the logic of Providence." Taking advantage of former relations with Napoleon, and of the esteem in which she had reason to believe he held her, George Sand addressed to the Prince President several noble letters of advice, of warning, and of supplication, principally of supplication, in behalf of the political prisoners, her fellow citizens, her friends. The long letter to Napoleon, dated January 20, 1852, is a magnificent piece of writing. The grandeur of the cause gives to the prayer a savor of what Matthew Arnold calls, in the words of Keats, "the large utterance of the early gods." Happily for his memory, Napoleon listened to George Sand's appeals for her friends, and promised her soon a general amnesty. We know how he kept his promise. Still, George Sand at that moment could not allow the *character* of Napoleon to be calumniated before her. She had found him accessible and human; she had talked with him sufficiently to have seen in him good instincts and certain tendencies towards an object which would have been the object of George Sand and her socialist friends, — tendencies soon to be effectually obstructed, if ever they existed, by the counselors with whom the Emperor was gradually becoming surrounded.

The last letter in the volume is one to Joseph Mazzini, whom, in spite of certain differences of opinion, discussed at length in previous letters, George Sand has not ceased to love and respect. Mazzini has written her a severe letter, reproaching her with her resignation. This is in December, 1853. Mazzini has also expressed surprise at finding no allusions in her recent works to current events. To these reproaches George Sand replies, with dignity and filial respect, that the censorship of Napoleon would not permit allusions:—

“When liberty is limited, frank and courageous souls prefer silence to insinuation. Furthermore, were liberty reëstablished for us, it is not certain that I should now wish to touch questions which humanity is not yet worthy to resolve, and which have divided even unto hatred the greatest and the best minds of these times. You are astonished that I am able to do literary work. I thank God that he has preserved me this faculty, because an honest and pure conscience, as mine is, still finds, outside of all discussion, a work of moralization to be pursued. What should I do, then, if I were to abandon my humble task? Conspire? It is not my vocation. Write pamphlets? I have neither the gall nor the wit. Theorize? We have had too much theorizing, and we have fallen into disputation, which is the grave of all truth and of all power. I am, and always have been, an artist, above everything. I know that purely political men have a great contempt for the artist, because they judge him after the types of certain mountebanks, who dishonor art. But you, my friend, you know well that a veritable artist is as useful as the priest and the warrior; and that, when he respects truth and virtue, he is in a way that God always blesses.”

George Sand is, indeed, above everything, an artist; and, in the midst of all the agitation of 1848, of all the ardor of her socialist propaganda, and of all

the anguish and despair of the corruption and ruin of the young republic, she was writing that immortal idyl, *La Mare au Diable*, and *Les Maitres Sonneurs*, a work of purely literary excellence.

After all, was not the revolution of 1848 a dream to George Sand,—a dream like the idyl of the *Mare au Diable*? Artist, enthusiast, great-souled genius, as she was, was George Sand ever gifted with practical sense? In the last letter to Mazzini, just quoted, she says, “As regards material interests, I have remained in a state of absolute idiocy; and so I have engaged a business man, who will take charge of the whole of the positive side of my life.” The business man in question was no other than Pierre Leroux, a man as innocent in all practical things as a new-born babe.

Once, and once only, this Pierre Leroux collaborated with George Sand in writing one of her novels, *Spiridion*,—which, by the way, is dedicated to that vague and cloudy philosopher. *Spiridion* was published in installments in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The reader may remember that this lugubrious and sepulchral narrative is the story of a monk, Pierre Hébrionius,—in religion, Brother *Spiridion*,—who died in the odor of sanctity, and had buried with him a manuscript, the work of his life, which bore, like his tombstone, the inscription, *Hic est veritas*. The whole interest of the novel lies in the search for this manuscript by the monk Alexis, who digs and digs, and philosophizes, chapter after chapter, without finding the manuscript of *Spiridion*. The readers of the *Revue* became impatient, at last. When is Alexis going to find the manuscript of *Spiridion*? asked the subscribers. The fact was that George Sand, ardent seeker after and believer in truth as she was, had invented *Spiridion* and his manuscript, *Hic est veritas*; but what truth was, George Sand, when pushed to the wall, could not say.

In her embarrassment, she asked Pierre Leroux to write what Spiridion could have written in his famous manuscript; and Leroux, without hesitation, finished the novel by a variation on his own doctrine of the triad : —

“ Religion has three epochs, like the reigns of the three persons of the Trinity. Christianity was destined to have three epochs, and the three epochs are accomplished. As the divine Trinity has three phases, the conception that the human mind has had of the Trinity in Christianity was destined to have three successive phases. The first, corresponding to Saint Peter, embraces the period of the creation and hierarchic and militant development of the church up to Hildebrand, the Saint Peter of

the eleventh century; the second, corresponding to Saint John, embraces the period from Abelard to Luther; the third, corresponding to Saint Paul, begins with Luther and ends with Bossuet. It is the reign of free examination, of knowledge, as the second period is the period of love and of sentiment, and as the first is the period of sensation and of activity. There Christianity ends, and there begins the era of a new religion.”

This new religion was of course the religion of Pierre Leroux, whom George Sand then styled her “friend and brother in years, her father and master in virtue and knowledge.” And yet people continue to think that Pilate was “jesting” when he asked, “What is truth?”

A FRENCHMAN IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1840.

WE expected to find M. de Bacourt's *Souvenirs*¹ a poor book, and we have not been disappointed. It is a very poor book indeed. It is not even amusing, except on rare occasions; and in this respect M. de Bacourt is inferior to most of his countrymen, who even when they are very ignorant contrive to be entertaining. French ignorance, in fact, is often more amusing than the wisdom of other people. But the worthy De Bacourt is distinctly dull. This much may be said for him, however: the work of his editress is far worse than his own.

The book, nevertheless, is interesting in three ways: first, because it has been published; secondly, as typical of a very marked quality of the French mind; and thirdly, because some of the incidents which the author saw and noted have a historical value to Americans.

¹ *De Bacourt Souvenirs d'un Diplomate. Lettres Intimes sur l'Amérique.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1882.

The publication of such a book illustrates a fashion, just now much in vogue in Europe, and especially in England, of paying a great deal of attention to this country. Our civil war and its triumphant result; our rapid payment of the national debt; our marvelous growth in wealth, prosperity, and population; in one word, our success, have within a few years brought home to the perceptions of the Old World a fact which only their own carelessness or stupidity prevented their seeing before. They have lately discovered that a great factor in the affairs of mankind, and a nation of vast, and in the future of overshadowing, power, has arisen on this side of the Atlantic. Our cousins of England, from a variety of causes, but chiefly from their unrivaled instinct and keen respect for material success, were the first to make the discovery. It is astonishing to see how much of current English literature in reviews and newspapers is devoted

to this country, and to our sayings and doings in every department of human activity. Crowds of Englishmen come here to-day where a handful came twenty years ago, and almost every man of any distinction among them goes home and writes his impressions. In the years before the war there was hardly an Englishman who did not abuse us, more or less ignorantly, whenever he thought about us at all, which was not often. We were then very anxious about foreign opinion, very greedy for it and very sensitive to it. Now, when we get a great deal of it, and an abundance of praise and wonder to boot, we are, as we ought to be, quite indifferent to the whole business. We sometimes read the various lucubrations from a feeling of curiosity, accept what is just, smile at the blunders, and forget the whole thing very quickly. But most of this foreign criticism, besides paying us the greatest compliment possible of giving a close study to our institutions and prospects, is often in a tone of admiration, almost invariably of respect.

Such is the general drift of foreign opinion; but there is a class, on the other side of the Atlantic, who regard us with very different feelings from those commonly entertained. This is the Tory class. We mean by this those persons, in many cases perhaps belonging to noble families, whose interests and affections are bound up with the past, and who hate modern tendencies with a purblind hatred. Such people have always detested, and until lately have despised, the United States. They detest us as much as ever, but their contempt has changed to alarm. They perceive plainly that our success and greatness mean the success and greatness of democracy, and they regard democracy, rightly enough, as their direst foe. We notice in these quarters, therefore, that interest in the United States takes the form of an eager effort to discredit us, and through us democracy and republican institutions.

Contemptuous abuse, it is obvious even to them, is no longer of any value. The case has become too serious for that. Take, for example, the *Saturday Review*. That journal, now in its decline, was wont, in its palmy days, to refer to us occasionally, in order to hold up our worthlessness to the hissing and scorn of all well-regulated nations. Nobody ever cared much for what the *Saturday Review* said, except to have a little fun with its articles; and now no one here cares a straw about it, one way or the other. But as we have become indifferent, the tone of the *Saturday Review* has changed. It is now very sensitive to our criticism and much annoyed by what we say, and rushes about in a defensive way, seeking war-like material. In this pursuit it tries to discredit us, and, besides taking great comfort in Mr. Henry James's statement that we no longer speak English, it has lately been digging up the dried mud of Dickens's *American Notes* and Martin Chuzzlewit, and has been throwing that about, in default of anything better. There is something rather pleasing in the annoyance which American opinion on various matters is giving to the worthy and aged people (aged in mind) who conduct that periodical. But we are apt to forget that the same class exists in Paris, in the Faubourg St. Germain, as well as in London. The French Tories seem to have a vague notion that successful democracy in America is helping to bury still deeper the dead Bourbonism which they love. They dimly feel that it is a good thing to put that democracy in an odious light. Hence the publication of M. de Bacourt's private letters. The preface discloses very frankly the purpose of the book, which is designed to injure us in public opinion. There can be, in fact, no other motive, since, except for a slight historical value to a limited circle of American readers, the book is completely without interest or importance. But as an emanation of

the Tory mind, as a specimen of the Tory anxiety in regard to the United States, the publication of these letters is a curious and suggestive incident.

This book is, however, still more interesting as the expression and example of a highly typical French mind. M. de Bacourt was a gentleman of good family. He was a literary man, the editor of the *Mirabeau* and *Talleyrand* papers, a scholar and man of the world. More than all this, he had passed a large part of his life in diplomacy. As a diplomatist, and as the friend and literary executor of *Talleyrand*, he had an extensive acquaintance with the interests, the affairs, and the character of nations other than his own, as well as a thorough familiarity with modern history. A man of such antecedents and of such habits and training would seem to have been almost ideally fitted for a traveler, observer, and critic. Yet, as these letters show, he was utterly unable to understand a foreign nation even in the dimmest way. He had not even the capacity of setting down intelligently what he saw; for such was his mental blindness that he saw scarcely anything. All this was due to the simple fact that M. de Bacourt was a Frenchman; and he rises, in this way, to the dignity of one of those extreme and well-defined types which, under the modern comparative system of investigation and study, are at once so satisfactory and so attractive.

There are no people on the earth, except the Chinese, which have any claim to be called civilized who are such absolute slaves to local limitations as the French. They know nothing and wish to know nothing of other nations. There is, of course, in every country a large body of ignorance in regard to foreign nations and foreign countries, but in France there is an arrogant and complacent ignorance in this respect, to which the exceptions are so few that it may be called universal. It includes all classes and de-

grees, from the aristocrat who follows the white flag and the men of the highest education down to the idlers of the Boulevard and the blue-shirted workmen of the Faubourgs. To Frenchmen Paris is at this moment not only the great centre of light and life, but they hardly recognize the existence of any other. They are still living in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when French was the language of the polite world, and when the princelings of Germany and their courts mangled the language, and complimented by a brutal imitation the vices and follies of the "great people." They have not yet awakened to the fact that the great world outside of their boundaries is sweeping by them, and that civilized mankind, as has been cleverly said, "might now be divided into two nations: those who speak English and those who do not." Hardly ten years have elapsed since France was deservedly crushed, in the short space of six months, under the iron heel of military conquest. A principal cause of all this disgrace and disaster was her persistent, complacent, crass ignorance of her next-door neighbors. If the French were narrowed and degraded like the Spaniards, if they were slow of mind like the Germans, this intellectual malformation would not be so surprising. But they are among the quickest witted of the sons of men. They have attained the highest distinction compatible with a lack of the highest imagination in literature, science, and art, and in every department of intellectual life. They are thrifty, industrious, and frugal. Their resources have but recently astonished the world. Yet they are steadily, although very slowly, dropping behind; and examination reveals that the decline of France, which is destined to increase more rapidly in the future than it has in the past, is mainly due to the colossal conceit of her people, and to their inability to know, or understand, or like anything outside of their own bounda-

ries, or to live in any country but their own.

Every one who has read knows how few French travelers there have been. Every one who has journeyed in Europe or elsewhere knows that, while all the rest of the world travels, Frenchmen are rarely to be met with. This apparently trivial phenomenon has a profound significance. The great nations of the earth, the few which have ruled the world and made its history, have been those possessing the genius of colonization. Other nations have risen and decayed, while these endured, and their influence has survived every chance and change. There have been but three: the Greek, the Roman, and the English. If we look at modern time, we see the importance of colonization at a glance. Holland, Portugal, Spain, all rose to great although temporary power by acquisitions in the New World. Germany did not rise during the same period. She was rent internally, and had no colonies. Venice alone in Italy rose high in the political scale, and Venice colonized. France saw the value of the policy. She sent out expeditions. She forcibly transported settlers to Canada; but her colonies did not flourish. There was a great struggle for supremacy in colonization, and in 1760 England prevailed and dominated the world, while France lost the colonies she had, and never regained them or established new ones. The English empire of that day has been torn asunder; but the English race, because it possessed the genius for colonization, because it saw the opportunities beyond its own borders, was adventurous and enterprising, and could adapt itself to new conditions, is still supreme. The English people, outside of Great Britain, possess the northern and control the southern continent of the Western hemisphere. Australia, the new continent, is theirs, and South Africa. They are the rulers of India and of a multitude of smaller states.

One hundred millions of people speak to-day the English tongue. Their combined wealth and power more than equals that of all the rest of the world. How small and contracted France appears, in comparison with this mighty English race, whose intellectual and material progress have gone hand in hand! France owes it to her own narrowness. All the adventurous, colonizing spirit she ever had left her, together with much else of saving grace, when she drove out the Huguenots, the flower of the people, and let them carry to England and America a fresh element of strength and power. It seems a little thing to say that a nation is narrow, ignorant, and incapable of understanding other races and other lands, and yet it is this which deprived France of colonies, and which now impedes her progress, and is drawing her down to an inferior place in the scale of nations.

This is the broad historical view of the question. In M. de Bacourt's letters we can see this spirit of French provincialism manifested in its very essence. We do not mean by this his abuse and dislike of the United States. That he should abuse and dislike us was natural enough, and has nothing to do with the mental deficiency of his race, of which we have been speaking. The difficulty with M. de Bacourt, as with most of his fellow-countrymen, is not that his opinion is favorable or unfavorable in regard to another race or country, but that he has no reasons for any view, one way or the other, except that a given thing is or is not after his own fashion. Frenchmen can understand nothing that is not French. They either admire stupidly, or as stupidly condemn, usually the latter. They regard foreigners as barbarian *ex vi termini*, and their faculties never seem to get beyond the Chinese wall of complacent, self-sufficient ignorance, by which they are inclosed. M. de Bacourt indulged in many sapient reflections, instead of set-

ting down what he observed, and he never went below the surface of things, — another quite common failing of his race. He appreciated the natural scenery of America, and admired it, and thus he was led to comprehend that this was a land of magnificent opportunities. He also perceived that there was a dangerous diversity of opinion between the South and the North on the question of slavery, and he thought, rather vaguely, that a war might grow out of these differences. It would have been abnormal even in a Frenchman to have failed to see this, but M. de Bacourt's admiring niece points it out as an instance of almost superhuman perspicacity. With this exception, every conclusion drawn by M. de Bacourt — and he drew a great many, on very slight premises — is hopelessly and invariably wrong. For instance, he saw placards in the railway stations warning the public to beware of pickpockets, and he concluded that we were a nation of thieves. There were a number of suicides at one time while he was here, and he immediately made up his mind that we were all preparing to cut our throats, and that these suicides were a proof of the failure of our institutions and of our civilization. He says, to take an example of a more serious kind, that the South was democratic, and the North aristocratic. It is obvious, one would think, to the meanest understanding, that the direct reverse was the case. A system founded on slavery is necessarily aristocratic, while the industrial and agricultural communities of the North were conspicuously and plainly democratic, in the very nature of things. If any one had stated to M. de Bacourt in Paris, as an abstract proposition, that slave-holders formed a democratic society, he would have set his informant down as a shallow fool. Yet in the United States he exhibited precisely this shallow and unthinking folly himself. Any number of similar examples could be cited, but

these suffice to show the profound inability of the genuine Frenchman to understand or reason upon anything outside of France.

This brings us to the third point of interest in M. de Bacourt's book, what he actually saw and heard in the United States in 1840. There is no such word as "home" in the French language, and no such thing as "home," as we understand it, in French cities. Yet there is no one who suffers so acutely from home-sickness as a Frenchman out of France. The "*mal du pays*" afflicts the "great people" to an unequaled extent. M. de Bacourt suffered from a well-defined attack of nostalgia, and he was, moreover, in wretched health; two circumstances which increased the natural gloom of the situation. After he had been in America nearly a month, the only gleam of light was in the fact that a few people remembered Talleyrand; a touching example of French open-mindedness and intelligence. The whole case may be summed up very briefly. M. de Bacourt was utterly and profoundly disgusted with everything and everybody. This was perfectly natural, and in a certain degree not unreasonable. He came from the high civilization of Paris to a civilization crude in the extreme. We had cast off the habits and customs borrowed from Europe in colonial days; we had not yet established and defined our own habits and customs. Everything was in a formative condition. It was a state of solution, and a period of transition. Manners were free and easy. Education had spread, but had not advanced proportionately. The art of living was entirely undeveloped.

The condition of the large cities, even, was rough and unattractive. Washington was inexpressibly dreary. A few great public buildings, some straggling, ill-built houses, and clusters of negro shanties made up the capital city of the Union. The highways were unpaved,

dusty in summer, and so muddy during the rest of the year as to be almost impassable. Cattle and swine ran loose in the streets, making night hideous with their noise, and women milked their cows at the edge of the sidewalks. To a native of Paris this was not agreeable. The other cities were scarcely better—Baltimore resembled Washington. New York, given up to trade and commerce, M. de Bacourt thought thoroughly repulsive. He refers to it as a confused, hot, dirty, unfinished place, the resort of all the adventurers on the continent. The appearance of Boston pleased him. He describes it as a handsome English city, well built and well ordered, clean, and free from cattle and pigs. But he found it very dull, and the cold climate and the dislike of the French which pervaded society led him to give his final preference to Philadelphia, which had most of the material advantages of Boston without its drawbacks. At best, however, it was a mere choice of evils.

American politics touched their lowest point during the administration of Mr. Polk. It is the fashion to speak of politics and political life as of a lower order at the present day than ever before; but this is a complete mistake. The decline in our politics set in with Andrew Jackson, and they began to improve after Mr. Polk's administration. They advanced but slightly for many years, but still progress has been steady. It is very true that at this moment we have no men of such ability as Webster, Clay, and Calhoun in public life; but the general tone of politics to-day, at Washington especially, is infinitely better than when those distinguished leaders were at the height of their reputation. The brutality, the coarseness, the financial dishonesty and disaster resulting from Jackson's overthrow of the bank, the low tone of the politics of that period, and the savagery engendered by slavery have almost wholly disappeared. When M. de Bacourt came here, in 1840,

we were very nearly at our lowest point. He was disgusted beyond reason with what he saw, but not wholly without good cause. The trouble with M. de Bacourt was not that he disliked his surroundings and the manners of the people whom he met, but that he at once concluded, in the most empty-headed way, that these outside appearances and these superficial defects, many of them inevitable, told the whole story, and that the entire republic was a failure. He believed that the men of English race, who had mastered the continent, and incidentally driven the French out of it, could not make the most of their opportunities, and were going helplessly and hopelessly to pieces. A moment's historical reflection would have shown him the absurdity of this reasoning; but he was a Frenchman, his dinners were bad, the manners of the people were rough, there were evil things in politics, and hence everything was necessarily doomed to ruin. It was not French, in short, and therefore no good could come of it. To a man accustomed to the kaleidoscopic changes of system in France, the stability of American government and the sound common sense of the American people were sealed books, because there was nothing in his experience to tell him of the existence or the value of such qualities. M. de Bacourt summed up his ideas by saying that the American people were second and third rate Englishmen, and that, as M. Talleyrand said, their society lacked solid foundation, because the people had no moral sense. There is something perfectly grotesque in this last assertion. Talleyrand was a great man, but he was no more fit to judge of "moral sense" than a Hottentot is to criticise the Dresden Madonna. There may have been men in public life more free from the burden of a moral sense than Talleyrand, but we do not recall them at this moment. His only connection with the United States was when he tried to force bribes

from the American envoys. These immoral men left France, and their country prepared for war, and soon brought the "great republic" to terms. That M. Talleyrand regarded such conduct as proof positive of a lack of sense we have no doubt; and in matters of bribery and intrigue he was a good judge, but on morality his criticisms are not equally valuable.

M. de Bacourt's judgment of our public men was largely determined by their attitude towards the duties on French wines and silks. Van Buren, who was friendly to him on this point, he kindly refers to as an excellent "imitation of a gentleman," and regrets his defeat. He rather liked Clay, who was a true type, as he puts it, of the English "gentleman farmer." Calhoun he also liked, and Poinsett and Ewing. Webster, who was "anti-French," he depicts as pompous, pretentious, and tiresome. He further describes Mr. Webster's getting drunk at dinner, and then making a maudlin speech to him. This charming incident his niece calls special attention to in the preface. Generally M. de Bacourt spoke the truth. In this case he went beyond the truth, very obviously, and committed the great blunder of not telling a reasonable lie. The effect of wine on Mr. Webster was to make him dull and heavy, moody and sleepy, not talkative and foolish. That he took too much madeira at the President's dinner is, unfortunately, quite probable; that he afterwards made a maudlin speech to M. de Bacourt, like a tipsy sophomore, strikes us as a rather clumsy invention of a personal enemy. M. de Bacourt is, however, unlucky in all he says about Webster. He speaks of him as a second-rate Englishman. A sillier description could hardly have been devised. Webster was a thorough, pure-blooded American, of a strongly American type, and as unlike an Englishman in looks as it is possible for an American to be. It was reserved for M. de Bacourt to be

the only man of any race or creed who was so innately petty as not to be impressed by Webster's superb physical presence and leonine look.

The bitterest hatred of the French minister, however, was kept for John Quincy Adams, who opposed his wishes as to the tariff and exposed his lobbying with the committees. De Bacourt exults over the attacks made upon the gallant old man, when he presented the Haverhill petition, with the delight of a mean spirit. Two other congressmen, Mr. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Kennedy, of Maryland, M. de Bacourt found more "*comme il faut*" than anybody he met.

The French are proverbially witty, and all the world enjoys their wit; but they are absolutely devoid of any sense of humor, or of the appreciation of any wit but their own. M. de Bacourt was frequently advised to marry, and good-naturedly joked with on this subject, all of which he considered very indelicate. At one time it was a bit of fun to put on a visiting-card G. T. T., "Gone to Texas;" and this M. de Bacourt considered a mark of national depravity, as well as irreverent to the sacred P. P. C. of France. But the hardest blow was when the newspapers spoke of Dickens, La Fayette, Fanny Ellsler, and the Prince de Joinville "in that order," as the unhappy De Bacourt indignantly exclaims.

We will make one extract before leaving the book. It is an amusing account of an interview which M. de Bacourt had with some members of the cabinet. He was calling on Mr. Ewing, the Secretary of the Treasury. "We had only exchanged a few words, when Mr. Crittenden, the Attorney-General, Mr. Bell, Secretary of War, and Mr. Badger, Secretary of the Navy, came in. Mr. Badger was smoking a cigar, which he did not extinguish; Mr. Bell threw himself upon a sofa, putting his feet upon one of the arms, thus showing us

the soles of his boots; as to Mr. Crittenden, as he was very warm, he threw off his coat, and took from his pocket a bit of tobacco, which he placed in his mouth to chew. They all took a joking tone with me, which I was obliged to assume with them, in order not to offend men who are very influential in our commercial affairs." The description of President Harrison's reception of the diplomatic corps is too long for quotation, but is equally amusing.

A word in conclusion as to the editing. M. de Bacourt evidently understood English sufficiently to write it correctly, but almost every other English word in the book is grotesquely misspelled. The blunders were made, evidently, in copying. They are so obvious that one would think the average Parisian cabman would have known enough to correct them; but they are clearly beyond the scholarship of the Comtesse de Mirabeau. There is another and more serious fault. We should be the last to favor suppression in any historical documents, but the personal appearance of ladies and gentlemen in the families where M. de Bacourt was re-

ceived has neither historical nor public interest. The only names suppressed are those of some obscure French people in New York. All others are given in full, although often disguised by very strange spelling. M. de Bacourt, as was perfectly proper in confidential letters to an intimate friend, wrote frankly of all he saw in private houses. To print all this criticism upon ladies and gentlemen who were entirely in private life, and some of whom are still living, is a gross breach of hospitality and a piece of dishonorable ingratitude. The sin lies at the door of the lady who edited the letters, and it argues a lack of that good feeling which is the foundation of good manners, extraordinary even in a French woman.

We have said that the book is poor and of little value, and our readers may be inclined to apply to us the Italian proverb, that "no one throws stones at a tree which has no fruit." We can only reply, in excuse, that a poor book may be very suggestive; and this we can truly say of M. de Bacourt's letters, although we should hardly advise any one to take the trouble to read them.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETRY OF ROBERT HERRICK.

THE revival of art in these days extends, happily, to the revival of certain poets also, if we may judge by the beautiful volume in which Robert Herrick is newly brought to our ken.¹ But perhaps it ought not even to be hinted that "revival" is possible in the case of a writer who, in various effusions, alluded to the prospect of his undying fame with such calm confidence, as if it were a mere incidental, a matter of course; as,

¹ *Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick, with Drawings* by EDWIN A. ABBEY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882.

for instance, in those lines where he represents himself as coming to his father's tomb, and by way of payment for the debt of birth he owes exclaims, —

"For my life mortall, Rise from out thy Herse,
And take a life immortall from my Verse."

But, though bards may be immortal, they do not always, so to speak, lead an active career of immortality; and as Herrick's survival has been somewhat passive — mostly confined to *The Night-Piece* to Julia and the "Gather ye rose-buds while ye may," of anthologies — it is pleasant to see him brought out

boldly among books of the day, in so worthy a garb. His "vein of poetry was very irregular," says his distinguished Caledonian co-member among the British poets, Thomas Campbell; but the irregularity, so far as it is represented in this very excellent selection, only adds to the charm of his literary presence. At all events, here he is, reproduced with a literal fidelity calculated to drive the spelling-reformer into a frenzy even greater than that which now afflicts him; and, moreover, he is accompanied by a wealth of pictorial comment from the hand of a truly congenial mind,—that of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey. Herrick was a singer of delightful individuality, in an epoch of remarkable individualities,—that epoch to which Taine has given the name of the Pagan Renaissance, when men had awakened to a fresh enjoyment of life, and found poetry wherever they turned their eyes. A man in the prime he was when Shakespeare died; a contemporary of Milton, a competitor with Carew and Waller. In all that conflict of claims, he preserves his hold on us as deserving a separate place. He glances out of window, from his parsonage in Devon, and straightway finds material for a poem; the human, natural note of the layman he always was in spirit, and afterwards became in fact, bursts out in his exquisite love lyrics; he has strange fancies of flowers, and of maidens metamorphosed into them; even the bare meadows are addressed by him in a flight of verses, filled with glad shapes of life; and, under these phases, as well as when he is brooding upon death and eternity, he never fails to charm. Even the occasional awkwardness of his verse and the threat of having nothing to say at the end contribute to the effect by imparting a surprise and a sense of lurking humor. To all this Mr. Abbey's genius responds most agreeably. Mr. Austin Dobson's preface intimates that the present volume grew out of

studio readings,—the modern English poet reciting from the older lyric master, while the young American draughtsman worked and listened; and the book has just that easy, spontaneous air which might be expected from such an origin. Nevertheless, it seems to us that, in his dainty and very cleverly turned introductory paragraph, Mr. Dobson has a little swerved from the line of unaffected quaintness, traceable in Herrick, by too great an indulgence in quotation and allusion, and by a certain over-consciousness of his theme; as if—to adopt a modish simile—Herrick were simply *bisque*, and Mr. Dobson had chosen to coat that humbler surface with a light, brilliant glaze. Something of this same defect may, perhaps, with all due recognition of merit, be discerned in Mr. Abbey's designs. There is in them at times a kind of forced, though sympathetic quaintness. It should, however, be remembered that to edit or illustrate a lyricist of another age involves a difficulty like that of painting the lily. Taking simply the conception and method of Mr. Abbey's pictures in themselves, we are still compelled to note some limitations upon their excellence. The male figures are generally inadequate; there is a tendency to reduce them to manikins, as in the Corinna's Going A-Maying. In the Beucolick, or Discourse of Neatherds, this tendency is also manifest; and in the first of the drawings of the several belonging to this poem, "Lalage with cow-like eyes" really is given the physiognomy of a *pétroleuse*. In the famous Night-Piece, Julia is extremely engaging; but the poet, sitting at her feet, has his left leg laid out limp as a paint-tube when squeezed half dry. Mr. Abbey's drawing, indeed, is in more than one instance very deficient; we cannot find it in us to commend the initial composition accompanying To His Muse, with its ludicrous little male figure lost in shrubbery, and its Thalia elongated to a stature

which even a goddess could not support; and there are other examples that might be cited. Furthermore, the artist has now and then been careless, or his imagination has failed him; for on no other hypothesis can we explain his feebleness in illustrating the distich on *Julia Weeping*. But it is perhaps ungracious to dwell upon such points as these, when there is so much in the series to call forth a hearty recognition of success. It certainly exhibits remarkable fertility: that one man should so happily have planned and executed compositions so varied, so picturesque, and so generally pleasing, in the midst of much other work, is proof of unusual versatility and excellence. Not to mention the graceful flower pieces, there are several landscapes of great merit, among the drawings, — though that of *Dean-Bourn*, a Devon river, is perhaps unavoidably lost in the printing. The design *Upon Julia's Clothes* is not alone technically good, but is full of spirit: the peacock attitude of the woman, subtly echoed in her peacock-fan and the feathers around the border, is admirably presented. The *Mad Maid's Song* is honored with a design abounding in strength, beauty, and a peculiar insight. That which accompanies the verses *To Musique* is, in its purity and loveliness, like a full, clear, sober note of melody. Then, too, there are refreshing glimpses of out-door scenes, like that containing the lustrous and

buoyant figure of *Mistress Susanna Southwell*. Perhaps the finest of all these designs is the one belonging to *His Poetrie his Pillar*, where the "winged minutes" of the poem are, with keen sense of fitness on the part of the artist, depicted as muffled shapes ascending a stair, instead of being endowed with conventional wings. There is an original seductiveness about this volume, in its entirety, which arouses a vague suspicion that it is a sort of nursery rhymes for larger children; and precisely therein consists its especial value. At the same time that it appeals to the emotional and intellectual nature of mature readers, it takes us back to the unsophisticated mood of childhood; a characteristic which is sure to give it wide popularity. And whatever criticisms one may pass upon Mr. Abbey, here and there, everybody will admit that there is no one who can dispute with him his peculiar function as an illustrator, which in these pages is seen at its best.

In viewing this superb rendering of Herrick's fancies, we are reminded of his own epigram, wherein he asks "the detractor" what poets he likes best, and receives reply, "*The dead:*" thereupon he says that he too will soon be dead, and

"Then sure thou 't like, or thou wilt envie me."

One may well envy Herrick his illustrator.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I FIND my prejudice in favor of summer greatly diminished, at the coming of weather sufficiently cold to recommend the kindling of fires in grate and stove. With what readiness we obey the Horatian injunction:—

"Dissolve frigus ligna super foco
Large reponens."

A long-banished, familiar friend returns when once more the fire smiles and beckons from behind its mica windows, or, better yet, in full view, mounts

its invisible ladder in an open grate. This malicious demon of the South Sea islander's superstition, spitting flame out of the wood, is, in our more intimate experience, a very powerful genius, whom we are able to invoke to friendly alliance by means of friction and a little phosphorus at the point of a pine sliver. Hail, mighty magician, patient bond slave, acute companion, live kaleidoscope of wonderful colors and changes! Only those who possess the knack of "building a fire" are genuine fire-worshippers; to those only the genius deigns to exhibit its cunningest sorceries. When the trains of kindlings have been laid, with all the proper nooks and crannies planned to secure a draught and invite ambushade, and when the match has been applied, and the nimble flames rush out to reconnoitre, the successful fire-builder may well look upon himself as a sorcerer, not of the black but of the bright art. How mysterious is this fugitive element, now here upon the hearth, and now gone — none knows whither! "The unknown cause of the sensation of heat" almost savors of poetic mysticism; yet it is a mere phrase of the dictionary-maker, who is at loss how to give us an absolute definition.

Fire, though commonly accounted a mute, is not without a certain degree of vocality and semi-articulate speech. It has its soft and rough breathings, its undertones, and its notes of triumph, as it drives a lambent wedge between the bark and the body of the wood, or makes a spiral escalade up through some knot-hole. Often it gives out a fine staccato click, not unlike the snapping of frost on the panes in a still winter night.

I am impressed with the secretive virtue of the fire. It alone, among the elements, never tells tales, never renders up aught committed to its charge. Whether it burn ordinary wood or a Meleager's brand, the ashes give no

hint. Let one lodge his treasure with the earth, but in a convulsive fit she may some time lay it bare. Nor is the sea always a safe custodian: witness how it sent a fish ashore with the king's ring, cast as a votive offering to the gods forever! But the fire has a deep past the reach of lead and line. It is therefore the best preservative from moth and rust, which make such sad havoc among the precious things in our reliquaries; it is also the only known preventive against the curious or careless hands of strangers in the after-time. The best "fire-proof safe," perhaps, is the fire itself. Besides, the more we consign to this royal conservator, the greater the credit and confidence it yields us. What does Vesta write to me? A glowing *résumé* of my friends' sparkling letters, which I resolutely sacrificed a short time ago. The paper on which they were traced has fallen into ashes, but the subject matter reappears in a magnificent red-line and red-letter edition. Sometimes, as I watch the burning of such offerings, I read a ghostly leaf of the original manuscript, charred or wholly consumed, yet buoyed up by the breath of the fire for an instant, while my glance runs over the unviolated character.

If the hunter or explorer, encamped in some "lion-haunted island," owes to fire his preservation from wild beasts, the solitary by his own hearth has the same charmed defense against the jungle inhabitants of his thought. If fire warm the body, shall it not also warm the spirit, which is by nature akin, being an authentic spark of Promethean heat? May I be forgiven if I let go the doctrine of hell fire, and adopt that of heaven fire! What flame burns, and burns not to the refining of that which was committed for ordeal? This immortal symbol of purgation let me celebrate in terms of the ancient Gueber hymn, recently brought to light in red-letter text: —

Where goest thou, keen soul of heat,
 So bright, so light, so fleet;
 Whose wing was never downward bent,
 Aye pluming for ascent?
 Where goest thou, when, breaking loose
 From all mechanic use,
 From beacon-head and altar-stone
 And hearth of mortal frown,
 Thou spreadest through the air apace,
 Dissolving in wide space?

Continually the waters fall;
 Springs, torrents, rivers, — all,
 Drawn downward to the gathering deep,
 Remain within its keep.
 But thou to the empyrean sea,
 Bright upward stream, dost flee,
 Where stars and sun are lost to sight,
 Drowned in exceeding light!

Continually, in strength and pride,
 The great ships cut the tide;
 The waters fall, and these descend
 Unto their journey's end.
 But who, upborne on wing of thine,
 Shall reach thy goal divine?
 Thither, O rapt and holy Fire,
 Thither, bid me aspire,
 That, when my spirit's flame burns free,
 It shall ascend with thee.

— There is a deal of rich suggestion in that crisp Preface by Messrs. Heminge and Condell, found in their edition of Shakespeare (1623), addressed To The Great Variety of Readers. What nimble gibing at the Philistines of the day! What sharp allocution to the general public and tweaking of its dull ear! In particular, what significant intimation to the “magistrate of wit,” accustomed to “arraign playes dailie,” that the critical function is here at a discount! “Know these playes have had their trial alreadie, and stood out all appeales.” Heminge and Condell could scarcely have foreseen at how many petty assizes the works of their old “Friend and Fellow” were destined to be tried. Some experience they had had of the “frauds and stealths of injurious impostors,” and their “surreptitious cspies;” but worse was to follow when the exquisite literary journeymen of the Restoration took in hand the Shakespearean drama, snipping and cutting away, here and there, patching with tawdry rags, till the original fabric could

hardly be recognized. Heminge and Condell could not have foreseen how the “Immortal Spring of Wycherly” would for a time be patronized by misguided pilgrims, while the way to true Helicon lay overgrown with coarse weeds. Whatever amazement and fine wrath they would have felt at noting these fluctuations in the poet's fame, it is quite possible they would have been more profoundly perplexed at the turn his fortunes are taking in this age, — the age of Shakespearean criticism, let us call it. “Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shilling's worth, your five shillings' worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome,” jauntily observes this brace of Elizabethan editors, urging their public to buy first, and censure afterwards. Are there not all these various fractional values in the aggregate of current Shakespearean criticism? It strikes us that there are too many sixpenny investments in etymological investigation and discussion, the results of which, though occasionally interesting and suggestive, are oftener tedious and inconclusive. The great poet is a sort of inexhaustible Mykenæ, mined by a troop of industrious Schliemanns; these being armed with philological picks and spades, and marvelously zealous in the work, — marvelously successful, too, for the old cabinet of literature has scarcely shelf room enough for all their “finds.” There are, also, pen'orth and shilling's worth judgments, of a sentimental, speculative, or analytic order; sundry ingenious interpretations of Shakespearean characters, and theories anent the conduct of each. The madness (?) of Hamlet, the jealousy of Othello, the diabolism of Iago, the stuff of Lady Macbeth's temper and resolve, — these are all moot questions, differentiating and doctrinal points in the various schools of opinion. One is expected, almost required, to hold positive views of these subjects; he knows not how soon he may be called upon to re-

peat his confession of faith. There are, to be sure, some crown and pound values in this currency of criticism: such are the large judgments of the ripe scholar and the philosopher, and the intuitions of the poet. Yet, the best thing they do for us is to send us to read once more, and more joyfully and heartily, the chief of poets and philosophers. Have we not had something too much of criticism and diagnosis, and do we not, with regard to Shakespeare, love not too well, but too wisely? It is a positive relief, in the midst of so much frigid scientific characterization, to hear of "poor Berlioz" and his Shakespeare craze.

As to the authorship of the Shakespearean drama, one is quite ignorant where so much speculation will land us. While the Baconian theory has perhaps dropped into port to freight with new proof, along sails a fancy-rigged craft, carrying the theory of a multiplex authorship. It has somehow been discovered that an odd number of Elizabethan geniuses laid their glorious heads together, and wrote these plays as a pastime. (Perhaps it was "done at the Mermaid.") Then, with a view to hoodwinking the public, they hid their identities under a little *nominis umbra*, — that of an obscure "utility man." So there was no William Shakespeare, — at least, none to speak of! It turns out that what we call Shakespeare (like what we once called Homer) is a complex star, at last resolved, by research and perspicacity, into a group of sparklers! The "myriad-minded" is now cleverly accounted for. A whole junto of the choicest sixteenth-century wit, wisdom, pathos, and imagination went to the creation of Lear, Hamlet, The Tempest, and Cymbeline. The universal man no longer remains, but in his place is a certain composite quantity. This bold theory steps smartly on, in company with other leveling and disillusioning doctrines of the day. Let those who

will entertain it, but for ourselves, — we kiss our hands to thee, O sublime shade of William Shakespeare!

— That music can, *per se*, be sacred or profane will not be urged even by a devotee. That verbal or circumstantial associations can cast a distinctively devotional or secular color over an air forever is quite another matter; and in this hypothesis lies the sole moral separation between Coronation or Windham and The Widow Nolan's Goat or an adagio of Beethoven's. It is strictly a matter of vigorous sentiment. People with retentive ears, who sedulously attend church, the opera, and the concert, have a right to dissent from listening on Sunday to the same melodies the week has associated with warbling Manricos and Lucrezias. (In nine cases out of ten, the maceration and disharmonization of these same melodies by the "arranger" introduce a side-question of artistic morality.) The evil started in the choir-book of "set pieces," — save the mark! How far it has now vitiated the hymn-book down-stairs, let us see.

Before the writer lies a book of "hymns and tunes," a well-known collection, adopted by several of the most important Protestant denominations in the country, and the music in which purports to be the selection of three experienced musicians. To each of them the entire galaxy of ecclesiastical composers ought to be, probably is, familiar. First to catch the eye is the fine old hymn, "Oh, could I speak the matchless worth," and below it another, "O Love Divine, how sweet thou art," united to a mangled "arrangement" of the duet in Mozart's opera *Die Zauberflöte*, wherein Pamina and the bird-catcher, Papageno, extol "The manly heart, with love o'erflowing," posing in serio-comic attitudes before the foot-lights. To the three hymns "Eternal Father, strong to save," "Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All," and "Thou art, O God, the Life and Light," is wedded, in three

several places, a tune entitled Prince, at once discovered to be Mendelssohn's sentimental Song without Words, Consolation, note for note. On a fresh page, "By faith I viewed my Saviour dying" appears. One is asked to sing it to a badly-garbled version of the barcarolle and *pas seul* opening the last act of Auber's opera Massaniello. A further felicity treads upon its frisky heels. To the words "Hail, my ever-blessed Jesus, only Thee I wish to sing," has been appended a tune called Ludwig. Is it, then, one of Beethoven's beautiful hymn tunes, such as "I love my God," or "God is my song"? By no means! It is the well-known first choral strain of the finale to the Ninth Symphony, "Freude, Freude, Götterfunken!"

James Montgomery's hymn, "Call Jehovah thy salvation," is set to the introductory air in the overture to Von Flotow's opera of Martha (the same movement afterwards turned into a quintet in the second act), christened Vesper. That ancient offense, the utilizing of the languishing love duet, "Solo, profugo, rejetto," with "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," is condoned in the pews, thanks to these compilers. One looks about him for Lionel and Plunkett, to tender them the inevitable encore. "Saviour, when in dust to Thee" should have inspired any composer, directed any selectors to good results. It is here linked to the first melody in Jacques Blumenthal's *morceau de salon*, Les Deux Anges (once a cherished drawing-room friend), under the frank name Blumenthal.

A sharp scrutiny of the notes prefixed to another hymn by Montgomery, "The Lord is my shepherd," discovers the popular air "Scenes that are brightest," from Wallace's opera Maritana. Six pages further, lo, "Angels from the realms of glory" is encountered, to be sung to Von Weber's "Einsam bin ich," in Wolff's play of Preciosa. Von Weber's flowing periods, indeed, seem to

have been quite irresistible to our three friends. They have plucked up by the roots the opening slow melody in his Der Freischutz overture, labeled it St. Jude (!), and tacked it upon Schmolke's "My Jesus, as Thou wilt" and Dr. Bonar's "I did thee wrong, my God." The melody in Agathe's scena, later in the same opera, is turned over to "Softly now the light of day." I have also seen in another book the familiar "Fading, still fading," set to the cavatina "Glöcklein im Thale," in Euryanthe; and not long ago, in yet another, "arrangements" of Balfe's "Then you'll remember me," and of the waltz-tempo in his Satanella, as music to a couple of standard hymns.

The air "Nearer, my God, to Thee" has now become so associated with the celebrated hymn itself that one may forgive its reappearance between these covers, graceless plagiarism that it is from "Oft in the still night." The application of the secular airs Home, Sweet Home and The Last Rose of Summer is, at least, too lackadaisical to be tolerated. Nor does this book of sacred song refuse to countenance a march in Mendelssohn's Songs without Words alongside the hymn "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," nor the "Prayer" from Herold's opera Zampa doing irksome duty with "Softly fades the twilight ray," nor an air from the same composer's *Près aux Clercs* as music to "Hark, the herald angels sing."

The writer is not disposed to go further. This volume of canticles is not unique. Let the reader seek it out and examine it at leisure, and then let him lay hold of another and a third, to find the trail of the "adapter" and "arranger" over them all. The Salvation Army can fling a *tu quoque* argument in the teeth of their critics, upon musical grounds. The choir-books are crowded with operatic quartets from Donizetti and Rossini. The organist's compendium is an outrage upon propriety. In

the Roman Catholic churches the ear is insulted with masses by modern Italian and other composers for the stage; men of genius, who, in writing for the sacred offices of that church, ignored every law and tradition concerning its ecclesiastical music. In provincial Roman Catholic and Protestant churches the state of affairs is naturally far worse than in large cities. Not a year ago a country organist assured the writer that "he had been waiting till it should n't seem so common," to set his choir to singing "I heard the voice of

Jesus say" to the sextet in the Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience*. He added smilingly that "it went perfectly." One thing is sure: that, unless the moral sentiment of all denominations awakes, somewhat as the moral sentiment of the Roman Catholic church did in the time of Palestrina and the Council of Trent (when the situation was very similar), psalmody and church music in general will become precisely as devout as those "sacred concerts" announced in the Sunday press during our opera seasons.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fine Arts and Holiday Books. A History of Wood-Engraving, by George E. Woodberry (Harpers), is an important work, not from its contribution to the facts of the history of engraving on wood, for it displays no special research, but for its untechnical yet clear and discriminating statement of the relation which the development of the art has borne to civilization. In other words, Mr. Woodberry writes as a student, who values the art both for the pleasure which it gives and for its expository power; and he is rather a cultivated scholar writing for people of education than a technical student writing for professional artists. The illustrations are really illustrative. — History of Ancient Art, by Dr. Franz von Reber, translated and augmented by Joseph Thacher Clarke (Harpers), is a work of the same general character as Mr. Woodberry's, but more comprehensive in subject and more exact and specific in treatment. But, like that, it is historical, and deals with art as an exponent of civilization in its successive stages. The work is furnished with a glossary, and with useful illustrations. Its compactness and order render it very serviceable as a hand-book for students. — An illustrated Dictionary of Words used in Art and Archæology, by J. W. Mollett (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is one of those convenient hand-books which are rendering a high state of civilization enduring. It explains terms which everybody knows until he is asked, and is clear and concise. — The House that Jill Built after Jack's had proved a Failure, by E. C. Gardner (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is a book on home architecture, in which the discussions upon points are thrown into the form of a slight story. The book is illustrated, and one may find in it hints and suggestions of use. Perhaps the form adopted will render the book more agreeable to the families which are now engaged in similar discus-

sions; at any rate, it enables the writer to be lively at small cost. — The thirtieth volume of *L'Art* has been received from J. W. Bouton, and like its predecessors displays its richness more effectively than the weekly issues by themselves. The articles are by Champfleury, Decamps, Lalanne, Lenormant, and others; the etchings by Abot, Abraham, Artigue, Bocourt, Courty, Daumont, Gautier, Greux, Lurat, Massard, and Yon, while a still larger number of artists are represented in the engravings on wood and the photogravures. The Salon of 1882 is liberally illustrated. — In *Highways and Byways* (Harpers) Mr. Gibson gives a twofold pleasure to his readers, and must himself derive a double satisfaction from his work, as author and artist. In his combined quality he has presented us with one of the most beautiful volumes of the season.

Geography and Travel. The Merv Oasis, by Edmond O'Donovan (Putnams), is an important work in two volumes, by the special correspondent of the London Daily News, treating of travels and adventures east of the Caspian during the years 1879-81, and including five months' residence among the Tekés of Merv. Mr. O'Donovan's five months were somewhat in the nature of a polite imprisonment, but he used his facilities well, and with the training of a newspaper correspondent has told everything he knows, apparently. We must confess to some doubts whether this training makes the most satisfactory historians of travel, but it certainly makes the liveliest narrators. The book is furnished with maps and a portrait of the author. — The Land of "The Arabian Nights" is a volume of travel through Egypt, Arabia, and Persia to Bagdad, by W. P. Fogg (Scribners), with a page of introduction by Bayard Taylor. The book is lively and confined to the author's personal experience. — Lieutenant

Danenhower's *Narrative of the Jeannette* (Osgood) is a revised version of the story first told to the New York Herald reporter. — Three Vassar Girls Abroad, by Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney (Estes & Lauriat), is a bright and readable narrative of a vacation trip of three girls through France and Spain. The three girls may be inventions or copies; it does not matter so far as the reader's pleasure is concerned. — Knocking Round the Rockies (Harpers) does not mean that the author, Ernest Ingersoll, has been injuring the Rocky Mountains to any appreciable extent, but has, since 1874, been on various expeditions over the country. He has brought together into more orderly form the notes which he has printed of his travels in several periodicals. He is a good traveler, and gives the reader a full taste of the joys of roughing it. — Pennsylvania Dutch, and other Essays, by Phebe Earle Gibbons (Lippincott), appears in its third edition, revised and enlarged. The first edition was published in 1872, the second in 1874, and the present contains about twice as much as the first. The interesting character of the leading paper will be recalled by many readers, and the writer makes further contributions from her note-books on the miners of Scranton, Irish and English farmers. The unfinished style seems to carry with it a certain authentication of the material.

Poetry and the Drama. Poems of Life and Nature, by Mary Clemmer (Osgood), collects verses written upon a number of subjects, and all bearing the impress of a somewhat fervid nature, untrained in verse, and not always aware of the hairbreadth escape which she enjoys; for her poetic steed goes dangerously near the edge, at times. — A Symphony in Dreamland, by Alice E. Lord (Putnams), is a collection of poems arranged under the headings of the movements of a symphony, and having something of the vagueness of music. The conceit, however, helps to give character to the book. — A second series has been issued of Sunshine in the Soul (Roberts), a collection of poems of a religious character, treating of the varied experiences of life and cultivating a divine content. The good taste of the compiler is evident. — Poems, by Minot J. Savage (George H. Ellis, Boston), contains the off-hand versifying of a bright and busy man. There is slight range of poetic form and little sign that poetry as an art has been faithfully studied. — Idler and Poet, by Rossiter Johnson (Osgood), is a collection of poems, in very neat style, which one may take as the fancies and *jeux d'esprit* of a writer who has won his spurs in other fields. — Songs of an Idle Hour, by William J. Coughlin (Williams), is preceded by a too deprecatory preface: not that we should necessarily disagree with its reckless abandonment of claims, but such a preface is apt to produce an antipathetic mood in the reader. The poems show variety of form, but lack of melody. — Monte Rosa, the Epic of an Alp, by Starr H. Nichols (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), has the quality of greatness about it. That is to say, it is not only serious in intention, but it is built upon a strong plan; and however much one may differ from the author in his choice of a hero, it must be admitted that he is consistent,

and the mountain remains throughout the hero of the poem. The book will be a nut to crack for many.

Literature and Literary Criticism. Dr. Holmes's Autocrat of the Breakfast Table has been issued in a new edition (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), which, besides the charm of new and clear typography, has an embroidery of footnotes, in which the autocrat becomes a delightful reader of his own undying work. One feels that he is reading it aloud to his multitude of friends, stopping now and then to say something new, of which his old work has reminded him. — Tasso, by E. J. Hasell, is a recent number of Foreign Classics for English Readers. (Lippincott.) Most of the translations of poetry in the volume are by the author. — In English Men of Letters (Harpers), Macaulay, by J. Cotter Morison, is treated with that impartiality, and yet affection, which form the characteristics of much of our contemporary biographic criticism. — Herbert Spencer and the Americans and The Americans on Herbert Spencer (Appleton) is a pamphlet report of the well-known "interview" and the proceedings at the farewell dinner.

Biography and Memoirs. Ole Bull, a memoir by Sara C. Bull (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), will be received with alacrity as a report of a singularly attractive artist, and be read with respect and interest; for it really presents to the reader in close contact a figure seen by most at the distance of the concert platform. The book contains also Ole Bull's Violin Notes and Dr. A. B. Crosby's Anatomy of the Violinist. There is a portrait of the great musician, and the book itself is an animated and graphic portrait of the most romantic figure in recent musical history. — Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life, by Georgiana Baroness Bloomfield (Putnams), is a decorous work, recounting the experiences of a lady who was in waiting on Queen Victoria, and afterward the wife of a gentleman in diplomatic service in Russia and Austria. While the work has the general air of memoirs, in which the little and big jostle each other, it cannot be said to amuse or startle by its revelations. It is the memoranda of a cultivated lady, who had not much to say, and said it in two volumes. — The personal quality in Discourses and Poems of William Newell (George H. Ellis, Boston) is very attractive, and indeed gives excuse for the volume. Dr. Newell grew old in Cambridge, where he had long been a pastor; but he kept a playful, youthful spirit, and the writings in this book, both those of him and those by him, alike produce the impression of a most friendly and refined man. — Early New England People is the attractive title of a volume which Sarah E. Titcomb has formed from material illustrating the family history of Ellis, Pemberton, Willard, Prescott, Titcomb, Sewall, Longfellow, and other New England houses. (W. B. Clarke and Carruth, Boston.) It is genealogy in fatigue uniform. The absence of an index renders the work more of a tax upon the consumer than was necessary. — We have referred before to Heroes of Science, published by the S. P. C. K. Another volume has been added, devoted to astronomers, by E. J. C. Mor-

ton, and giving in the form of biographic sketches something like a history of the development of the science. — *Memoir of John A. Dahlgren*, by his widow, Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren (Osgood), is a full and generous biography. It represents, it may be, the desire of Mrs. Dahlgren to erect a monument over her husband, and possibly the very fullness of her narrative will partially defeat her object; but Admiral Dahlgren was a man whose life was well worth knowing, and cooler heads may from this material easily shape the figure which is to stand permanently in the national gallery. — *Military Life in Italy* is a volume of sketches by Edmondo de Amicis. (Putnams.) It is the work of a soldier, who is also a brilliant writer, and is in effect a piece of personal memoirs thrown into a somewhat fictitious form.

History. The Seventh Great Oriental Monarchy, or the geography, history, and antiquities of the Sassanian or new Persian empire, by George (Rawlinson Dodd, Mead, & Co.), which is in two octavo volumes, copiously illustrated and furnished with maps, completes the author's ancient history of the East. It is a sequel to the Parthians, and carries down the history of Western Asia from the third century of our era to the middle of the seventh. — *English Colonies in America, Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas*, by J. A. Doyle (Holt), is by a writer who has already shown his ability in a small volume devoted to American history, and in this furnishes the first of an important series of three, covering the whole of our colonial life. The work is a careful study, from contemporaneous sources largely, and belongs to the new order of scientific histories. It is a work of great value to the historical student. — *A History of the French War*, ending in the conquest of Canada, with a preliminary account of the early attempts at colonization and struggles for the possession of the continent, by Rossiter Johnson (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is not an original work, but a straightforward narrative, drawn from good sources and intended for popular reading. Without a distinct statement to the effect, it is probably designed chiefly for young readers. It avoids the faults of sensationalism, except in its illustrations. — *Celtic Britain*, by J. Rhys, is one of the historical compends published by the London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York), written by a professor of Celtic, who is probably better qualified for his work than his somewhat jocular and apologetic preface would intimate. — *History of Augusta County, Virginia*, by J. Lewis Peyton (Samuel M. Yost & Son, Staunton, Va.), is a substantial county history, in which is gathered much local material, and there must be very few persons in the county whose names may not be found on some page. Many curious details are preserved, and the book will take its place as one of the storehouses for historians. It is a pity it has no map. — *Gesta Christi*, or a History of Humane Progress under Christianity, by Charles Loring Brace (Armstrongs), is a suggestive treatise by a man who has won honor as a worker in Christian schemes. He seeks to discover the practical witness to Christianity in historic progress, and his work, while not

original in investigation, is one of those quickening works which are quite sure to result in the growth of ideas. — Mr. William Swinton has reissued his *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac* (Scribners), but claims that, while he has corrected his work in some minor details, the substantial truthfulness of the original publication has been confirmed by later histories and records.

Fiction. Mr. Bishop's *The House of a Merchant Prince* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) carries on its title-page the words "A Novel of New York;" and it is the studious local color of the book which gives it value as a survey of current life in some of its phases. The story, besides, is a story, and not a mosaic of incidents. — *Little Sister* is the first of the third of the No Name series of novels (Roberts), and will attract by its sweetness of tone, even if that be sometimes a little cloying. — *Janet, a Poor Heiress*, by Sophie May (Lee & Shepard), is a story of the good-natured, domestic kind, vastly better for the girls who will read it than much of the fiction which has more style about it. — *Nantucket Scraps*, being the experiences of an off-islander, in season and out of season, among a passing people, by Jane G. Austin (Osgood), is the light and trifling book of a summer visitor, who finds amusement nearer home than some travelers, and romanticizes in a manner to make one wonder if he would find all that she saw if he went to Nantucket. — *Heart of Steel*, by Christian Reid (Appleton), is an elaborate novel by an American lady, the scenes laid in Europe, involving some of the customary international questions. — *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret* (Osgood) is the Hawthorne romance which, with its fringe of notes and experiments, promises to be the occasion of a vast deal of writing now and in the future. How thankfully one gets out of Hawthorne's tomb this half-legible story, and how thankfully he would fill up any vacant tomb with a large part of the fiction since his day! — *The Modern Hagar*, by Charles M. Clay (Harlan), is a two-volume novel in continuation of the author's previous *Baby Rue*. — *Mr. Isaacs*, a tale of modern India, by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan), is sufficiently cosmopolitan: a Persian for the hero, modern India for the field, an American for the author, and an Englishman for the publisher. It needs no such help from the four quarters of the globe to give it a position; its own character will do that. — *Césette*, a story of peasant life in the South of France, from the French of Emile Pouillon by C. W. Woolsey (Putnams), will give a fillip to the taste of the jaded novel-reader. It is perhaps the situation and frank exhibition of rustic life which will interest, rather than any singular story-telling power, but at any rate the peasants are not interrupted by high life. — *The Problem of the Poor*, a record of quiet work in unquiet places, by Helen Campbell (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is fictitious rather in form than in substance. It contains sketches of actual experience in the slums of New York, made by a writer of experience in story-telling; and while the book has a charm of narrative, it has also internal evidence of faithfulness to fact. We commend it as doing more than to state the problem,

for it suggests solutions. — *Luser the Watchmaker*, an episode of the Polish Revolution, by Rev. Adolf Moses, translated from the German by Mrs. A. de V. Chaudron (Block & Co., Cincinnati), is a Jewish tale, which covers by a veil historic fact.

Books for Young People. Building the Nation is the title of a work by Charles Carleton Coffin (Harpers), which deals with events in the history of the United States from the Revolution to the beginning of the war between the States. It has the characteristics of Mr. Coffin's work, a nervous haste as if history were a variety show, a bright sense of something more than the material side of life, and an unflinching confidence in the destiny of the nation. We suspect that most boys and girls who read the book would not fail of an exalted notion of their own country. — *Zigzag Journeys in the Occident*, by Hezekiah Butterworth (Estes & Lauriat), is this year's number of the Zigzag series, and covers a summer trip from Boston to the Pacific. The book strikes us as rather more lively than previous ones, but with somewhat the same galvanic life. — Of the same general class is *The Knockabout Club Alongshore*, the adventures of a party of young men on a trip from Boston to the land of the Midnight Sun, by C. A. Stephens. (Estes & Lauriat.) The midnight sun is seen off Greenland, and not off Norway, and the experiences of the travelers are confined to this hemisphere. Mr. Stephens makes a plea for a different kind of education from that which has grown out of the world's experiments, but his book does not make one sanguine of the lasting success of a steamship college, and the judicious parent will be likely to put the book back on the counter after reading the opening pages. — Rev. Alfred J. Church has added to the obligations which the public already owed him by his *Stories from the Greek Tragedians*. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Such a book is an admirable introduction to a warm interest in antiquity, and is likely to do more than simple translation in giving those who do not read Greek an insight into Greek thought and life. — *Plish and Plum*, from the German of Wilhelm Busch by Charles T. Brooks (Roberts), is one of the German drolleries which never quite gets acclimatized, but is given as much freedom of the country as is possible under Mr. Brooks's sympathetic rendering. — *Boys in the Mountains and on the Plains*, by William H. Rideing (Appleton), is an illustrated work, in which the author's experience as a member of one of the geographical surveys is thrown into the form of a narrative recording the adventures of a company of bright boys traveling in the far West. It is a sensible book, of more unity than many of its class. — *Jewish and Christian History* (Osgood) is a work in three volumes, based upon the Bible, but giving the narrative in a consecutive form and in a style intended for the young. In a large portion the Bible language has been used, and the compilers have in the main followed the lead of Ewald and his English popularizer, Dean Stanley. The book is furnished with notes and with a few illustrations, the latter of which would scarcely commend themselves to Ewald, one would say. It strikes us that the critical apparatus and indeed some of the text pre-

suppose a tolerable maturity of mind in the reader. — *Facts and Phases of Animal Life*, interspersed with amusing and original anecdotes, is the naive title of a volume prepared by Vernon S. Norwood, described as lecturer to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. (Appleton.) The book is illustrated by wood-cuts, executed apparently by some society for the prevention of justice to animals. It is didactic and somewhat formal, and overdoes the business of exciting kindly emotions. — *Our Boys in India* (Lee & Shepard) is another of the showy books of travel for the young, which are laying the seeds this year of an immense crop of travelers a dozen years hence. It describes the wanderings of two young Americans in Hindustan, with their adventures on the sacred rivers and wild mountains, and is by Harry W. French, who appears to be better equipped as a traveler than as a story-teller. — *Young Folks' History of Mexico*, by Frederick A. Ober (Estes & Lauriat), is a somewhat enthusiastic work, in which romance is freely used and dates are given with an air of authenticity which is amusing. One would think that a daily record of events was kept in Mexico in the twelfth century. The author does not indulge much in prophecy, but he says soberly, Mexico "has now enjoyed an almost uninterrupted peace of nearly five years." It certainly is high time, then, to write the history of Mexico. — *The Live Oak Boys, or the Adventures of Richard Constable* afloat and ashore (Lee & Shepard), is one of Mr. Kellogg's rugged, sensible books, devoid of art, but possessed of sterling qualities of nature. — *Mildred's Bargain* and other stories, by Lucy C. Lillie (Harpers), is a sensible book for girls, the stories being loaded with good principles, and not too subtle or romantic. — *Winning his Way*, by Charles Carleton Coffin (Estes & Lauriat), is a new edition, in the prevailing style, of a book which had a success in war times as a picture of boy and soldier life. It appears now with a new set of illustrations, which generalize the incidents illustrated in a suspicious fashion. — *Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales*, by Juliana Horatia Ewing, is a collection of stories by a practiced writer, who is familiar with the standard fairy stage, and puts on new dramas in the same general style, but with some modern spirit infused. Mrs. Ewing has perhaps a trifle too much purpose in her fairy tales. The book is published by the S. P. C. K. (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.)

Education and Text-Books. — *A Text-Book on the Elements of Physics*, for high schools and academies, by Alfred P. Gage (Ginn, Heath & Co.), rests distinctly upon the experimental method, and, while it does not require laboratory apparatus, expects and encourages it. The author shows the unreasonableness of the objections against the use of physical laboratories in elementary work. — *Anacreontics*, selected and arranged with notes, by Isaac Flagg (Ginn, Heath & Co.), contains thirty-five delightful little pieces, which may be studied with profit, but thoroughly enjoyed only by those to whom the classics have ceased to be dictionary exercises. — *Beowulf*, an Anglo-Saxon Poem, and *The Fight at Finnsburg*,

translated by James M. Garnett (Ginn & Heath), is well furnished with notes, bibliography, and glossary. — W. J. Rolfe's Shakespeare (Harpers), has reached Henry the Sixth, the three parts of which are published in three separate volumes.

Biblical and Religious. The third volume of Dr. Philip Schaff's four-volume Popular Commentary of the New Testament (Scribners) is occupied with the Epistles of Paul, and, besides the editor, the authors contributing are "English and American scholars, of various evangelical denominations." Dr. Riddle, of Hartford, is the only American employed upon this volume. The work is loaded down with analysis and comment, and its popularity surely must be based upon the comprehensive, not the stimulating, character of the exegesis. — *Home-Life in the Bible*, by Henrietta Lee Palmer (Osgood), is an abundantly illustrated octavo, in which the topics naturally falling under the title are treated in a free, narrative manner. — Under the general title of *The Land and the Book*, which was used for a previous volume, descriptive of Southern Palestine and Jerusalem, Dr. William M. Thompson, a veteran missionary, has now published a second section devoted to Central Palestine and Phœnicia. (Harpers.) The book is a portly one, freely illustrated, and containing maps; its value will be found in the personal experience and observation of a well-equipped traveler and resident, and, since the indexes are copious, the itinerary form which is adopted is made almost as convenient for reference as if the topical form had been chosen.

Health and Medicine. In the Health Primers (Appleton) the ninth number is *The Nervous System*. The application of the doctrines to the care of the body is brief, the work mainly resting its value upon the clearness of its analysis of the system. — *Speech and its Defects*, considered physiologically, pathologically, historically and remedially, by Samuel O. L. Potter, M. D. (P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia), is a prize thesis, and is very full and minute on the subject of stammering, although we do not see that he quotes Colonel Scler's remedy. — *Transactions of the Brighton Health Congress* (John Beal & Co., Brighton, England) is a volume containing a report of the addresses and papers given at a congress held in Brighton in December, 1881. Dr. B. W. Richardson presided, a domestic and scientific exhibition was held, all sorts of hygienic subjects were discussed, and the principal speakers furnished their photographs. The volume is a curiosity as showing how queerly things are sometimes done in England. — Dr. Lionel S. Beale's treatise *On Slight Ailments, their Nature and Treatment*, appears in a second edition, enlarged and illustrated. (P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia.) While strictly a medical work, it has its charms for the lay-reader who may be suspected of having slight ailments of which he wishes to know a little. — Dr. J. Mortimer Granville is the author of a manual (S. E. Cassino, Boston), *How to Make the Best of Life*, and discusses the subject under the heads of health, feelings, breathing, drinking, eating, over-work, change, and life-strength, but he is neither very forcible nor very suggestive. There are better aids to health

in the same compass. — *Cerebral Hyperæmia*, by Dr. C. F. Buckley (Putnams), is an examination of some of Dr. W. A. Hammond's views by an English specialist in lunacy. Dr. Hammond published a book with the same title, and thus Dr. Buckley adds to his title the words, *Does it exist?* The question is asked simply on the title-page, but before the little book is closed it is asked derisively, indignantly, and aggressively.

Household Economy. The Book of Forty Puddings, by Susan Anna Brown (Scribners), is not, as its external form hints, a suggestion for an æsthetic repast, or a Barmecide feast. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and it is no objection to this little book that its residence in the kitchen would be brief, owing to its decorative properties. — *Be Kind to Your Old Age* (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York) for the London S. P. C. K., is a book upon thrift, the principles of which are of universal application, but calculated for the meridian of Greenwich, where there are "post-office aids." — *Domestic Economy*, a new Cookery Book, containing numerous (*sic*) valuable receipts for aid in housekeeping, prepared and arranged by Mrs. R. C. Hollyday (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore), is an entertaining as well as useful work, since it gives one the authority in the names of Maryland and Virginia housekeepers for the various receipts. Here at last we may hope that the famous Southern cooking is made possible to the Union.

Science. Chapters on Evolution, by Andrew Wilson (Putnams), is a popular and intelligible presentation, by an authority in scientific matters, of the chief evidences of the evolution of living beings. "In this view," the author says, "whilst I have been content to assume the reality of that process, I have also endeavored to marshal the more prominent facts of zoölogy and botany, which serve to prove that evolution, broadly considered, is not merely a name for an unknown tendency in nature, but is an actual factor in the work of moulding the life with which the universe teems." The work, which is an English one, is liberally illustrated. — *The Falls of Niagara* is the title of an illustrated work by George W. Holley (Armstrong), who has been a resident for many years in the vicinity of the Falls, and has brought into this form the result of his observations. He assumes to demonstrate the existence of a dam that was once the shore of an immense freshwater sea. The historical side of his subject he has also treated, and has added a sketch of other famous cataracts. — *Ragnarok, the Age of Fire and Gravel* (Appleton) is by Ignatius Donnelly, who has an aptitude for seeing the romance in science, and in this volume undertakes to explain the drift by the action of a comet upon the earth. He writes with zeal and animation, and attacks his subject with something of the spirit which he attributes to the comet. — In the series of *Science Ladders* (Putnams), the fifth number is *Lowest Forms of Water Animals*, by N. D'Anvers, the previous numbers having been devoted to plant life. It begins with protoplasm, and rises to the corals. The book belongs also among books for young people.